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## PORTRAITURE OF WILLIAM PENN.



WILLIAM PENN IN ARMOR (AFTER SCHOFF'S STEEL ENGRAVING FROM THE ORIGINAL).

THERE are few historical pictures that have taken firmer hold of the public mind, within the last hundred years, than West's painting of Penn's Treaty with the Indians. The event which it depicts is uniformly regarded as the most memorable in the history of the settlement of America; typical of just dealing with the aborigines, it is described by an English historian as "the most glorious in the annals of the world." Our own

Bancroft contemplates with pride the meeting of William Penn, surrounded by a few friends in the habiliments of peace, with the numerous delegation of the Lenni Lenape tribes. "The Great Treaty was not," says he, "for the purchase of lands, but was held for confirming what Penn had written and Markham covenanted; its sublime purpose was the recognition of the equal rights of humanity."

"The Great Spirit"—such were William Penn's own words—"who made you and us, who rules the heaven and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of man, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the utmost of our power. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We are here met on the broad pathway of good faith and good-will, so that

children's children while the creeks and rivers run, and while the sun, moon, and stars endure."

While we accord due honor to Roger Williams and to Lord Baltimore, we seek in vain for any specific grant in the fundamental laws of Rhode Island or Maryland for such a concession as that made by William Penn, and rendered effective by this very Treaty, not sworn to, and never broken :



"PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS"—BY BENJAMIN WEST.

no advantage may be taken on either side, but all shall be openness, brotherhood, and love. I would not compare the friendship now sought to a chain, since the rain might rust it, or a tree fall and break it; but the Indians shall be esteemed by us as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body was to be divided in two parts, and, as such, the ground should be occupied as common to both people."

According to some authorities, he presented them a copy of the compact, telling them to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might see and know what then passed in council as if he remained himself with them to repeat it, but that the fourth generation would forget both him and it, and he desired this league of friendship to be preserved "between our children and our

"Every inhabitant, artificer, or other resident in the said Province that pays scot and lot to the Government shall be deemed and accounted a Freeman of the said Province,"—and

"Article XXXV. That ALL persons living in this Province who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place or ministry whatsoever."

Such were the words, prepared in April preceding, and inscribed upon the cornerstone of the Commonwealth laid by William



Penn under the famous Elm at the close of November, 1682; and, as the sequel proved, they were not idle words.

While the right is claimed to point out the anachronisms of West's picture, and to object to the incongruities it presents, let us not forget that West had not the materials for research nor the time to devote to this special subject; the purpose is not to criticise, but to point out facts and the *realities* of the hero as well as of the event he has thus no little contributed to commemorate.

It will be remembered that before West painted in England, all British historical figures had appeared in a masking habit; "the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed—if costume were to be believed—by Greeks or by Romans." In "The Death of Wolfe" Mr. West was the first to dismiss this pedantry and restore nature and propriety. With this period of 1758, its costumes and its habits, Mr. West was familiar;\* but Penn's Treaty—apparently the very next historical subject he attempted—had taken place eighty-eight years before. He was, of course, not personally familiar with the costume of 1682, and he apparently essayed to introduce no contemporaneous portraits, save that of Penn himself.

In seeking some representation of Penn, he seems to have lighted upon the original bust (or its reproduction), which it was known was carved by one Sylvanus Bevan, and under these circumstances, as related by Dr. Franklin in a letter to Henry Home, Lord Kames.

When old Lord Cobham was adorning his garden at Stowe with the busts of famous men, he made inquiry for a picture of William Penn many years after the death of

the latter, but could find none; whereupon Sylvanus Bevan, an old Quaker apothecary, remarkable for the notice he took of countenances, and a knack he had of cutting in ivory strong likenesses of persons he had once seen, hearing of Lord Cobham's desire, set himself to recollect Penn's face, with



ADMIRAL PENN.

which he had been well acquainted. He accordingly cut a bust in ivory, and sent it to Lord Cobham without letter or notice; whereupon "my Lord, who had personally known Penn, immediately exclaimed, 'Whence came this?—it is William Penn himself!'" From this little bust the large one in the garden was formed.\*

The latter became West's model, and upon it he stuck a broad-brimmed hat, clothing the figure in drab, and making it corpulent enough in consistency with this bust, but utterly at variance with the now known

"The subject I have to represent," said West on this occasion to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who objected to throwing aside the classic garb, "is a great battle fought and won, and the same truth which gives law to the historian should rule the painter. If, instead of the facts of the action, I introduce fictions, how shall I be understood by posterity? The classic dress is certainly picturesque; but, by using it, I shall lose in sentiment what I gain in external grace. I want to mark the place, the time, and the people, and to do this, I must abide by truth."

Reynolds subsequently seated himself before the finished picture, examined it minutely for half an hour, and then said: "West has conquered; he has treated his subject as it ought to be treated; I retract my objections. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." Even in this case, however, Mr. West did not escape some incongruities in its execution.

\* "Toward the close of the year 1759, Dr. Franklin, together with his son, the late Governor Franklin of New Jersey, visited Scotland. While in that country, the Doctor received particular attentions from the celebrated Henry Home, Lord Kames (a character well known in the literary world), with whom he then passed some days, at his Lordship's country-seat in the shire of Berwick. From this commencement of their personal acquaintance with each other, a correspondence subsisted between Lord Kames and the Doctor, until a few years before the death of the former, which occurred in the year 1782, when his Lordship was in the eighty-seventh year of his age. It appears that some time prior to the year 1760, Lord Kames had offered to Dr. Frank-

appearance of Penn at the age of 38, when he met the Indians first in council.

In an admirable sketch of the private life of William Penn, Mr. Joshua Francis Fisher very justly says: "Mr. West, and I believe all other painters who have introduced the early Quakers into their pictures, are chargeable with great mistakes in the costumes they have selected for them; in many instances giving them hats and coats of a form not even invented for half a century after the date of the scene they have wished to represent upon their canvas." Mr. Fisher

lin the loan of 'Penn's picture;' for, in a letter to his Lordship from the Doctor, written from London on the 3d of January, 1760, he refers to this offer. It will appear, however, by the Doctor's letter, that he conceived the picture to be a portrait of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania;—perhaps, from Lord Kames having only mentioned it as being 'Penn's picture,' without designating him as *Admiral Penn*. That part of the Doctor's letter which relates to this subject, is in these words:

"Your Lordship's kind offer of Penn's picture is exceedingly obliging. But, were it certainly his picture, it would be too valuable a curiosity for me to think of accepting it; I should only desire the favor of leave to take a copy of it. I could wish to know the history of the picture before it came into your hands, and the grounds for supposing it his. I have at present some doubt of it: first, because the primitive Quakers used to declare against pictures as a vain expense; a man suffering his portrait to be taken, was condemned as pride; and I think to this day it is very little practiced among them. Then, it is on a board; and I imagine the practice of painting portraits on boards did not come down so low as Penn's time; but of this I am not certain.' His 'other reason' is stated in the text: 'I doubt, too,' Franklin goes on to say, 'whether the whisker was not quite out of use, at the time when Penn must have been of the age appearing in the face of that picture. And yet, notwithstanding these reasons, I am not without some hope that it may be his, because I know some eminent Quakers have had their pictures privately drawn, and deposited with trusty friends; and I know also that there is extant at Philadelphia, a very good picture of Mrs. Penn, his last wife. After all, I own I have a strong desire to be satisfied concerning this picture, and, as Bevan is yet living here, and some other old Quakers that remember William Penn, who died but in 1718, I would wish to have it sent me, carefully packed in a box, by the wagon (for I would not trust it by sea), that I may obtain their opinion. The charges I shall very cheerfully pay; and if it proves to be Penn's picture, I shall be gratefully obliged to your Lordship for leave to take a copy of it, and will cheerfully return the original.'"—*Lord Kames's Life*, by Lord Woodhouselee, p. 265.

Lord Woodhouselee's "Memoirs of the Life of Lord Kames" states that the portrait referred to was sent to Dr. Franklin and never returned.

It proved to be the portrait of Admiral Penn—the father of William. The last trace of this picture is that Richard Bache, a grandson of Dr. Franklin, placed it about 1809 in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

assigns the dresses introduced into this picture to a period thirty years afterward, "if," says he, "they were ever worn at all." He ascribes with apparent justice the selection of dresses to West's recollections of what he had seen the Quakers wear—his father among the number—in his early youth in Pennsylvania. It is certain, from an original letter now before me, addressed in 1775 to his brother William, that he had introduced into the group a striking full-length portrait of his father and one of a brother whom he styles "of Reading."

This picture of Penn unfortunately, with all its imperfections, has formed the prototype for nearly all the portraits introduced to the American public. It is the one from which Inman's fine painting was made by order of the Society for commemorating the landing of Penn, for the certificates of stock for the United States Bank, and for all the official effigies hitherto issued by State or City authority.

Independent of the meaningless face which belies the real Penn, currency has thus been given to a supposed indorsement by him of principles totally foreign to those he actually expressed,—that an irremovable hat and drab clothes were needed for Friends' tents. William Penn was a gentleman by birth, by education, and by, what is sometimes found independently of both, instinct. He "knew"—to use his own words—"no religion that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness, which, rightly understood, are great indications of true men, if not of good Christians."

The famous hat story is preserved as indicative of his independence and of his abhorrence of what would be construed into *reverence* for men; but no instance throughout his whole life can be cited where he was wanting in respect to his equals, or where he forced himself into the society of his inferiors and kept his hat upon his head, as an assertion, not of independence, but of superiority.

As to the style of the hat actually worn by him, it was simply that of the period. An anecdote has been preserved of him that sufficiently indicates this. When asked by King James II. the differences between the Catholic and the Quaker religions, he made a comparison between the hat worn by the King, which was adorned by feathers and ribbons, and his own, which was plain. "The only difference," replied Penn, "lies in the ornaments which have been added to thine." Thus the cut, shape and material of his hat

could not have varied from the standard of his day; nor would it have been in keeping with his known character to adopt any peculiarity (of shape or color) in dress to attract attention. His practice, and that of Friends of his day, was in conformity with the rules of their Society, at that time sufficiently evidenced from an original manuscript volume of "Advices by the Yearly Meeting of

in wearing *superfluity* of apparel;" and again, in 1694: "We tenderly advise all, both old and young, to keep out of the world's corrupt language, manners, and vain, needless customs and fashions in apparel;" while similar cautions are reiterated "not to launch into the vain customs and fashions too prevalent among the professors of Christianity." Down to the very middle of the last



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM PENN, AT THE AGE OF 58.

Friends" in my possession. Under date of 1695 is this entry: "Advised, that all that profess the truth keep to plainness in apparel, as becomes the truth, and that none wear long-lapped sleeves, or coats gathered at the sides, or superfluous buttons, or *broad ribbons* about their hats, or long curled periwigs." This volume of advices begins in 1681. In 1682, the first reference to dress, Friends are advised "to take heed that they be not found

in wearing *superfluity* of apparel;" and again, in 1694: "We tenderly advise all, both old and young, to keep out of the world's corrupt language, manners, and vain, needless customs and fashions in apparel;" while similar cautions are reiterated "not to launch into the vain customs and fashions too prevalent among the professors of Christianity." Down to the very middle of the last

These errors, as has been intimated, are

unfortunately encouraged by West's picture. So far as it claims to represent Penn's appearance, bearing, or habits, we must entirely repudiate it. The only portrait known as genuine of Penn until a few years since, represents him as a youth of twenty-two, and in a style of dress utterly at variance with his matured views. He wears a full suit of armor, though his head is uncovered.

This picture was painted from life, it is believed, in Ireland, when he had "a modish person grown—quite the fine gentleman." It was presented to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania by Granville Penn, who calls it "a perfect portrait." The name of the artist I have not been able to learn. It has been admirably engraved by Schoff, and Mr. Bancroft very judiciously adopted it twenty-five years ago in his "History of the United States" in preference to the West likeness.

We are in 1876 enabled to present to the people of the United States William Penn as he really looked and really dressed while in the full maturity of his powers. The authority for so doing and the circumstances seem to call for some detail.

Mrs. Maria Webb, of Dublin, who had investigated "the Penns," communicated the existence of an original portrait of William Penn, which she had discovered, through a correspondent in County Durham, England, to be in possession of a landed proprietor by the name of Allan. A *carte de visite* from this picture she sent to Samuel L. Smedley, of Philadelphia. This seemed to demand investigation.

Surtees, in his "History of the County of Durham," disclosed the existence of an ancient seat, Blackwell Grange on the Tees in that county, and thus describes a valuable collection of paintings which had been made by George Allan, Esq., an indefatigable antiquary and virtuoso of the middle of the last century. They "filled every panel, and gradually insinuated themselves along the passage, and clothed the walls of the great staircase. Of the portraits, some of the most remarkable are Anna Boleyn, by Holbein; Sir Henry Wootton, by Sir Peter Lely; Lady Castlemaine, by Lely; William, Earl of Pembroke, and his Lady, by Jansen; a gallant portrait of Lord Fairfax, by Lely; a lion hunt, by old Coyle; a landscape, by Teniers; the head of a corpse, horribly expressive, by Caracci. The collection includes several admirable crayon drawings by Francis Place, fine heads of

Charles II., and of William Penn and his wife.\*"

Letters to the present owner of Blackwell Grange proving fruitless to secure a copy of this Penn portrait for the National Museum of Independence Hall, a gentleman about starting for Europe was requested to pay a visit to Mr. Allan, and if, upon inspection on the spot, the circumstances warranted it, to secure a copy. Mr. John Jay Smith, pleasuring in the summer of 1874 at a watering-place, Saltburn-by-the-Sea, wrote upon the 5th of August, 1874: "I have made a pretty long excursion from here to inspect the portraits of William Penn and his wife. They are undoubtedly authentic, as declared by Surtees, and Penn's is very lovely. The photograph conveys but a slight idea of his manly and sweet face. Mr. Allan received me very kindly indeed, and, though he declined letting the portraits go out of his house, he will allow the artist to see and copy them."

This was accordingly done, but proved only the beginning of the vicissitudes of the picture before a satisfactory result was attained. The copy, completed as to the head, but with the background unfinished, and the bust and garments but dimly shadowed, was brought to Philadelphia, and intrusted to another hand to complete.

By an unfortunate misapprehension, the color of the coat, to suit modern notions of "Quaker colors," was changed. The background was made to correspond in tone, and then (O ye Gods!), finishing "made the head look very slight, so that the artist had to go over it all, changing it as

\* Horace Walpole, in his anecdotes, tells us that Mr. Francis Place of County Durham, England, was placed as clerk to an attorney in London, where he continued till 1665, when he quitted the profession that was contrary to his inclinations and commenced the pursuit of the arts for which he had talents. His genius is described as fanciful, but erratic. He painted, designed, and etched excellently, but merely for his own amusement. He was the first to introduce mezzotints in England. Ralph Thoresby says Mr. Place discovered an earth for, and a method of, making porcelain, which he put in practice at the Manor House of York, of which manufacture he gave him a fine mug for his Museum. We also learn that Mr. Place discovered porphyry at Mount Sorrel in Leicestershire, of which he had a piece to grind colors on. He seldom resided in London, and in his rambles, he painted, drew, and engraved occasionally. In the reign of Charles II. he was offered a pension of £500 a year to draw the Royal Navy, but declined accepting it, as he could not endure confinement or dependence. Mr. Place died in 1728, and his widow, quitting the Manor House in York, disposed of his paintings. There are two heads of Mr. Place extant, one by himself, the face only finished, and another by Murray.

little as possible, but getting more strength of color and finish into it, working on the face as lightly as possible, simply to make it a little less rough and unfinished than it was!!"

Thus, all the labor of again securing permission to make a second copy had to be gone over again, and again letters to the owner of the Grange as well as to the artist were treated with silent disregard. Glad to ascribe this to want of proper addresses, an appeal was made to the distinguished Philadelphia artist, Miss Anna Lea, now resident in London. Through her, Henry J. Wright, the copyist, a man of unquestionable ability, was found. But it then appeared that his professional services had been farmed out to a picture-broker, who haggled over the conditions, through a course of several letters, and sought to impose conditions utterly inconsistent with his position or that of his copyist.

Having been finally brought to terms, the order was given in December, 1874, with peremptory directions that no delay should occur. The pictures were completed early in the following year, but the fellow kept the pictures for his own purposes till the following May, and they did not arrive in Philadelphia until June.

Here another difficulty was encountered, for William Penn's portrait was not permitted by the Collector of the Customs to be placed in Independence Hall without paying toll to the United States authorities. "The Founder of Pennsylvania, and Hannah his Wife," were placed in close confinement for forty days and forty nights till, all the formalities complied with, the Secretary of the Treasury having cordially approved a free passport, these noble likenesses were placed in "visual juxtaposition" with the original painting of the Treaty by West.

Both genuine portraits, the Historical Society portrait at the age of 22, and this National Museum portrait at the age of 52, seem to realize the recorded description of Penn as "eminently handsome, the expression of his countenance remarkably pleasing and sweet, his eye dark and lively, and his hair flowing gracefully over his shoulders." His predominant trait of benevolence stands out in both of these portraits,—especially in the latter, the noble brow, expressive eyes, firm but gentle mouth, speak that "sweet reasonableness," characteristic of the pioneer, on this continent, of true peace on earth, and good-will toward men.

## THE TRUE POCAHONTAS.



CAPT. JOHN SMITH.

[FOR two centuries the story of the rescue of Captain John Smith by Pocahontas, perhaps the favorite bit of romance in all our colonial history, was left unassailed in the

shape in which its hero had told it in his "General History of Virginia;" nor was that vivid record of remarkable exploits and sufferings looked upon as anything but the unembellished narrative of a rough soldier, decidedly too plain a man to magnify his deeds, or indulge in the picturesque exaggeration common to more artificial writers.

But there is a process which every conspicuous passage of history encounters in due course: it is often mourned over as the image-breaking tendency of modern criticism; but, in reality, it is only the correcting and clarifying influence of time. For a while each historian quietly follows the investigations of his predecessor; but afterward other documents are found, new sources opened. Many special students silently contribute their added knowledge; and at last some one author puts all the fresh evidence together and writes the story anew. The whole character and action are often changed, and rightly. We may mourn the loss of a



sentiment, but, as a rule, we have gained in better knowledge, where broad scholars and not men with hobbies have done the work.

The Pocahontas legend has not failed, of late years, to go through this very process. In the quiet of historical societies, or in monographs that circulated only among special students, critics began to lift up their voices against it—to point out that for two hundred years the world had read with the faith of a child Smith's own story of his marvelous exploits; to see at last that even

of course, with John Smith's voyage up the Chickahominy, in the winter of 1607-08.]

Smith had now leisure for further exploration into the interior. Wingfield says that he started on the 10th of December to go up the Chickahominy to trade for corn, and to find the head of that river. On its upper waters two of his men, who were left with a canoe, were slain by the Indians, Pamunkey's men, and Smith himself, who was on shore at some distance, was taken prisoner, his



FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

that story was not in itself consistent. One by one, the special scholars changed their views, and now the account, in its original and generally received shape, would probably find few defenders among the leading students of American annals.

In the meantime, however, the general reader has probably had little idea of the strength of the case against the story, and it will be interesting to many to see in advance how the latest authority on the general history of the United States has put together the scattered bits of evidence, and drawn the almost inevitable inference.

In the forthcoming history\* by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Sydney Howard Gay, the discussion forms a considerable portion of a chapter, from the advance sheets of which what follows here is taken. The narrative begins,

life being saved "by the means of his guide," who was an Indian. He was taken to several of the neighboring chiefs to see if he could be recognized as one of a party who, two or three years before, had kidnapped some Indians; he was taken at last to the great Powhatan, who sent him back to Jamestown on the 8th of January. He had been absent just four weeks.

Smith's life was saved, says Wingfield, by means of his guide. The story, as usually told, is that Smith tied the Indian to himself with his garters, and held him as a shield against the arrows of his assailants. Making his way toward the boat, which he had left in charge of two of his men, he and the guide slipped together into an "oasie creek," from which it was impossible to extricate themselves. Half dead with cold, he at length threw away his arms and surrendered, and was taken before Opechankanough, King of Pamunkey. He sought to propitiate the chief by presenting him with "a round Ivory double compass Dyall." The savages marveled much at the playing of the needle, which they could see, but, for the glass over it, could not touch. With this "globe like jewel," Smith explained to

\* History of the United States, from the first discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the first century of the Union of the States, preceded by a sketch of the prehistoric period and the age of the mound builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Fully illustrated with original designs by the leading American and foreign artists. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.



the king and his people the movements of the sun, moon, and stars, the shape of the earth, the extent of land and sea, the difference in the races of men, and "many other such like matters," at which, it was hardly necessary to add, the savages "all stood as amazed with admiration." They nevertheless tied the lecturer to a tree, and were about to shoot him to death with arrows, when Opechankanough, who seemed to have a better appreciation than his followers had of the sciences of astronomy and cosmography, holding up the wonderful compass, stayed the execution. They then released the prisoner, fed him, and used him well.

So well, indeed, did they feed him, that he thought they meant to fatten him for a feast; and they received him otherwise with so much honor, that they dressed themselves in their brightest paints, the plumage of the most brilliant birds, the choicest rattle-snake tails, and "such toys"—adding, perhaps, as Strachey says the Indians sometimes did, "a dead ratt tyed by the tail and such like conundrums"—and so attired danced before him and the king, "singing and yelling out with hellish notes and screeches." They promised him, moreover, life and liberty, land and women, if he would aid them by his advice in an attack upon Jamestown; but from this he dissuaded them by representations of the mines, great guns, and other engines with which such an attack would be repulsed. When he persuaded them to send a letter to the fort, and the messengers brought, as he promised they should, such things as he asked for, the savages were amazed anew, that either the paper itself spoke to those who received it, or that Smith had the power of divination.

This clothed and bearded white man was a strange spectacle to the Indians, and men, women, and children crowded to see him, as he was led from tribe to tribe. At length he was taken before the great king of all, Powhatan, at a place called Werowocomoco, which signifies "king's house," on the north side of the York River, and only fourteen or fifteen miles from Jamestown. When Smith was led into his presence, the emperor received him in state, seated on a throne which was much like a bedstead, clothed in a robe of raccoon skins. On each side of him sat a young girl of sixteen or eighteen years, and beyond them a double row of men and women, their heads and shoulders painted red and adorned with feathers. A

queen served the prisoner with water to wash his hands, and a bunch of feathers on which to dry them; a feast was spread before him as if he were an honored friend



FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

and welcome guest, for such was the Indian treatment of those who presently were to be led out to die.

This ceremonious and hospitable reception was followed by a brief consultation between the king and his chief men. Two great stones were then brought in, to which Smith was dragged, and his head laid upon them. The executioners stood ready to beat out his brains with their clubs, but at this critical moment "Pocahontas, the king's dearest daughter, when no intreaty could prevail, got his head in her arms, and laid her owne vpon his to saue him from death: whereat the Emperour was contented he should liue to make him hatchets, and her bells, beads, and copper."

The authority for this romantic story is Smith's "General History." With other things, it has come to be considered an established historical fact because that work was long accepted as the best, as it is the fullest, of the contemporary narratives of the adventures of the Jamestown colonists for the first two years. Obscure authors were either not consulted, or were unknown

by those who gave currency to these relations. But Wingfield, who records with such accuracy all the essential facts of Smith's capture, and his return to the fort by Powhatan, says nothing of Pocahontas; Strachey, to whom this young girl was evidently an object of interest, and who speaks in terms of praise of Smith's services and hazards on behalf of the colony, and of his great experience among the Indians, makes no allusion to this romance in the life of

different publications, as to the treatment he received from Powhatan. In his first book, the "True Relation," published in 1608, he says the emperor "kindly received me with good words, and great platters of sundry victuals, assuring me of his friendship, and my liberty in four days." After much kindly conversation between them, Powhatan "thus having, with all the kindness he could devise, sought to content me, he sent me home with four men—one that usually



FAC-SIMILE FROM SMITH'S "GENERAL HISTORY."

both; Hamor, who was also at one time secretary of the colony, and whose tract\* is largely a biography of Pocahontas and of her interesting relations to the English, is silent on this first important service rendered by her to one of the principal men of the colony.

And even Smith is not consistent in

\* "A True Discourse of the Present Estate of Virginia until 18th of June, 1614." By Ralph Hamor, Jr.

carried my gown and knapsack after me, two others loaded with bread, and one to accompany me." Such treatment is altogether inconsistent with a design upon his life, nor is there any hint of such an intention in the savage chief, or of the interference of his little daughter to avert it. It is only in the "General History," first published in 1624, that the narrative of Smith's captivity asserts that the prisoner was sentenced to death by Powhatan, and his life

saved by Pocahontas.\* Then we are told that he was sent back in a few days to Jamestown, not with four friendly guides only, who carried his clothing or were laden with provisions, but with twelve savages, with whom he did not feel that his life was safe till within the palisades and under the protecting guns of the fort. Meanwhile between the publication of the "True Relation" of 1608, and that of the "General History" of 1624, the princess had become famous as the "Lady Rebecca;" by her services to the colony; by her marriage with an Englishman, Rolfe; by her visit to England, her presentation at court, and her baptism into the Christian Church; and by her death on the eve of her return to her own country.

This Powhatan, who was called an emperor by the earlier writers, was the most powerful of all the Indian chiefs of Virginia, and became an important person in the history of the colony. Smith was the first to meet with him, the Pawatah who had entertained Newport and his companions, some months before, at the falls of James River, being another and less powerful chief, perhaps a son of Powhatan. For Powhatan was a native of the country just above the falls of the James, and it was from it that he took his name. Among his own people he was known as Ottaniack, or as Mamanatowick, the latter meaning great king; but his true name, and that by which he was saluted by his subjects, was Wahunsenacawh.† He is described as a goodly old man, "well beaten with many cold and stormy winters," being somewhere about eighty years of age. He was tall in stature, stalwart, and well shaped of limb, sad of countenance though his face was round and flat, and his thin gray hairs hung down upon his broad shoulders. As in his younger years he had been strong and able, so also had he been a cruel savage, "daring, vigilante, ambitious, subtile to enlarge his dominions," striking terror and awe into neighboring chiefs. Though in his old age he delighted in security and pleasure, and lived in peace with all about him, he was from the first watchful and jealous of these white-faced strangers who were penetrating his rivers, devouring his corn, and building houses within his dominions. With that Indian subtlety of which he was pecu-

liarily a master, he sought their friendship, when that would best serve his purpose, but never letting an opportunity pass to cut them off when it could be done with little or no loss to himself and his people.\*

He had, it was said, many more than a hundred wives, of whom about a dozen, all



POCAHONTAS.

young women, were special favorites. When in bed one sat at his head, and another at his feet; when at meat one was at his right hand, another at his left. Of his living children, when he first became known to the English, twenty were sons and twelve were daughters, and among these last was one "whome he loved well, Pochahuntas, which may signifie little wanton; howbeyt she was rightly called Amonate at more ripe yeares," in accordance with an Indian custom in the naming of their children. She was well known at Jamestown at an early period. The Indian girls wore no clothing till the age of eleven or twelve years, nor were "they much ashamed thereof, and therefor," continues Strachey, "would Pochahuntas, a well-featured but wanton young girle, Powhatan's daughter, sometimes resorting to our fort, of the age then of eleven or twelve yeares, get the boys forth with her into the markett place, and make them wheele, falling on their hands, turning up their heeles upwards, whome she would followe and wheele so herself, naked as she was, all the

\* See comments on this subject by Charles Deane in his edition of Smith's "True Relation."

† Strachey's "Historie of Travaille into Virginia," p. 48.

\* Strachey, pp. 49, 54

fort over." As Strachey did not go to Virginia till 1610, and if he saw this young princess in that year, then eleven or twelve years of age, "turning cart-wheels" among the boys of Jamestown, she could have been only eight or nine years old at the time Smith was taken prisoner by her father. Elsewhere speaking of her as "using sometye to our fort in tymes past," he adds, "nowe married to a private captaine, called Kocoum, some two yeares since."\*

who was also distinguished as the first cultivator of tobacco in Virginia.\*

Rolfe, it seems, was a widower,† who was one of the company of Sir Thomas Gates, and was the father of the child born in the Bermudas, at the time of the wreck of the "Sea Adventure," and christened Bermuda. In an expedition up the Potomac, in search of corn, Captain Argall had engaged an Indian to entice Pocahontas on board his vessel, whom he took to Jamestown, and



PRESENTATION OF POCAHONTAS AT COURT.

[Thus far of the question of Captain Smith's veracity and the accepted story. With regard to the farther career of Pocahontas there is, it is true, no discussion; yet one other extract from the chapter will not be without interest, even to those to whom its facts are all familiar.]

In 1616, public curiosity was aroused by the appearance in London, of the Princess Pocahontas as the wife of Mr. John Rolfe,

detained in the expectation of compelling Powhatan to exchange her for corn and for certain Englishmen and English arms, held by that chief. While held as a prisoner, under the care of Sir Thomas Dale, she became a Christian, and was received into the church under the baptismal name of the Lady Rebecca. Whether the acquaintance between Rolfe and the princess commenced

\* Harmor's "True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia."

† Pocahontas was also a widow if Strachey's statement was correct that she had married a "private captain called Kocoum."

\* Major, the editor of Strachey's "Historie of Travaile into Virginia," supposes it must have been written between 1612 and 1616.

at that time, is not certain; but they were married soon after. Dale was so much interested in this comely daughter of Powhatan that he proposed to the king to send him a younger sister, of whose attractions he had heard, proposing to make her, said the messenger, "his nearest companion, wife, and bed-fellow." The offer could only have been made to get possession of the girl; wife she could not be, as there was already a Lady Dale in England. The king may have seen through the design; at any rate he good-naturedly declined the proposed honor of surrendering his daughter to be the mistress of even a white governor.

Dale took Rolfe and his wife to England, and with them went several other young Indians, men and women, and one Tamocomo, the husband of another of Powhatan's daughters. The young people were under the guardianship of the Council, and to be educated as Christians; but Tamocomo was an emissary of his father-in-law, under orders to gather information in regard to the Eng-

lish people. His observations may have been valuable, but he soon gave over an attempt to take a census of the population by notches on a stick. The whole party excited the liveliest curiosity. The Lady Rebecca was received at court with great favor, though grave doubts were entertained, suggested it was supposed by James, who was never unmindful of the divine right of kings, whether Rolfe had not been guilty of treason in presuming to make an alliance with a royal family. The princess appeared at the theaters and other public places, everywhere attracting great attention as the daughter of the Virginian emperor, and as one to whom the colonists had sometimes been indebted for signal services; and everywhere exciting admiration for her personal graces, and the propriety and good sense with which she always conducted herself. She remained in England for nearly a year, and died as she was about to sail for her native country. Her only child, a son, is claimed as the ancestor of some of the most respectable families of Virginia.

#### HOW SHALL WE SPELL SH-K-SP-R-'S NAME?

THE question which we ask above may seem to many to be one easily settled. Whatever trammels "the usage of the best writers and speakers" may impose on the orthographic innovations of the masses, it is generally conceded that a man has a right to spell his own name, at least, as he pleases. But suppose there is no certainty of his spelling it twice alike? Or suppose, again, that he is so vile a penman that it is next to impossible to decide just how he did spell in any single instance? Then, manifestly, if the public have occasion to spell his name at all, it will be likely to gratify its orthographic and kakographic fancies, with little regard to uniformity, until it becomes a serious question: How *shall* we spell —'s name?

If we had, as we ought to have, one alphabetic character for each English sound; and if we spelled by sound, as a reasonable people should, of course it would be easy enough to spell Sh-k-sp-r-'s name, or, for that matter, any other name. Sh-ā-k, there's your Shāk; s-p-ē-r, there's your spēr; there's your Shākspēr. *Voilà tout!* But with only twenty alphabetic characters really available

to represent some forty sounds, and no system of expedients for supplying deficiencies, there is a good deal of room for orthographic variation in representing the seven simple sounds which call up to the mind "the Bard of Avon." Indeed, Mr. George Wise has, in a little treatise on "The Autograph of William Shakespeare," given us "four thousand ways of spelling the name according to English orthography;" and Richard Grant White ("Shakespeare's Scholar," pp. 478-480) enumerates the following as *some* of the ways in which the name is actually spelled in the old documents in which it occurs:

Chakspēr,	Shagspere,	Shaxper,
Shakspere,	Shaxpur,	Shakspær,
Shaxpere,	Shakspēr,	Shaxpeare,
Shakspire,	Shaxspēr,	Shakspereer,
Shaxspere,	Shakspere,	Shaxburd,
Shakspēr,	Saxpere,	Shakspeyr,
Shakespere,	Shakespire,	Shakespear,
Shakspere,	Shakespeire,	Shakesper,
Shakspeyr,	Shakspere,	Shakspere,
Shaxspere,	Shakspær,	Shakyspere,

It is to be noticed that in a majority of the cases adduced by Mr. White, the name is spelled as if the first syllable were pro-



nounced Shax; and this is especially true with reference to the older and more familiar documents which would be likely to spell the word as it was pronounced. Throughout the will of the poet's father\* the name is spelled Shakspear; and the scrivener who drew the poet's will spells the name Shackspere. Mr. White very plausibly conjectures that the old spelling, following the pronunciation, was Shaksper or Shakspere, and that a change was made during the poet's life both in spelling and pronunciation—such a change as sometimes, with the accession of wealth and honors, transforms plain "Fred. Smith" into "The Honorable Frederick Smythe."

The monumental inscriptions of the family afford three variations of the name.

Shakespeare, Shaksper, Shakspeare.

In the grant of arms from the Herald's College to the poet's father, the name is spelled Shakespeare; and the coat of arms itself (the crest being an eagle brandishing a spear) is a punning commentary on both spelling and pronunciation. A similar remark may be made respecting the allusion to the poet in Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit" as "the only Shake-scene in the country." In the first folio edition of Ben Jonson's works, carefully edited by himself, the name occurs twice as Shakespeare; and this was the almost invariable spelling in the printed examples of Sh-k-sp-r-'s day. There is not, however, as is sometimes affirmed, absolute uniformity in this respect.† The first quarto edition of "King Lear" and two editions of "Richard the Third" give us Shakspeare; and an early edition of "Love's Labor Lost" gives us Shaksper. These, however, though published during the poet's life, were "pirated" editions, and, hence, have little bearing on the question at issue. Indeed, as Mr. Furnival says in "The Academy," "Neither the practice of Shakspeare's friends, critics, or printers, nor the possibly spurious autographs in books never proved to be his, can stand for a moment against his own unquestioned signatures to legal documents."

We turn, then, to Sh-k-sp-r-'s autographs, respecting which Mr. Furnival says: "There are only five unquestionably genuine signatures of Shakspeare's in existence—the two on his Stratford conveyance and mortgage,

and the three on his will." More specifically, the incontestable autographs of the poet are:

1. His signature to the deed of purchase of a house in Blackfriars, London. This autograph was purchased for the city of London in 1843 for £145, and is now at Guildhall. A fac-simile of the signature is given in Richard Grant White's edition of the poet's works, vol. i, p. 92. Sir Francis Madden and Mr. Furnival, than whom there are no abler decipherers of antique and crabbed handwriting, make the signature to be *Shaksper*.

2. His signature to a mortgage of the poet's property. This was purchased in 1835 for the British Museum for £315. If the only fac-simile of it that we have ever seen does it justice, the British Government paid quite a high price for an autograph which is well-nigh illegible. Madden and Furnival, however, after a careful and independent study of the original, agree in reading it *Shaksper*.

3, 4, 5. Three signatures appended to the will of the great dramatist. This will, which may be inspected by any one for a shilling at Doctors Commons, London, is drawn up on three sheets of paper, each of which bears the poet's name. It has been suggested that the first two signatures were appended by the clerk who drew the will, and that only the last is that of the poet himself. This theory has been shown, however, to be untenable, and all the signatures are now regarded as genuine autographs. They are given in fac-simile by Richard Grant White, in his edition of the poet's works, vol. 1, pp. 96-99. The first and second would seem to be Shaksper (so, Madden and Furnival); while the third looks decidedly like *Shakspeare*. So Madden makes it out; and so it was made out by Steevens and Malone, who, in 1776, before the signature was defaced by frequent handling, made the first tracing of it for a fac-simile. Furnival, however, insists that this, like the other autographs, reads *Shaksper*.

These five autographs, feebly and almost illegibly traced, are all that certainly remains to us of the handwriting of one of the most voluminous, as well as incomparably the greatest of English poets. One other autograph is commonly added on the authority of Sir Francis Madden, who has said that "it challenges and defies suspicion." It is suspected, however, by both Mr. Halliwell and Mr. Furnival, who have good right to an opinion in such matters. The signature in question is written on the fly-leaf of a

\* See Drake, "Shakespeare and His Times," vol. i, p. 9.

† See "*Shakspeareana Genealogica*," p. 530.



copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays," which is the property of the British Museum. The name, whoever wrote it, is, unmistakably, "*Will'm Shakspeare*." In the "*Shakspeareana Genealogica*," pp. 533-534, an account is given of four other alleged autographs which are commonly regarded as spurious.

From an inspection of these autographs it is evident that, however Sh-k-sp-r may have varied in spelling the last syllable of his name, *he never inserts an e after the k*. So says Mr. Furnival, and so must any one say who takes the pains to examine the fac-similes. On this point, the spurious and the genuine autographs are all agreed. Following out the principle, then, that a man has an unquestionable right to spell his name as he pleases, we ought not to force upon imperial Shaks-p-r, dead and turned to clay, an *e* which he persistently and systematically rejected. Still further, from an inspection of the poet's autographs, the weight of evidence is very decidedly against the insertion of an *e* in the last syllable of the name; or, in favor of writing Shakspeare, *not* Shakspeare.

Given a chance for variation, and there are fashions in spelling as in everything else. It was the fashion of the printers, editors, and critics who were contemporary with the great dramatist, or nearly so, to spell it Shakspeare—frequently hyphenizing the word.

In 1680, Aubrey adopted the spelling

Shakespear, and was followed in succession by Blackstone, Rowe, Pope, Hanmer, Warburton, Hazlitt, and others.

In 1790, Malone, influenced largely by an autograph which has since been declared spurious, decided to spell it Shakspeare. An inspection of the autograph now at Guildhall led him, six years later, to admit that the poet spelled the name "Shakspere;" though he decided to retain the spelling which he first favored—in which decision, he was followed by nearly all the editors and critics of the last generation. Thus, the name is given "Shakspeare" by Steevens, Johnson, Douce, Drake, Ritson, Bowdler, Boswell, Chalmers, Coleridge.

The tendency has, of late years, been to spell the name Shakespeare, upon the authority of the printed examples of the poet's own time. This is the spelling given by Heminge and Condell (editors of the first folio), Theobald, Cahill, Dyce, Craik, Hudson, White, Clark and Wright, Halliwell, Hunter, Staunton, Bucknill, Abbott, and others.

Thus, the fashion has set first toward Shakespeare; then toward Shakspeare; then toward Shakspeare; and then toward Shakspeare again. Recently, however,—largely through the influence of Mr. Furnival, who unhesitatingly declares that "Shakspere is the right spelling of the poet's name,"—a tendency may be noted toward the spelling which Charles Knight and Mary Cowden Clarke had adopted, before Mr. Furnival's examination of the autographs—namely: SHAKSPERE.

## SINGING ROBES.

"WHAT wilt thou walk abroad in, Muse of mine?  
The violet peplos, such as in the shades  
Of Mytlené's gardens, Lesbian maids,  
Gyrinna and the rest, spun from the fine  
Milesian wools? Or, round thee wilt thou twine  
Egypt's severer linen, till it lades  
Thy brows as it did Miriam's dusky braids?  
Or drape thee like Egeria at her shrine?  
But many a later Muse in cloth-of-gold,  
Trails royal vestments richer dight than these,  
Which thou may'st borrow, an unreckoned loan,  
When want impels—(What answerest thou so cold?)"—  
"I answer this: In robe of unpatched frieze  
I'd rather go,—if so it be *mine own*!"

## PHILIP NOLAN'S FRIENDS; OR, "SHOW YOUR PASSPORTS!"

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE.



WAITING FOR HARROD.

## CHAPTER XII.

## "LOVE WAITS AND WEEPS."

"The stranger viewed the shore around,  
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might declare  
That human foot frequented there."

—LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE little camp which Harrod had formed on the Little Brassos was not much more than a hundred miles below the corral in which some weeks later Nolan wrote this merry letter to the ladies. Now that farms and villages spot the country between,—nay, when it is even vexed by railroad lines and telegraphs,—now that this poor little story is perhaps to be scanned even upon the spot by those familiar with every locality,—

it is impossible to bear in mind that then the region between was all untrodden even by savages,—and that had Harrod and the ladies loitered at their camp till Nolan arrived at his, they would still be as widely parted as if they were living on two continents to-day.

The disappearance of poor little Inez was not noticed in the camp till she had been away nearly an hour,—indeed just as the sun was going down. Harrod had told her that he would join her on the knoll, and had hurried his necessary inspection, that he might have the pleasure of sitting by her, talking with her, and watching her at her work. But, when he turned to walk up to her, he saw that she was no longer there, and seeing also that the curtain in front of

her tent was closed, he supposed, without another thought, that she had returned from the hill-side, and was again in her tent with Eunice. A little impatiently he walked to and fro, watching the curtain door from time to time, in the hope that she would appear. But, as the reader knows, she did not appear. Yet it was not till her aunt came forth fresh from a late siesta, in answer to Ransom's call to dinner, that Harrod learned to his dismay, that Inez was not with her. If he felt an instant's anxiety, he concealed it. He only said:

"How provoking! I have been waiting for her because she said she would make a sketch from the knoll here, and now she must be at work somewhere all alone."

"She is a careless child," said Eunice, "to have gone away from us, into this evening air without her shawl. But no—she has taken that. Still she ought to be here."

But Harrod needed no quickening and had already run up the hill to call her.

Of course he did not find her. He did find the note-book and the sketch-book and the open box of colors. Anxious now, indeed, but very unwilling to make Eunice anxious, he ran down to the water's edge calling as loudly as he dared, if he were not to be heard at the camp,—but hearing no answer. He came down to the very point where the cotton-wood tree had fallen, and he was too good a woodsman not to notice at once the fresh trail of the panther and the cubs. He found as well tupelo leaves and bay leaves, which he felt sure Inez had broken from their stems. Had the girl been frightened by the beast, and lost herself above or below in the swamp?

Or had she—horrid thought, which he would not acknowledge to himself,—had she ignorantly taken refuge on the fallen cotton-wood tree,—the worst possible refuge she could have chosen,—had she crept out upon it, and fallen into the deep water of the bayou?

He would not permit himself to entertain a thought so horrible. But he knew that a wretched half hour,—nay, nearly an hour—had sped since he spoke with her, and what worlds of misery can be crowded into an hour! He ran out upon the tree, and found at once the traces of the girl's lair there. He found the places where she had broken the branches. He guessed, and guessed rightly, where she had crouched. He found the very twig from which she had twisted the bright tupelo. And he looked back

through the little vista to the shore, and could see how she saw the beasts standing by the water. He imagined the whole position. And he had only the wretched comfort that if she had fallen, it must be that some rag of her clothing, or some bit of broken branch below would have told the tale. No such token was there,—that is, it was not certain that she had fallen, and given one scream of agony unheard before the whole was over.

He must go back to camp, however unwillingly. He studied the trail with such agony, even, as he had not felt before. He followed down the side track which Inez had followed for a dozen yards,—but then was sure that he was wasting precious daylight. He fairly ran back to camp,—only careful to disturb by his foot-fall no trace which was now upon weed or leaf. And when he came near enough he had to walk as if not too eager.

"Has she come home?" said he, with well acted calmness.

"You have not found her? Dear, dear child, where is she?" And in an instant Eunice's eagerness and Harrod's was communicated to the whole camp. He showed the only traces he had found. He told of the open color-box and drawing-book, and Eunice instantly supplied the clue, which Harrod had not held before.

"She went down to fill her water-bottle. Did you find that there? A little cup of porcelain?"

No—Harrod had not seen that. He knew he should have seen it. And at this moment Ransom brought in all these sad waifs, and the white cup was not among them. Harrod begged the poor lady not to be distressed,—the fire of a rifle would call the girl in. But Eunice of course went with him, and then even her eye detected, instantly, what he had refrained from describing to her, the heavy foot-prints of the panther.

"What is that?" she cried; and Harrod had to tell her.

In an instant she leaped to his conclusion, that the child had taken refuge somewhere from the fear of this beast. And in an instant more, knowing what she should have done herself,—knowing how steady of head and how firm of foot Inez was, she said:

"She ran out on that cotton-wood tree, Mr. Harrod,—look there,—and there,—and there,—she broke the bark away with her feet! My child! my child! has she fallen into the stream?"

Now it was Harrod's turn to explain that this was impossible. He confessed to the discovery of the tupelo leaves. Inez had been on the log. But she had not fallen, he said, lying stoutly. There was no such wreck of broken branches as her fall would have made. And before he was half done, the suggestion had been enough. Two of the men were in the water. It was deep, alas! it was over their heads. But the men had no fear. They went under again and again; they followed the stream down its sluggish current. So far as their determined guess was worth anything, Inez's body was not there.

In the meanwhile every man of them had his theory. The water terror held to Eunice,—though she said nothing of it. The men believed generally, that those infernal Apaches had been on their trail ever since they left the Fort; that they wanted perhaps to regain White Hawk, or perhaps thought they would take another prisoner in her place. This was the first chance that had been open to them, and they had pounced here. This was the theory which they freely communicated to each other and to Ransom. To Eunice, in person, when she spoke to one or another, in the hurried preparations for a search, they kept up a steady and senseless lie, such as it is the custom of ignorant men to utter to women whom they would encourage. The girl had missed the turn by the bay trees; or she had gone up the stream looking for posies. It would not be fifteen minutes before they had her "back to camp" again. Such were the honeyed words with which they hoped to re-assure the agonized woman, even while they charged their rifles, or fastened tighter their moccasins as if for war. Of course she was not deceived for an instant. For herself, while they would let her stay by the water-side, she was pressing through one and another quagmire to the edge of the cove in different places. But at last, as his several little parties of quest arranged themselves, Harrod compelled her to return. As she turned up from the stream one of the negroes came up to her, wet from the water. He gave her the little porcelain cup, which had lodged on a tangle of sedge just below the cotton-wood tree. Strange that no one should have noticed it before!

Every instant, thus far, as the reader knows, had been wasted time. Perhaps it was no one's fault,—nay, certainly it was no one's fault,—for every one had "done the best his circumstance allowed." For

all that, it had been all wasted time. Had Harrod fired a rifle the moment he first missed Inez, with half an hour of daylight still, and with the certainty that she would have heard the shot, and could have seen her way toward him, all would have been well. But Harrod had, and should have had, the terror lest he should alarm Eunice unduly—and in trying to save her, he really lost his object. At the stream again, minutes of daylight passed quicker than any one could believe, in this scanning of the trail and plunging into the water. The shouts—even the united shouts of the party—did not tell on the night air as the sharp crack of a rifle would have done. Worst of all, in losing daylight, they were losing everything, and this, when it was too late, Harrod felt only too well.

Considering what he knew and the impressions he was under, his dispositions, which were prompt, were well planned and soldierly. It is but fair to say this, though they were, in fact, wholly wrong. Yielding to the belief, for which he had only too good reason, that the Apaches were on the trail, and had made a push to secure their captive again, Harrod bade the best soldiers of his little party join him for a hasty dash back on the great trail, in the hope that traces of them might be found, and that they could be overtaken, even now, before it was wholly dark. One thing was certain, that if they had pounced on their victim, they had turned promptly. They had not been seen nor suspected at the camp itself, by their trail.

Silently, and without Eunice's knowledge, he bade Richards work southward, and Harry, the negro boy who had brought in the water-bottle, work northward along the edges of the bayou. If there were—anything—there, they must find it, so long as light lasted. And they were to be in no haste to return. "Do not let me see you before midnight. The moon will be up by and by. Stay while you can see the hand before your face."

He should have given rifles to both of them. Richards, in fact, took his, but the negro, Harry, as was supposed in the fond theory of those times, had never carried a gun, and he went with no weapon of sound but his jolly "haw-haw-haw" and his vigorous call. Once more here was a mistake. Harry's rifle-shot, had he had any rifle to fire, would have brought Inez in even then.

Meanwhile Ransom led Eunice back to the camp-fire; and when his arrangements by the bayou were made, Harrod hastily

followed. His first question was for the White Hawk, but where she was no one knew. Two of the men thought she had been with Miss Perry; but this, Eunice denied. Ransom was sure that she came to him and pointed to the sky, while he was carrying in the dinner. But Harrod doubted this, and the old man's story was confused. Were the girls together? Had the same enemy pounced on both? Harrod tried to think so and to make Eunice think so. But Eunice did not think so. She thought only of the broken bit of tupelo, and of this little white cup, which she still clutched in her hand. From the first moment Eunice had known what would have happened to her had that beast driven her out over the water. And from the first moment one thought, one question had overwhelmed her, "What shall I say to him to tell him that I let his darling go, for one instant, from my eye?"

Then Harrod told Ransom that he must stay with Miss Eunice while they were gone.

Ransom said, bluntly, that he would be hanged if he would. Miss Inez was not far away, and he would find her before the whole crew on 'em saw anything on her.

But Harrod called him away from the throng.

"Ransom, listen to me," he said. "If Miss Perry is left alone here, she will go crazy. If you leave her, there is no one who can say one word to her all the time we are gone. I hope and believe that we will have Miss Inez back before an hour. But all that hour she has got to sit by the fire here. You do not mean to have me stay with her, and I am sure you do not want me to leave her with one of those 'niggers.'"

Harrod, for once, humored the old man, by adopting the last word from his vocabulary.

"You're right, Mr. Harrod; I'd better stay. 'N' I'll bet ten dollars, now, Miss Inez'll be the first one to come in to the fire, while you's lookin' after her. 'Taint the fust time I've known her off after dark alone."

"God grant it!" said Harrod, and so the old man staid.

But Harrod had not revealed, either to Eunice or to Ransom, the ground for anxiety which had the most to do with his determinations and dispositions. In the hasty examination of the trail which he made when he first searched for the girl,

and afterward when he, with Richards and King—better woodsmen than he—examined the path which they supposed the girl had taken, and the well-marked spot at the shore of the bayou, where the beasts came to water, they had found no print of Inez's foot. But they had found perfectly defined marks, which no effort had been made to conceal, of an Indian's foot-print. Harrod tried to think it was White Hawk's, and pointed to Richards the smallness of the moccasin, and a certain peculiarity of tread, which he said was hers. Richards, on the other hand, believed that it was the mark of an Indian boy, whom he described; that he had been close behind Inez, and had been trying, only too successfully, to obliterate every footstep. With more light, of course, there might have been more chance to follow these indications, but where the regular trail of the brutes coming to water had broken the bushes, they led up less successfully, and the indications all agreed that if the Apaches were to be found at all, it was by the prompt push which they were now essaying.

They all sprang to saddle, and even Harrod tried to give cheerfulness which he did not feel, by crying:

"They have more than an hour's start of us, and they will ride like the wind. I will send back when I strike the trail, but you must not expect us before midnight." And so they were gone.

Poor Eunice Perry sat alone by the camp-fire. Not two hours ago she had congratulated herself, and had let Inez, dear child, congratulate her, because, at the Brassos River, more than half, and by far the worst half, of their bold enterprise was over. Over and well over! And now one wretched hour, in which she had been more careless than she could believe, and all was night and horror! Could she be the same living being that she was this afternoon? She looked in the embers and saw them fade away, almost careless to renew the fire. What was there to renew it for?

Ransom, with the true chivalry of genuine feeling, left her wholly to herself, for all this first agony of brooding. When he appeared, it was to put dry wood on the coals.

"She'll be cold when she comes in. Night's cold. She didn't know she'd be gone so long." This was in a soliloquy, addressed only to the embers.

Then he turned bravely to Eunice, and bringing up another camp-stool close to



where she sat, he placed upon it the little silver salver, which he usually kept hid away in his own pack, where he reserved it for what he regarded as the state occasions of the journey.

"Drink some claret, Miss Eunice; good for you; keep off the night air. Some o' your brother's own private bin, what he keeps for himself and ye mother, if she'd ever come to see him. I told him to give me the key when he went away; told him you might need some o' the wine, and he gin it to me. Brought a few bottles along with me; knew they wouldn't be no good wine nowhere ef you should git chilled. Told him to give me the key; his own bin. Better drink some, Miss Eunice."

He had warmed water, had mixed his sangaree as carefully as if they had all been at the plantation, had remembered every fancy of Eunice's in concocting it, grating nutmeg upon it from her own silver grater, which lay in his stores, much as her brother's silver waiter did. And this was brought to her in her silver cup, as she sat there in the darkness in the wilderness, with her life darker than the night. Eunice was wretched, but, in her wretchedness, she appreciated the faithful creature's care, and, to please him, she made an effort to drink something, and sat with the goblet in her hand.

"It is very good, Ransom; it is just what I want, and you are very kind to think of it."

Ransom leaned over to change the way in which the sticks lay across the fire. Then he began again:

"Jest like her mother, she is. Don't ye remember night her mother scared us all jest so? Got lost jest as Miss Inez has, and ye brother was half crazy. No, ye don't remember—ye never see her. Ye brother was half crazy, he was; her mother got lost jest as Miss Inez has; scared all on us jest so. She's jest like her mother, Miss Inez is. I said so to Mr. Harrod only yesterday."

Eunice was too dead to try to answer him, and, without answer, the old man went on in a moment.

"We wos out on the plantation. It wos in the fall, jest as it is now. It wos the fust year after ye brother bought this place; didn't have no such good place on the river before; had the old place hired of Walker.

"After he bought this place, cos she liked it—two years afore this one was born—it wos in the fall, jest as it is now,—

"I'd sent all the niggers to 'bed, I had, 'n' wos jest lookin' round 'fore I locked up, w'en ye brother come up behind me, white as a sheet, he was. 'Ransom,' says he, 'where's ye missus?'

"Scared me awfully, he did, Miss Eunice. I didn't know more'n the dead where she wos—'n' I said, says I, 'Isn't she in her own room?' 'Ransom,' says he, 'she isn't in any room in the house, 'n' none on 'em seen her,' says he, 'since she had a cup o' tea sent to her in the settin' room,' says he, 'n' it wasn't dark then,' says he.

"'N' none on 'em knew where she wos or where she'd gone. Well, Miss Eunice, they all loved her, them darkeys did, jest as these niggers, all on 'em, loves this one; and w'en I went round to ask 'em where she wos, they run this way an' that way, and none on 'em found her. 'N' in an hour she come in all right—got lost down on the levee—went wrong way 'n' got lost; had been down to see how old Chloe's baby was, 'n' got lost comin' home. Wosn't scared herself one bit—never wos scared—wosn't scared at nothin'. Miss Inez just like her mother."

Now there was a long pause. But Eunice did not want to discourage him, though she knew he would not encourage her.

"Tell me more about her mother, Ransom?"

"Woll, Miss Eunice, ye know how handsome she wos. That 'ere picter hangs in the salon ain't half handsome enough for her. Painted in Paris it wos, fust time they went over—ain't half handsome enough for her. Miss Inez is more like her, she is.

"She wos real good to 'em all, she wos, ma'am. She wos quiet like—not like the French ladies—'n' when they come and see her they knowed she wos more of a lady than they wos, 'n' they didn't care to see her much, 'n' she didn't care to see them much. But she wos good to 'em all. Wos good to the niggers—all the niggers liked her.

"Took on a good deal, and wos all broke down when she come from the Havannah to this place. Kissed this one, Dolores here, that we's goin' to see—kissed her twenty times—'n' Dolores says to me, says she—that's this one—she says, says she, in her funny, Spanish way, 'Ransom, take care of her ev'ry day and ev'ry night; 'n' Ransom, when you bring her back to me,' says she, 'I'll give you a gold doubloon,' says she. 'N' she laughed, 'n' I laughed, 'n' we made this one laugh, Miss Inez's mother. She did not



like to come away, 'n' took on a good deal."

Another pause, in which Ransom wistfully contemplated the sky.

"Took her to ride myself, I did, ev'ry time, after this one was born, I did. Coachman didn't know nothin'. Poor crittur, ye brother got rid on him afterward. No! he died. I drove the kerridge myself, I did, after this one was born. She was dreadful pleased with her baby, cos it wos a gal, 'n' she wanted a gal, 'n' she took it to ride ev'ry day; 'n' she says to me, 'Ransom,' says she, 'we must make this a Yankee baby, like her father,' says she. She says, says she, 'Ransom, next spring,' says she, 'we will carry the baby to Boston,' says she, 'n' show 'em what nice babies we have down here in Orleans,' says she. 'N' she says to me, says she one day, when she had had a bad turn o' coughin', 'Ransom,' says she, 'you'll take as nice care of her as ye do of me,' says she; 'won't you, Ransom?' says she."

"And you said you would, Ransom, I'm sure," said Eunice, kindly, seeing that the old man would say no more.

"Guess I did, ma'am. She needn't said nothin'. Never thought o' doin' nothin' else. Knew none on 'em didn't know nothin' 'cept your brother till you come down, ma'am. It was a hard year, ma'am, before you come down. Didn't none on 'em know nothin' 'cept ye brother."

Eunice was heard to say afterward that the implied compliment in these words was the greatest praise she had ever received from human lips. But at the time she was too wretched to be amused.

There was not now a long time to wait, however, before they could hear the rattle of hoofs upon the road they had been following all day.

It was Harrod's first messenger, the least competent negro in his train. He had sent him back to relieve Eunice as far as might be with this line—hurriedly written on a scrap of brown paper:

"We have found the rascals' trail—very warm. I write this by their own fire." H.

The man said that they came upon the fire still blazing,—about three miles from camp. King and Adams and Capt. Harrod dismounted, studied the trail by the light of burning brands, and were satisfied that the camp had been made by Indians,—who had followed our travelers

along on the trail, and now had turned suddenly. King had said it was not a large party,—and Capt. Harrod had only taken a moment to write what he had sent to Miss Eunice, before they were all in the saddle again and in pursuit.

So far, so good. And now must begin another desperate pull at that wait-wait-wait, in which one's heart's blood drops out most surely, if most slowly!

Old Ransom tended his fire more sedulously than ever, and made it larger and larger.

"She'll be all chilled when she comes in," said he again, by way of explanation. But this was not his only reason. He bade Louis go down to the water's edge, and bring up to him wet bark, and bits of floating wood. He sent the man again and again on this errand. And as fast as his fire would well bear it, he thrust the wet sticks into the embers and under the logs. The column of steam, mingling with the smoke, rose high into the murky sky, and the light from the blaze below gave to it ghastly forms, as it curled on one side or the other in occasional puffs of wind.

Tired and heart-sick, Eunice lay back on her couch, with her tent-door opened, and watched the wayward column. Even in her agony some sickly remembrance of Eastern genii came over her, and she knew that the wretched wish passed her, that she might wake up, to find that this was all a phantasm, a fairy tale, or a dream.

So another hour crawled by. Then came a sound of crackling twigs, and poor Eunice sprang to her feet again, only to meet the face of the negro Harry, returning from his tour of duty. He had worked up the stream, as he had been directed; he had tried every access to the water. He said he had screamed and called, and whooped, but heard nothing but owls. The man was as fearless of the night or of loneliness as any plantation slave, used to the open sky. But he had thought, and rightly enough, that his duty for the night was at an end when he had made a tramp longer than was possible to so frail a creature as Inez, and came back only to report failure. He was dragging with him a long bough for the fire, and it was the grating of this upon the ground which gave warning of his approach.

Nothing for it, Eunice, but to lie down again, and watch that weird white column again, and the black forms of the three men hovering about it. Not a foot-fall! Not

even the sighing of the trees,—the night is so still! It would be less weird and terrible if any thing would cry aloud. But all nature seems to be waiting too.

A halloo from Richards—who comes stalking in, cross, wet, unsuccessful, and uncommunicative.

"No—see nothin'. Knew I shouldn't see nothin'. All darned nonsense of the Cappen's sending me thar. Told him so w'en I started, that she hadn't gone that way, and I knew it as well as he did. Fired my rifle? Yes—fired every charge I had. Didn't have but five and fired 'em all. She didn't hear 'em; no, cos she wasn't there to hear 'em. Hain't you got a chaw of tobacco, Ransom, or give a fellow somethin' to drink. If you was as wet as I be, you'd think you wanted sunthin'!"

Wait on, Eunice, wait on. Go back to your lair, and lie upon your couch. Do not listen to Richards's grumbling; try to keep down these horrible imaginings of struggles in water, of struggles with Indians, of faintness and death of cold. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Yes. Poor Eunice thinks all that out. "But is not this moment the very moment when my darling is dying, and I lying powerless here. Why did I not go with them?"

"Too-oo—too-oo—"

"Is that an owl?"

"Hanged if it's an owl. Hark!"

"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo" repeated rapidly twenty times; and then again—"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo" twenty times more, as rapidly.

Ransom seized his gun, fired it in the air, and ran toward the sound. Eunice followed him, gazing out into the night.

"Whoo—whoo—whoo—whoo"—more slowly, and then Ransom's "Hurra! All right, ma'am. She's here," through the darkness.

And then in one glad minute more, he had brought Inez in his arms,—and her arms were around her aunt's neck, as if nothing on earth should ever part them more.

The White Hawk had brought her in.

And now the White Hawk dragged her to the fire, pulled off the moccasins that were on her feet, and began chafing her feet, ankles, and legs,—while Ransom was trying to make her drink,—and Eunice kneeling, oh, so happy in her anxiety, at the poor girl's side.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### NIGHT AND DAY.

"The camp affords the hospitable rite,  
And pleased they sleep (the blessing of the night),  
But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy luster purpled o'er the lawn,  
Again they mount, the journey to renew."  
—ODYSSEY.

WITH the first instant of relief, old Ransom bade Harry saddle the bay mare, which Ransom had never before been known to trust to any human being but himself. With an eager intensity which we need not try to set down in words, he bade him push the mare to her best, till he had overtaken the Captain, and told him the lost was found.

Meanwhile poor little Inez was only able to speak in little loving ejaculations to her aunt, to soothe her, and to cry with her, to be cried with, and to be soothed.

"Dear auntie, dear auntie, where did you think I was"—and

"My darling—my darling—how could I lose sight of you?"

And the White Hawk—happy, strong, cheerful and loving—was the one "effective" of the three.

But Ransom had not chosen wrongly in his prevision for her return. "Knew ye'd be cold w'en ye come in, Miss Inez; knew ye warn't drowned and warn't gone far." He had a buffalo skin hanging warming, ready for her to lie upon. He brought a camp stool for her head to rest upon, as she looked into the embers; and when Eunice was satisfied at last that no hair of her darling's head was hurt; when she saw her fairly sipping and enjoying Ransom's jorum of claret; when at last he brought in triumph soup which he had in waiting somewhere, and the girl owned she was hungry,—why then Eunice, as she lay at her side and fed her, and fondled her, was perhaps the happiest creature, at that moment, in the world.

And when words came at last, and rational questions and answers, Inez could tell but little which the reader does not already know, nor could they then learn much more from White Hawk, with language so limited as was theirs.

"Panther? yes, horrid brute! I have seemed to see him all night since. When it was darkest, I wondered if I did not see the yellow of those dreadful eyes."

"Apaches? No, I saw no Indians, nor thought of them. Only my darling 'Ma-ry'

here," and she turned to fondle the proud girl, who knew that she was to be fondled. "O Ma-ry, my sweetheart, how I wish you knew what I am saying! Why, Eunice, when I thought it was my last prayer,—when I asked the good God to comfort you, and dear papa"—here her voice choked—"I could not help praying for dear 'Ma-ry.' I could not help thinking of her poor mother, and the agony in which she carried this child along. And then, why, Eunice, it was not long after, that all of a sudden I was lying in her arms, and she was cooing to me and rubbing me, and I thought for a moment I was in bed at home, and it was you—and then I remembered again. And, dear auntie, what a blessing it was to know I was not alone!"

In truth the brave girl had held resolute to her purpose. She would save her voice till, at the end of every fifty sentry turns, she would stop and give her war-whoop and other alarm cry. Then she would keep herself awake by walking, walking, walking, though she were almost dead, till she had made fifty turns more, and then she would stop and scream again. How often she had done this she did not know. Eunice could guess better than she. Nor did she know how it ended. She must have stumbled and fallen. She knew she walked, at last, very clumsily and heavily. All else she knew was, as she said, that she came to herself lying on the ground, while White Hawk was rubbing her hands, and then her feet, and that White Hawk would say little tender things to her—would say "Ma-ry," and would stop in her rubbing to kiss her. Then that White Hawk pulled off those horrid wet stockings and moccasins which she had been tramping in, and took from her own bosom a pair dry and strong. "Oh, how good it felt, auntie." And then that White Hawk made her rest on her shoulder, and walk with her a little, till she thought she was tired, and then sat down with her, and would rub her and talk to her again.

"How in the world did she know the way?"

"Heaven knows. She would stop and listen. She would put her ear to the ground and listen. At last she made me sit at the foot of a tree, while she climbed like a squirrel, auntie, to the very top, and then she came down, and she pointed, and after she pointed she worked always this way. She made this sign, auntie, and this must be the sign for 'fire.'"

The girl brought her hands near her

breast, half shut, till they touched each other, and then moved them quickly outward. Both of them turned to White Hawk, who was listening carefully, and they pointed to the embers, as Inez renewed the sign. White Hawk nodded and smiled, but repeated it, extending her fingers and separating her hands, as if in parody of the waving of flame. This part of the gesture poor Inez had not seen in the darkness.

From the moment White Hawk had seen Ransom's white and rosy column of smoke, it had been a mere question of time. By every loving art she had made the way easy for her charge. She would have lifted her, had Inez permitted. "But, auntie, I could have walked miles. I was strong as a lion then!"

Lion or lamb, after she was roasted as a jubilee ox might have been, she said, her two nurses dragged her to her tent and to bed.

"It is too bad, auntie! I ought to thank dear Captain Harrod and all of them. Such a goose as to turn night into day, and send them riding over the world!"

All the same they undressed her and put her to bed; and such is youth in its omnipotence, whether to act, to suffer, or to sleep, that in five minutes the dear child was unconscious of cold, of darkness, or of terror.

And Eunice did her best to resist the reaction which crept over her, oh—so sweetly! after her hours of terror. But she would start again and again as she lay upon her couch. One instant she said to herself:

"Oh, yes; I am quite awake—I never was more wakeful. But what has happened to them?—will they never be here?" And the next instant she would be bowing to the First Consul, as Mr. Perry presented her as his sister, and renewed his old acquaintance with Madame Josephine, once Beauharnais. Then she would start up from her couch and walk out to the fire, and Ransom would advise her to go back to her tent. At last, however, just when he, good fellow, would have had it—for his preparation of creature comforts for the scouting party was made on a larger scale, if on a coarser, than those for Miss Inez—the welcome tramp of rapid hoofs was heard, and in five minutes more Harrod swung himself from the saddle by the watch-fire, and was eagerly asking her for news.

For himself he had but little to tell. Since all was well at home it would wait till breakfast.

"What have you got for us now, Ransom? a little whisky? Yes, that's enough; that's enough. The others are just behind."

Then, turning to Eunice:

"Yes, Miss Perry. All is well that ends well. I have said that to myself and aloud for this hour's gallop. Ransom! Ransom! don't let those fools take her to water. Make Louis rub her dry. Yes, Miss Perry, We found the rascals' fire. God forgive me for calling them rascals. They are saints in white for all I know. But, really,—this whisky does go to the right place!—But, really, when you have been trying to ride down a crew of pirates for a couple of hours, it is hard to turn round and believe they were honest men."

"Yes, we found their fire. And if I ever thanked God, it was then, Miss Perry. Though why, if they were after the girls, why they should have built a fire just there by that little wet prairie, I could not tell myself. Still, there was the fire. Up till that moment, Miss Eunice—up till that moment I believed she was stark and dead under the water of the bayou. I may as well tell you so now," and he choked as he said it, and she pressed his hand, as if she would say she had been as sure of this as he.

"Yes, I thought that the painter there, or the Indians, or both together, had driven her out on that infernal cotton-wood log—I beg your pardon, Miss Eunice. I am sure the log has done me no harm, but I thought we were never to see her dear face again." And he stopped and wiped the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.

"So I thanked God when I saw their fire, because that confirmed what all the rest of them said. And we got off our horses, and we could see the trail was warm; they went off in a hurry. Why they did not put their fire out I did not know, more than why they lighted it."

"If we could have made a stern chase, as Ransom would say, we would have overhauled them soon; but, this I did not dare. King knew from what he saw this morning how to take us round the edge of that wet prairie—by a trail they had followed by mistake then—and he said we could head them as they traveled, at the sloo where we lunched, if you remember. For we could see that they had one lame mule at least. They seemed to have but few beasts anyway; and, of course, none of them was a match for Bet there, or for that Crow, the bay that King rides. So I took him with

me; told the others to keep the main trail slowly; and, sure enough, in an hour, more or less, King had me, just where you and Miss Inez lay under that red-oak to-day."

"And there we waited and waited; not long, not long. We could hear them grunting and paddling along, and beating the mule, till I stepped out and struck an old fellow over the shoulder and cocked my pistol. They do not know much, but they knew what that meant. They all stopped meek as mice, for they thought I was an army."

"But, good Heavens! there were but four of them; three old men and a squaw, and these four miserable brutes. It was no war-party, that was clear. I could have talked to them if it were daylight. But now it was as much as ever I could see them or they me. King understood none of their gibberish, nor I. I hoped, perhaps, Adams might; meanwhile, I tied the old fellow hand and foot; he did not resist, none of them resisted. In a minute the others came up, and then we struck a light, and, after some trouble, made a fire."

"Then, when we could see, I began to talk to them in gestures, and now I can afford to laugh at it! Then I was too anxious and too mad."

"I went at the old man. You should have seen me. He said he could not answer because his hands were tied, which was reasonable. So I untied him but told him I would blow his brains out if he tried to run away. At least, I think he knew I would."

"I asked him where the girls were."

"He said we had them with us."

"I told him he lied."

"He said I did."

"I asked him again where they were, and threatened him with the pistol."

"He said he knew nothing of the girl with the long feather, since she sat there with her back to the oak-tree and mended the lacing of her shoe."

"Only think, Miss Eunice, how the dogs watch us!"

"As for White Hawk, he said he sold her to Father Andrés for the lame mule he had been riding, and that he supposed Father Andrés sold her to me. That he had not seen her since I mounted you ladies, and White Hawk went on in advance. He said they staid and picked up what dinner the men had left, and ate it, as they had every day."

"I asked him why he left his fire. He said they were frightened. They knew we were in the saddle, and they were afraid,

because they had stolen the blacksmith's hammer and the ham-bones. So they mounted and fled.

"Well, you know, I thought this was an Indian's lie—a lie all full of truth. I told him so. I took him and tied him to a tree, and I tied the other man and the big boy. The woman I did not tie. Miss Eunice, applaud me for that. I believe you have a tender heart to the redskins, and I determined to wait till morning. But in half an hour I heard the rattle of the mare's heels, and up came Harry to say that all was well."

"And all's well that ends well."

"Yes, Ransom; no matter what it is. I did not know I should ever feel hungry again."

"But, dear Miss Perry, how thoughtless I am! For the love of Heaven, pray go into your tent and go to sleep. How can we be grateful enough that she is safe?"

Then he called her back.

"Stop, one moment, Miss Perry; we are very near each other now. What may happen before morning, none of us know. I must say to you, therefore, now, what but for this I suppose I should not have dared to say to you, that she is dearer to me than my life. If we had not found her, oh, Miss Perry, I should have died! I would have tried to do my duty by you, indeed; but, my heart would have been broken."

"Yes. I knew how eager you were, and how wretched. Pray, understand, that my wretchedness and my loss would have been the same as yours. Good night! God bless her and you!"

A revelation so abrupt startled Eunice, if it did not wholly surprise her. But she was too completely exhausted by her excitements of every kind even to try to think, or to try to answer. She did not so much as speak, as he turned away, and only bade him good-bye, by her kindly look and smile.

It was late when they met at breakfast. Harrod would gladly have permitted a day's halt after the fatigues of the night, but not here. They must make a part of the day's march, and already all of the train which could be prepared was ready for a start. Inez appeared even later than the others. But she was ready dressed for traveling. The White Hawk welcomed her as fondly and proudly as if she were her mother, and had gained some right of property in her. Eunice was so fond and so happy, and Harrod said frankly that he did not dare to tell her how happy the good news made him when it came to him.

"Woe's me," said poor Inez, hardly able to keep from crying. "Woe's me, that because I was a fool, brave men have had to ride and fair women to watch. You need none of you be afraid that I shall ever stray two inches from home again."

But, as she ate, Harrod drew from her, bit by bit, her own account of her wanderings.

"And to think," said he, "that this girl here, knows how to follow a trail better than I do, and finds one that I have lost. I believe the flowers rise under your tread, Miss Inez, for on the soft ground yonder by the lick we could not find your foot-tread. Could it have been hers that frightened me so?"

Then he told her how they were sure they caught the traces of an Indian boy, and thought he had been stepping with his feet turned outward in her foot-prints.

"And pray what did you think I wore, Captain. I had taken off my shoes, and I was walking in the moccasins the Señora Troviño gave me at Nacogdoches."

"And I did not know your foot-fall when I saw it. I will never call myself a woodsman again!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### A PACKET OF LETTERS.

"I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters."

—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

BUT it is time that the reader should welcome the party of travelers, no longer enthusiastic about camp-life, to the hospitalities—wholly unlike any thing Inez had ever seen before—of San Antonio de Bexar.

The welcome of her dear aunt, of Major Barelo,—indeed, one may say, of all the gentlemen and ladies of the garrison, had been most cordial. The energy of the march made it a matter of nine days' wonder, and the young Spanish gentlemen thanked all gods and goddesses for the courage which had brought, by an adventure so bold, such charming additions to the circle of their society. Donna Maria Dolores was not disappointed in her niece; nor was she nearly so much terrified by this wild American sister-in-law as she had expected. And Inez found her aunt, ah! ten times more lovely than she had dared to suppose.

But the impressions of both ladies will be best given by the transcript of three of their letters,—which have escaped the paper-mills of three quarters of a century,—written about a week after their arrival. True, these letters were written with a painful uncer-



tainty lest they were to be inspected by some Spanish official. They were severely guarded, therefore, in any thing which might convict Nolan or Harrod, or their humbler adherents. For the rest, they describe the position of the ladies sufficiently.

INEZ PERRY TO HER FATHER.

IN MY OWN ROOM, SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR,

Nov. 26, 1800.

DEAR, DEAR PAPA: Can you believe it? We are really here. See, I write you in my own room, which dear Aunt Dolores has arranged for me,—just as kindly as can be. I would not for the world tell her how funny it all is to me; for she has done every thing to make it French or American, or to please what are supposed to be my whims. But if you saw it, you would laugh so, papa, and so would Roland, if he is anything like you.

I shall write Roland a letter, and it will go in the same cover with this. But he must not cry, as you used to say to me, if I write to you first of all.

I have kept my journal very faithfully, as I said I would, and some day you shall see it. But not now, dear papa; for the General—Herrera, you know—is very kind to let this go at all, and it must be the smallest letter that I know how to make, and Roland's too.

I think you were wholly right about the journey, dear papa, and I think if we had it to do over again you would think that this was the way to do it, if you knew all that we have seen and all that we have enjoyed, and even if you knew all the inconveniences. It has been just as you said, that I have learned ever so many things which I should never have learned in any other way, and seen ever so much that I should never have seen in any other way. Dear papa, if you will keep it secret and not tell Roland,—for I am dreadfully afraid of Roland, you know,—I will tell you that I do not think I am near so much of a goose as I was when I left home. I hope you would say that your little girl is rather more of a woman. And I am as well, papa, as I can be. Eunice says I have gained flesh. We cannot find out, though we were all weighed yesterday, in the great scales in the warehouse. But they weigh with fanegas and all sorts of things, and nobody seems to know what they mean in good honest livres. I know I am stouter, because of the dresses, you know. There, pray do not read that to Roland.

Aunt Eunice is writing, and she will tell you all the business,—the important business of the journey. She will explain why we changed the plans, and how it all happened. I know you will be very sorry that we had not Capt. P. all the way. I am sure I was. He was just as nice as ever, and as good as gold to me. If Roland is to be a soldier, I hope he will be just such a soldier. But then I hope Roland is not to be a soldier. I hope he is to come home to me some day. Aunt Eunice will tell you whom we had to escort us instead of Capt. P. When you come home you will know how to thank him for his care of us. I only wish I knew when we are to see him or the Captain again. Papa, if you or Roland had been with us, I do not think there was one thing you could have thought of which he did not think of and do, so bravely and so pleasantly, and so tenderly. I knew he had sisters, and he said he had. I can always tell. I only hope they know that it is not every girl has such brothers. I have; but there are not many girls that do. Why,

papa, the night I was lost, he—there I did not mean to tell you one word of my being lost, but it slipped out from the pen. That night he was in the saddle half the night hunting for me. Perhaps you say that was of course. And he tied up some Indians that he thought knew about me. Perhaps that was of course too. But what was not of course was this, that from that moment to this moment, he never said I was a fool, as I was. He never said if I had done this or that, it would have been better. He was perfectly lovely and gentlemanly about it all, always: papa, he was just like you. I wish I knew when we should see him again. He left yesterday with only three men to join the Captain. I wish we could see him soon. When we are all at home again, in dear, dear Orleans, I shall coax you to let me ask his sister to spend the winter with us. There are two of them—one is named Marion,—really after the Swamp-Fox, papa, and the other is named Jane. Jane is the oldest. Is not Marion a pretty name?

But, papa, though there is only this scrap left, I want to tell you earnestly how much I want to take Ma-ry with us when you come home; how much I love her, and how necessary it is that she shall not stay here. Aunt Eunice says she will explain it all, and who Ma-ry is, and why I write her name so. She will tell you why it is so necessary as I say. But, dear papa, only I can tell you how much, how very much, I want her. You see I have a sister now and I do not want to lose her. And, papa, this is not the coaxing of a little girl; this is the real earnest wish of your own Inez, now she has seen things as a woman sees them. Do not laugh at that, dear papa; but think of it carefully when you have read dear Auntie's letter, and think how you can manage to let me have Ma-ry till she finds her own home. Oh dear! what will happen to me when she finds it?

Oh, papa, why is not this sheet bigger? It was the biggest they had. Ever so much love to Roland, and all to you,

From your own little

INEZ.

Silas Perry read this letter aloud to his soldier son, as they sat together in their comfortable lodgings in Passy. And then Roland said,—“Now let me try and see how much the little witch explains to me of these mysteries. It is just as she says; she is afraid of me without wanting to be, and we shall find the words are longer, though I am afraid the letter will be shorter. We will fix all that up, when I have been a week on the plantation.”

INEZ PERRY TO ROLAND PERRY.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, Nov. 27, 1800.

MY DEAR BROTHER: You have not the slightest idea what sort of a place a Spanish city is, though you have been the subject of our gracious and Catholic King ten years longer than I have. There are many beautiful situations here, and some of the public edifices are as fine as any we have in Orleans; but it is the strangest place I ever saw.

“That is curious,” said Roland, stopping to keep his cigar alive, “as she never saw any other place but Orleans. You see that



I have the dignified letter, as I said. I shall be jealous of you if it keeps on so."

Then he continued his reading:

We have had a beautiful journey through a very interesting country. I am sure you would have enjoyed it; and as we spent three days at Nacogdoches, which is a garrison town, perhaps it would have been instructive in your profession. But perhaps a French military student does not think much of Spanish officers. All I can say is, we saw some very nice gentlemanly men there who danced very well; and we saw those horrid dances, the Fandango and Bolero.

All the escort say that we had a very fortunate journey across the wood country and the prairies. I am told here that I have borne the fatigue very well. There was not a great deal of fatigue, though sometimes I was very tired. One night there was a Norther—so Mons. Philippe called it.

"Does she mean Nolan by 'Mons. Philippe?'" said Roland, stopping himself again. "I thought she said Nolan was not with them? There's a blot here, where she wrote something else at first. Can the man have two names?"

So Mons. Philippe calls it, but the people here call it Caribinera. What it is is a terrible tempest from the North, which tears everything to pieces and is terribly cold. We were so cold that we needed all our wraps to make us comfortable, and Ransom had to build up the fire again.

I am sure I shall enjoy my visit here. My aunt and Major Barelo are as kind as possible, and all the ladies in the garrison have been very thoughtful and attentive. But how glad I shall be to come home again and meet you and papa.

Dear Roland, do not go into the army.

"What is this? Something more scratched out?" But he held it to the light.

There is fighting enough to be done here.

"That is what Miss Een thinks, is it?"

"But she did not dare trust that to the post-office in Mexico. That is a prudent girl."

"Is that all?" said his father.

"Yes; all but this."

Dear Roland, I do want to see you, and I love you always. Truly yours, INEZ.

"I call that a nice letter, sir, and, on the whole, I will not change with you. Of course she has changed a hundred times as much as I have, and I cannot make out that she is anything but a baby. Dear Aunt Eunice will fill all blanks."

EUNICE PERRY TO SILAS PERRY.

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR, Nov. 26, 1800.

MY DEAR BROTHER: We are safe here and have a most cordial welcome. Having no chance to write by Orleans, I send this, through General Herrera's kindness, by the City of Mexico, whence there is a despatch bag to some port in Europe.

"Roland, she thinks the letters were to be examined on their way, and I believe this has been."

"I am certain mine has been, sir. Here is the mark which shows what was copied from mine in some Mexican office—this that poor little Een tried to scratch out about fighting."

"Much good may it do them," said his father, and continued reading his sister's letter aloud:

Inez has borne her journey famously. Indeed, when we were well started and were once used to the saddle it was tedious, but nothing more. She lost herself one night and frightened me horribly, but no harm came of it. As for Indians, we saw but few. From the first post the Spanish officers furnished us escorts of troops on their return to this garrison. Perhaps that frightened away the Indians, as it certainly did los Americanos.

"As it certainly did los Americanos," Roland, Phil Nolan found that his room was better than his company. He would never have left them if it were not better for them that he should leave. Eunice knew these letters were to be opened, and she has written for more eyes than mine."

When you see Mons. Philippe you must express what I have tried to tell,—how much we value his constant and kind attention.

"Who the dickens is Mons. Philippe?—that I shall learn when the 'Hamilton' comes in."

We have brought with us a charming girl, who makes a dear companion for Inez, being, I suppose, about her age. She is an American girl, whom a Spanish priest found among the Apaches, and bought of them. From the first moment the two girls fancied each other, though at first neither could understand the other's language. But now Mary has learned a great deal of English, and a little Spanish, and dear little Inez is quite glib in Apache! The girl's name is Mary—she calls it Ma-ry, as if it were two words; it is the only word she remembers which her mother taught her.

Inez wants to take her home, and unless I hear from you that you object, I shall agree to this, unless some other arrangement is made for sending her east. Donna Dolores agrees; the garrison is not a very good place for her.

To tell you the truth, the regular lessons which Inez gives her, and the reading which the dear girl undertakes in books you bade her read, keeps them out of mischief for two or three hours every day. The ladies here do so little, and have so little to do in this dull Moor-like life, that this seems very strange to them. But I encourage them both in it. They ride a good deal under dear old Ransom's escort, and sometimes he drives them out in one of these solemn odd carriages which I believe were inherited direct from Cortez.

This is an interesting place, such as I suppose you have often seen, but as different from a French city, or from our French city,—do not let Roland laugh at me,—as that is from Squam Bay. But do

not think that we will be homesick here. Donna Dolores is all that you describe her to be, and as happy in her new plaything as she hoped to be, and deserved to be. She persuades herself that she sees Inez's mother's face in hers, and is sometimes startled by a tone of her voice. She delights the dear child, as you may suppose. There are several ladies here who are accomplished and agreeable. I do not know but you have heard the Major speak of the families of Garcia, of Gonzales, and Troviño. Col. Troviño is now at Nacogdoches; he was very civil to us.

We have found two Governors here,—fortunately for us,—for I believe neither of them strictly belongs here. General Herrera is, as you know, a remarkable man; we are great friends. His wife is an English lady, whom he married at Cadiz, and it is a great pleasure to me to see so much of her. He was in Philadelphia when General Washington was President, and spoke to me at once of him. Of course we have been firm friends ever since that. He is Governor, not of this province, but of New Leon, our next neighbor, and is very much beloved there. I hardly know why he resides so much here. Gov. Cordero, whose real seat of government is Monte Clovez, is here a great deal,—for military reasons, I suppose. He is a bachelor,—the more is the pity. He is Spanish by birth, and every inch a soldier.

Young Walker is here from the military school. You remember his mother. He came at once to see me.

But my paper is at an end, and I must let my pen

run no longer. Give much love to my dear Roland. This letter is his as much as yours.

Always your own loving sister,

EUNICE PERRY.

"Governor Cordero is there for military reasons, Roland, and General Herrera is there also. What military reasons but that President John Adams has stirred up the magnificoes a little! But, if I have sent our doves into a hawk's nest, Roland, I do not know how we are to get them out again."

"It is one comfort," he added, after a pause, "that there will be a good strip of land and water between General Herrera and General Wilkinson."

And the father and son resumed their cigars and sat in silence.

What Silas Perry meant by "a good thick strip," will appear from his own letter to Eunice, which shall be printed in the next chapter. He had written it as soon as possible after his arrival in Paris. It had crossed her letter on the ocean. Written under cover to his own house in Orleans and sent by his own vessels, it spoke without hesitation on the topics, all important, of which he wrote.

(To be continued.)

## THE VISIONARY FACE.

I AM happy with her I love,  
In a circle of charmed repose;  
My soul leaps up to follow her feet  
Wherever my darling goes;  
Whether to roam through the garden walks,  
Or pace the sands by the sea;—  
There's never a shadow of doubt or fear  
Brooding 'twixt her and me:—  
But through memory's twilight mist,  
Sometimes, I own, in sooth,  
Falters the face of one I loved  
In the fervent years of youth;—  
The soft, pathetic brow is there,  
With its glimmer and glance of golden  
hair,  
And scarcely shadowed by death's eclipse  
The delicate curve of the faultless lips,  
The tremulous, tender lips I kissed,  
So coyly raised at the sunset tryst,  
As we stood from the restless world apart,  
'Mid the whispering foliage, heart to heart,  
In the fair, far years of youth.

Yet, the vision is pure as heaven,  
Untouched by a hint of strife  
From the passion that moaned itself to  
sleep,  
On the morning strand of life;  
And I know that my living Love would feel  
The tremor of ruthful tears,  
If I told of the sweetness, and hope that  
drooped,  
So soon in the vanished years:  
She would not banish the Phantom sad  
Of a beauty disrowned and low;—  
Can jealousy rest in the rose's breast  
Of a lily under the snow?  
Can the passion so warm and strong  
to-day,  
Envy a ghost from the cypress shades  
For an hour astray?  
Or, the love that waned like a blighted  
May,  
In the dead days, long ago,  
Ah! long, how long ago!

## GABRIEL CONROY.\*

BY BRET HARTE.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## MRS. CONROY HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE hot weather had not been confined to San Francisco. San Pablo Bay had glittered, and the yellow currents of the San Joaquin and Sacramento glowed sullenly with a dull sluggish lava-like flow. No breeze stirred the wild oats that drooped on the western slope of the Contra Costa hills; the smoke of burning woods on the Eastern hill-sides rose silently and steadily; the great wheat-fields of the intermediate valleys clothed themselves humbly in dust and ashes. A column of red dust accompanied the Wingdam and One Horse Gulch Stage-coach, a pillar of fire by day as well as by night, and made the fainting passengers look longingly toward the snow-patched Sierras beyond. It was hot in California; few had ever seen the like, and those who had were looked upon as enemies of their race. A rashly scientific man of Murphy's Camp who had a theory of his own, and upon that had prophesied the probable recurrence of the earthquake shock, concluded he had better leave the settlement until the principles of meteorology were better recognized and established.

It was hot in One Horse Gulch—in the oven-like Gulch, on the burning sands and scorching bars of the river. It was hot even on Conroy's Hill, among the calm shadows of the dark-green pines—on the deep verandas of the Conroy cottage *orné*. Perhaps this was the reason why Mrs. Gabriel Conroy, early that morning after the departure of her husband for the mill, had evaded the varnished and white-leaded heats of her own house and sought the more fragrant odors of the sedate pines beyond the hill-top. I fear, however, that something was due to a mysterious note which had reached her clandestinely the evening before, and which, seated on the trunk of a prostrate pine, she was now re-perusing.

I should like to sketch her as she sat there. A broad-brimmed straw hat covered her head, that, although squared a little too much at the temples for shapeliness, was still made comely by the good taste with which

—aided by a crimping-iron—she had treated her fine-spun electrical blonde hair. The heat had brought out a delicate dewy color in her usually pale face, and had heightened the intense nervous brightness of her vivid gray eyes. From the same cause, probably, her lips were slightly parted, so that the rigidity that usually characterized their finely chiseled outlines was lost. She looked healthier; the long flowing skirts which she affected, after the fashion of most *petite* women, were gathered at a waist scarcely as sylph-like and unsubstantial as that which Gabriel first clasped after the accident in the fatal cañon. She seemed a trifle more languid—more careful of her personal comfort, and spent some time in adjusting herself to the inequalities of her uncouth seat, with a certain pouting peevishness of manner that was quite as new to her character as it was certainly feminine and charming. She held the open note in her thin, narrow, white-tipped fingers, and glanced over it again with a slight smile. It read as follows:

"At ten o'clock I shall wait for you at the hill near the Big Pine! You shall give me an interview if you know yourself well. I say beware! I am strong, for I am injured! VICTOR."

Mrs. Conroy folded the note again, still smiling, and placed it carefully in her pocket. Then she sat patient, her hands clasped lightly between her knees, the parasol open at her feet—the very picture of a fond confiding tryst. Then she suddenly drew her feet under her sidewise with a quick, nervous motion, and examined the ground carefully with sincere distrust of all artful lurking vermin who lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she looked at her watch.

It was five minutes past the hour. There was no sound in the dim, slumbrous wood, but the far-off sleepy caw of a rook. A squirrel ran impulsively half-way down the bark of the nearest pine, and catching sight of her tilted parasol, suddenly flattened himself against the bark, with outstretched limbs, a picture of abject terror. A bounding hare came upon it suddenly and had a palpitation of the heart that he thought he

really never should get over. And then there was a slow crackling in the underbrush as of a masculine tread, and Mrs. Conroy, picking up her terrible parasol, shaded the cold fires of her gray eyes with it, and sat calm and expectant.

A figure came slowly and listlessly up the hill. When within a dozen yards of her, she saw it was *not* Victor. But when it approached nearer she suddenly started to her feet with pallid cheeks and an exclamation upon her lips. It was the Spanish translator of Pacific street. She would have flown, but on the instant he turned and recognized her with a cry, a start, and a tremor equal to her own. For a moment they stood glaring at each other, breathless but silent!

"Devarges!" said Mrs. Conroy in a voice that was scarcely audible. "Good God!"

The stranger uttered a bitter laugh.

"Yes! Devarges!—the man who ran away with you—Devarges the traitor! Devarges the betrayer of your husband. Look at me! You know me—Henry Devarges! Your husband's brother!—your old accomplice—your lover—your dupe!"

"Hush," she said imploringly, glancing around through the dim woods, "for God's sake, hush!"

"And who are you?" he went on without heeding her; "which of the Mesdames Devarges is it now? Or have you taken the name of the young sprig of an officer for whom you deserted me, and may be in turn married? Or did he refuse you even that excuse for your perfidy? Or is it the wife and accomplice of this feeble-minded Conroy? What name shall I call you? Tell me quick! Oh, I have much to say, but I wish to be polite, madame; tell me to whom I am to speak!"

Despite the evident reality of his passion and fury there was something so unreal and grotesque in his appearance—in his antique foppery, in his dyed hair, in his false teeth, in his padded coat, in his thin strapped legs, that this relentless woman cowered before him in very shame, not of her crime, but of her accomplice!

"Hush," she said, "call me your friend; I am always your friend, Henry! Call me anything, but let me go from here. In God's name, do you hear? not so loud! Another time and another place I will listen," and she drew slowly back, until, scarce knowing what he did, she had led him away from the place of rendezvous toward the ruined cabin. Here she felt she

was at least safe from the interruption of Victor. "How came you here? how did you find what had become of me? where have you been these long years?" she asked hastily.

Within the last few moments she had regained partially the strange power that she had always exerted over all men except Gabriel Conroy. The stranger hesitated and then answered in a voice that had more of hopelessness than bitterness in its quality,

"I came here six years ago, a broken, ruined and disgraced man. I had no ambition but to hide myself from all who had known me,—from that brother whose wife I had stolen, and whose home I had broken up—from you—you, Julie!—you and your last lover—from the recollection of your double treachery!" He had raised his voice here, but was checked by the unflinching eye and cautionary gesture of the woman before him. "When you abandoned me in St. Louis, I had no choice but death or a second exile. I could not return to Switzerland, I could not live in the sickening shadow of my crime and its bitter punishment. I came here. My education, my knowledge of the languages stood me in good stead; I might have been a rich man, I might have been an influential one, but I only used my opportunities for the bare necessities of life and the means to forget my trouble in dissipation. I became a drudge by day, a gambler by night. I was always a gentleman. Men thought me crazy, an enthusiast, but they learned to respect me. Traitor as I was in a larger trust, no one doubted my honor or dared to approach my integrity. But bah! what is this to you? You?"

He would have turned from her again in very bitterness, but in the act he caught her eye, and saw in it, if not sympathy, at least a certain critical admiration, that again brought him to her feet. For despicable as this woman was, she was pleased at this pride in the man she had betrayed, was gratified at the sentiment that lifted him above his dyed hair and his pitiable foppery, and felt a certain honorable satisfaction in the fact, that even after the lapse of years, he had proved true to her own intuitions of him.

"I had been growing out of my despair, Julie," he went on sadly, "I was, or believed I was, forgetting my fault, forgetting even *you*—when there came to me the news of my brother's death—by starvation. Listen to me, Julie! One day there came to me

for translation a document, revealing the dreadful death of him—your husband!—my brother!—do you hear?—by starvation. Driven from his home by shame, he had desperately sought to hide himself as I had—accepted the hardship of emigration—he a gentleman and a man of letters—with the boors and rabble of the plains, had shared their low trials and their vulgar pains, and died among them, unknown and unrecorded."

"He died as he had lived," said Mrs. Conroy, passionately, "a traitor and a hypocrite; he died following the fortunes of his paramour, an uneducated, vulgar rustic, to whom, dying, he willed a fortune—this girl—Grace Conroy. Thank God I have the record! Hush!—what's that?"

Whatever it was—a falling bough, or the passing of some small animal in the underbrush—it was past now. A dead silence enwrapped the two solitary actors; they might have been the first man and the first woman, so encompassed were they by nature and solitude.

"No," she went on hurriedly in a lower tone, "it was the same old story—the story of that girl at Basle—the story of deceit and treachery which brought us first together, which made you, Henry, my friend, which turned our sympathies into a more dangerous passion! You have suffered. Ah, well, so have I. We are equal now."

Henry Devarges looked speechlessly upon his companion. Her voice trembled, there were tears in her eyes, that had replaced the burning light of womanly indignation. He had come there knowing her to have been doubly treacherous to her husband and himself. She had not denied it. He had come there to tax her with an infamous imposture, but had found himself within the last minute glowing with sympathetic condemnation of his own brother, and ready to accept some yet unoffered and perfectly explicable theory of that imposture. More than that, he began to feel that his own wrongs were slight in comparison with the injuries received by this superior woman. The woman who endeavors to justify herself to her jealous lover always has a powerful ally in his own self-love, and Devarges was quite willing to believe that even if he had lost her love he had never at least been deceived. And the answer to the morality of this imposture was before him. Here was she married to the surviving brother of the girl she had personated. Had he—had Dr. Devarges ever exhibited as noble trust, as perfect ap-

preciation of her nature and her sufferings? Had they not thrown away the priceless pearl of this woman's love, through ignorance and selfishness? You and I, my dear sir, who are not in love with this most reprehensible creature, will be quick to see the imperfect logic of Henry Devarges; but when a man constitutes himself accuser, judge, and jury of the woman he loves, he is very apt to believe he is giving a verdict when he is only entering a *nolle prosequi*. It is probable that Mrs. Conroy had noticed this weakness in her companion, even with her pre-occupied fears of the inopportune appearance of Victor, whom she felt she could have accounted for much better in his absence. Victor was an impulsive person, and there are times when this quality, generally adored by a self-restrained sex, is apt to be confounding.

"Why did you come here to see me?" asked Mrs. Conroy, with a dangerous smile. "Only to abuse me?"

"There is another grant in existence for the same land that you claim as Grace Conroy or Mrs. Conroy," returned Devarges, with masculine bluntness,—“a grant given prior to that made to my brother Paul. A suspicion that some imposture has been practiced is entertained by the party holding the grant, and I have been requested to get at the facts.”

Mrs. Conroy's gray eyes lightened.

"And how were these suspicions aroused?"

"By an anonymous letter."

"And you have seen it?"

"Yes—both it and the hand-writing in portions of the grant are identical."

"And you know the hand?"

"I do—it is that of a man, now here, an old Californian—Victor Ramirez!"

He fixed his eyes upon her; unabashed she turned her own clear glance on his, and asked with a dazzling smile,

"But does not your client know that whether the grant is a forgery or not, my husband's title is good?"

"Yes, but the sympathies of my client, as you call *her*, are interested in the orphan girl Grace."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Conroy, with the faintest possible sigh, "your client, for whom you have traveled—how many miles?—is a woman?"

Half-pleased, but half-embarrassed, Devarges said, "Yes."

"I understand," said Mrs. Conroy, slowly. "A young woman, perhaps, a good, a *pretty*



one! And you have said, 'I will prove this Mrs. Conroy an impostor,' and you are here. Well! I do not blame you. You are a man. It is well, perhaps, it is so."

"But Julie, hear me!" interrupted the alarmed Devarges.

"No more!" said Mrs. Conroy, rising and waving her thin white hand; "I do not blame you. I could not expect—I deserve no more! Go back to your client, sir; tell her that you have seen Julie Devarges, the impostor. Tell her to go on and press her claim, and that you will assist her. Finish the work that the anonymous letter-writer has begun, and earn your absolution for your crime and my folly. Get your reward, you deserve it; but tell her to thank God for having raised up to her better friends than Julie Devarges ever possessed in the heyday of her beauty! Go! Farewell. No! let me go, Henry Devarges, I am going to my husband. He at least has known how to forgive and protect a friendless and erring woman."

Before the astonished man could recover his senses, elusive as a sunbeam, she had slipped through his fingers and was gone. For a moment only he followed the flash of her white skirt through the dark aisles of the forest, and then the pillared trees, crowding in upon one another, hid her from view.

Perhaps it was as well, for a moment later Victor Ramirez, flushed, wild-eyed, disheveled and panting, stumbled blindly upon the trail, and blundered into Devarges' presence. The two men eyed each other in silence. "A hot day for a walk," said Devarges, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"Vengeance of God! you are right—it is," returned Victor, "and you?"

"Oh, I have been fighting flies! Good day!"

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

#### GABRIEL DISCARDS HIS HOME AND WEALTH.

I AM sorry to say that Mrs. Conroy's expression as she fled was not entirely consistent with the grieved and heart-broken manner with which she just closed the interview with Henry Devarges. Something of a smile lurked about the corners of her thin lips as she tripped up the steps of her house, and stood panting a little with the exertion in the shadow of the porch. But here she suddenly found herself becoming quite faint, and, entering the apparently empty house, passed at once to her boudoir, and threw herself exhaustedly on the lounge

with a certain peevish discontent at her physical weakness. No one had seen her enter; the Chinese servants were congregated in the distant wash-house. Her housekeeper had taken advantage of her absence to ride to the town. The unusual heat was felt to be an apology for any domestic negligence.

She was very thoughtful. The shock she had felt on first meeting Devarges was past; she was satisfied she still retained an influence over him sufficient to keep him her ally against Ramirez, whom she felt she now had reason to fear. Hitherto his jealousy had only shown itself in vamping and bravado; she had been willing to believe him capable of offering her physical violence in his insane fury, and had not feared it; but this deliberately planned treachery made her tremble. She would see Devarges again; she would rectify the wrongs she had received from the dead brother and husband, and in Henry's weak attempt to still his own conscience with that excuse, she could trust to him to keep Ramirez in check, and withhold the exposure until she and Gabriel could get away. Once out of the country she could laugh at them both; once away she could devote herself to win the love of Gabriel, without which she had begun to feel her life and schemes had been in vain. She would hurry their departure at once. Since the report had spread affecting the value of the mine, Gabriel, believing it true, had vaguely felt it his duty to stand by his doubtful claim and accept its fortunes, and had delayed his preparations. She would make him believe that it was Dumphy's wish that he should go at once; she would make Dumphy write him to that effect. She smiled as she thought of the power she had lately achieved over the fears of this financial magnate. She could do all this now—at once—but for her physical weakness. She ground her teeth as she thought of it; that at such a time she should be—ah!—and yet a moment later a sudden fancy flashed across her mind, and she closed her eyes that she might take in its delusive sweetness more completely. It might be that it wanted only this to touch his heart—some men were so strange—and if it were—oh, God!—she stopped.

What was that noise? The house had been very quiet, so still that she had heard a woodpecker tapping on its roof. But now she heard distinctly the slow, heavy tread of a man in one of the upper chambers, which had been used as a lumber-room. Mrs.

Conroy had none of the nervous apprehension of her sex in regard to probable ghosts or burglars—she had too much of a man's practical pre-occupation for that, yet she listened curiously. It came again. There was no mistaking it now. It was the tread of the man with whom her thoughts had been busy—her husband.

What was he doing here? In the few months of their married life he had never been home before at this hour. The lumber-room contained among other things the *disjecta membra* of his old mining life and experience. He may have wanted something. There was an old bag which she remembered he said contained some of his mother's dresses. Yet it was so odd that he should go there now. Any other time but this. A terrible superstitious dread—a dread that any other time she would have laughed to scorn, began to creep over her. Hark! he was moving. She stopped breathing.

The tread recommenced. It passed into the upper hall and came slowly down the stairs, each step recording itself in her heart-beats. It reached the lower hall and seemed to hesitate; then it came slowly along toward her door, and again hesitated. Another moment of suspense and she felt she would have screamed. And then the door slowly opened and Gabriel stood before her.

In one swift, intuitive, hopeless look she read her fate. He knew all! And yet his eyes, except that they bore less of the usual perplexity and embarrassment with which they had habitually met hers, though grave and sad, had neither indignation nor anger. He had changed his clothes to a rough miner's blouse and trowsers, and carried in one hand a miner's pack, and in the other a pick and a shovel. He laid them down slowly and deliberately, and seeing her eyes fixed upon them with a nervous intensity, began apologetically:

"They contain, ma'am, on'y a blanket and a few duds ez I allus used to carry with me. I'll open it ef you say so. But you know me, ma'am, well enough to allow that I'd take nothin' outer this yer house ez I didn't bring inter it."

"You are going away?" she said, in a voice that was not audible to herself, but seemed to echo vaguely in her mental consciousness.

"I be. Ef ye don't know why, ma'am, I reckon ez you'll hear it from the same vyce ez I did. It's on'y the squar thing to say afore I go, ez it ain't my fault nor hiz'n."

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I was on the hill this mornin' in the old cabin."

It seemed as if he had told her this before, so old and self-evident the fact appeared.

"I was sayin' I woz on the hill, when I heerd vyces, and lookin' out I seed you with a stranger. From what ye know o' me and my ways, ma'am, it ain't like me to listen to thet wot ain't allowed for me to hear. And ye might have stood thar ontel now ef I hedn't seed a chap dodgin' round behind the trees spyin' and list'nin'. When I seed that man I knowed him to be a pore Mexican, whose legs I'd tended yer in the Gulch mor'n a year ago. I went up to him, and when he seed me he'd hev run. But I laid my hand onto him—and—he stayed!"

There was something so unconsciously large and fine in the slight gesture of this giant's hand as he emphasized his speech, that even through her swiftly rising pride Mrs. Conroy was awed and thrilled by it. But the next moment she found herself saying—whether aloud or not she could not tell—"If he had loved me he would have killed him then and there."

"Wot thet man sed to me—bein' flustered and savage like, along o' bein' choked hard to keep him from singin' out and breakin' in upon you and thet entire stranger—ain't fur me to say. Knowin' him longer than I do, I reckon you suspect 'bout wot it was. That it ez the truth I read it in your face now, ma'am, ez I reckon I might hev read it off and on in many ways and vari's styles sens we've been yer together, on'y I was thet weak and undecided yer."

He pointed to his forehead here, and then with his broad palm appeared to wipe away the trouble and perplexity that had overshadowed it. He then drew a paper from his breast.

"I've drawed up a little paper yer ez I'll hand over to Lawyer Maxwell makin' over back agin all ez I once hed o' you and all ez I ever expect to hev. For I don't agree with thet Mexican thet wot was gin to Grace belongs to me. I allow ez she kin settle thet herself, ef she ever comes, and ef I know thet chile, ma'am, she ain't goin' tech it with a two-foot pole. We've allus bin simple folks, ma'am, though it ain't the squar' thing to take me for a sample, and onedicated and common, but thar ain't a Conroy thet lived ez was ever pinted for money or ez ever took more outer the company's wages than his grub and his clothes."

It was the first time that he had ever asserted himself in her presence, and even then he did it half apologetically, yet with an unconscious dignity in his manner that became him well. He reached down as he spoke, and took up his pick and his bundle and turned to go.

"There is nothing then that you are leaving behind you?" she asked.

He raised his eyes squarely to hers.

"No," he said, simply, "nothing."

Oh, if she could have only spoken! Oh, had she but dared to tell him that he had left behind that which he could not take away, that which the mere instincts of his manhood would have stirred him to treat with tenderness and mercy, that which would have appealed to him through its very helplessness and youth. But she dared not. That eloquence which an hour before had been ready enough to sway the feelings of the man to whom she had been faithless and did not love, failed her now. In the grasp of her first and only hopeless passion this arch-hypocrite had lost even the tact of the simplest of her sex. She did not even assume an indifference! She said nothing; when she raised her eyes again he was gone.

She was wrong. At the front door he stopped, hesitated a moment and then returned slowly and diffidently to the room. Her heart beat rapidly, and then was still.

"Ye asked me jest now," he said falteringly, "ef thar was anything ez I was leavin' behind. Thar is, ef ye'll overlook my sayin' it. When you and me allowed to leave fur furrin parts, I reckoned to leave thet house-keeper behind, and unbeknowned to ye I gin her some money and a charge. I tole her thet if ever that dear chile, Sister Grace, came here, thet she should take her in and do by her ez I would, and let me know. Et may be a heap to ask, but if it tain't too much—I—shouldn't—like—yer—to turn—thet innocent unsuspectin' chile away from the house thet she might take to be mine. Ye needn't let on anythin' thet's gone; ye needn't tell her wot a fool I've been, but jest take her in and send for me. Lawyer Maxwell will gin ye my address."

The sting recalled her benumbed life. She rose with a harsh dissonant laugh and said, "Your wishes shall be fulfilled—if"—she hesitated a moment—"I am here."

But he did not hear the last sentence, and was gone.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

WHAT PASSED UNDER THE PINE AND WHAT REMAINED THERE.

RAMIREZ was not as happy in his revenge as he had anticipated. He had, in an instant of impulsive rage, fired his mine prematurely, and, as he feared, impotently. Gabriel had not visibly sickened, faded, nor fallen blighted under the exposure of his wife's deceit. It was even doubtful, as far as Ramirez could judge from his quiet reception of the revelation, whether he would even call that wife to account for it. Again, Ramirez was unpleasantly conscious that this exposure had lost some of its dignity and importance by being wrested from him as a *confession* made under pressure or duress. Worse than all, he had lost the opportunity of previously threatening Mrs. Conroy with the disclosure, and the delicious spectacle of her discomfiture. In point of fact his revenge had been limited to the cautious cowardice of the anonymous letter-writer, who, stabbing in the dark, enjoys neither the contemplation of the agonies of his victim, nor the assertion of his own individual power.

To this torturing reflection a terrible suspicion of the Spanish translator, Perkins, was superadded. For Gabriel, Ramirez had only that contempt which every lawless lover has for the lawful husband of his mistress, while for Perkins, he had that agonizing doubt which every lawless lover has for every other man but the husband. In making this exposure had he not precipitated a catastrophe as fatal to himself as to the husband? Might they not both drive this woman into the arms of another man? Ramirez paced the little bedroom of the Grand Conroy hotel, a prey to that bastard remorse of all natures like his own—the overwhelming consciousness of opportunities for villainy misspent.

Come what might, he would see her again and at once. He would let her know that he suspected her relations with this translator. He would tell her that he had written the letter—that he had forged the grant—that—

A tap at the door recalled him to himself. It opened presently to Sal, coy, bashful, and conscious. The evident agitation of this young foreigner had to Sal's matter-of-fact comprehension only one origin—a hopeless, consuming passion for herself.

"Dinner hez bin done gone an hour ago," said that arch virgin, "but I put

suthin' by for ye. Ye was inquiren' last night about them Conroys. I thought I'd tell ye thet Gabriel hez bin yer askin' arter Lawyer Maxwell—which he's off to Sacramento—altho' one o' Sue Markle's most intymt friends and steadiest boarders!"

But Mr. Ramirez had no ear for Gabriel now. "Tell to me, Mees Clark," he said, suddenly turning all his teeth on her, with gasping civility, "where is the Señor Perkins, eh?"

"Thet shiny chap—ez looks like a old turned alpacker gownd!" said Sal, "thet man ez I can't abear," she continued, with a delicate maidenly suggestion that Ramirez need fear no rivalry from that quarter. "I don't mind; and don't keer to know. He hezn't bin yer since mornin'. I reckon he's up somewhar on Conroy's Hill. All I know ez thet he sent a message yer to git ready his volise to put aboard the Wingdam stage to-night. Are ye goin' with him?"

"No," said Ramirez, curtly.

"Axin' yer parding for the question, but seein' ez he'd got booked for two places, I tho't ez maybe ye'd got tired o' plain mountin' folks and mountin' ways, and waz goin' with him," and Sal threw an arch yet reproachful glance at Ramirez.

"Booked for two seats," gasped Victor, "ah! for a lady, perhaps—eh, Mees Clark?—for a lady?"

Sal bridled instantly at what might have seemed a suggestion of impropriety on her part. "A lady, like his imperance, indeed! I'd like to know who'd demean themselves by goin' with the like o' he! But you're not startin' out agin without your dinner, and it waitin' ye in the oven? No? La! Mr. Ramirez ye must be in love! I've heard tell ez it do take away the appetite; not knowin' o' my own experence—though it's little hez passed my lips these two days, and only when tempted."

But before Sal could complete her diagnosis, Mr. Ramirez gasped a few words of hasty excuse, seized his hat, and hurried from the room.

Leaving Sal a second time to mourn over the effect of her coquettish playfulness upon the sensitive Italian nature, Victor Ramirez, toiling through the heat and fiery dust shaken from the wheels of incoming teams, once more brushed his way up the long ascent of Conroy's Hill, and did not stop until he reached its summit. Here he paused to collect his scattered thoughts, to decide upon some plan of action, to control the pulse of his beating temples, quickened by

excitement and the fatigue of the ascent, and to wipe the perspiration from his streaming face. He must see her at once, but how and where? To go boldly to her house would be to meet her in the presence of Gabriel, and that was no longer an object; besides, if she were with this stranger it would probably not be there. By haunting this nearest umbrage to the house he would probably intercept them on their way to the Gulch, or overhear any other conference. By lingering here he would avoid any interference from Gabriel's cabin on the right, and yet be able to detect the approach of any one from the road. The spot that he had chosen was, singularly enough, in earlier days, Gabriel's favorite haunt for the indulgence of his noon-tide contemplation and pipe. A great pine, the largest of its fellows, towered in a little opening to the right, as if it had drawn apart for seclusion, and, obeying some mysterious attraction, Victor went toward it and seated himself on an abutting root at its base. Here a singular circumstance occurred, which at first filled him with superstitious fear. The handkerchief with which he had wiped his face—nay, his very shirt-front itself—suddenly appeared as if covered with blood. A moment later he saw that the ensanguined hue was only due to the red dust through which he had plunged, blending with the perspiration, that on the least exertion still started from every pore of his burning skin.

The sun was slowly sinking. The long shadow of Reservoir Ridge fell upon Conroy's Hill and seemed to cut down the tall pine that a moment before had risen redly in the sunlight. The sounds of human labor slowly died out of the Gulch below, the far-off whistle of teamsters in the Wingdam road began to fail. One by one the red openings on the wooded hill-side opposite went out, as if Nature were putting up the shutters for the day. With the gathering twilight Ramirez became more intensely alert and watchful. Treading stealthily around the lone pine-tree with shining eyes and gleaming teeth, he might have been mistaken for some hesitating animal waiting for that boldness which should come with the coming night. Suddenly he stopped, and leaning forward peered into the increasing shadow. Coming up the trail from the town was a woman. Even at that distance, and by that uncertain light, Ramirez recognized the flapping hat and ungainly stride. It was Sal—perdition! Might the devil fly away with her! But she turned to



the right with the trail that wound toward Gabriel's hut and the cottage beyond, and Victor breathed, or rather panted, more freely. And then a voice at his very side thrilled him to his smallest fiber, and he turned quickly. It was Mrs. Conroy, white, erect, and truculent.

"What are you doing here?" she said, with a sharp, quick utterance.

"Hush!" said Ramirez, trembling with the passion called up by the figure before him. "Hush! There is one who has just come up the trail."

"What do I care who hears me now? You have made caution unnecessary," she responded sharply. "All the world knows us now! and so I ask you again, what are you doing here?"

He would have approached her nearer, but she drew back, twitching her long white skirt behind her with a single quick feminine motion of her hand as if to save it from contamination.

Victor laughed uneasily. "You have come to keep your appointment; it is not my fault if I am late."

"I have come here because, for the last half-hour I have watched you from my veranda, coursing in and out among the trees like a hound as you are! I have come to whip you off my land as I would a hound. But I have first a word or two to say to you as the man you have assumed to be."

Standing there with the sunset glow over her erect, graceful figure, in the pink flush of her cheek, in the cold fires of her eyes, in all the thousand nameless magnetisms of her presence, there was so much of her old power over this slave of passion, that the scorn of her words touched him only to inflame him, and he would have groveled at her feet could he have touched the thin three fingers that she warningly waved at him.

"You wrong me, Julie, by the God of Heaven. I was wild, mad, this morning—you understand; for when I came to you I found you with another! I had reason, Mother of God!—I had reason for my madness, reason enough, but I came in peace, Julie, I came in peace!"

"In peace," returned Mrs. Conroy scornfully; "your note was a peaceful one, indeed!"

"Ah! but I knew not how else to make you hear me. I had news—news you understand, news that might save you, for I came from the woman who holds the grant. Ah! you will listen, will you not? For one

moment only, Julie, hear me and I am gone!"

Mrs. Conroy, with abstracted gaze, leaned against the tree. "Go on," she said coldly.

"Ah you will listen, then!" said Victor joyfully, "and when you have listened you shall understand! Well, first I have the fact that the lawyer for this woman is the man who deserted the Grace Conroy in the mountains, the man who was called Philip Ashley, but whose real name is Poinsett."

"Who did you say?" said Mrs. Conroy, suddenly stepping from the tree, and fixing a pair of cruel eyes on Ramirez.

"Arthur Poinsett—an ex-soldier, an officer. Ah, you do not believe—I swear it is so!"

"What has this to do with me?" she said scornfully, resuming her position beside the pine. "Go on—or is this all?"

"No, but it is much. Look you! he is the affianced of a rich widow in the Southern Country, you understand? No one knows his past. Ah, you begin to comprehend. He does not dare to seek out the real Grace Conroy. He shall not dare to press the claim of his client. Consequently he does nothing!"

"Is this all your news?"

"All!—ah no. There is one more, but I dare not speak it here," he said, glancing craftily around through the slowly darkening wood.

"Then it must remain untold," returned Mrs. Conroy, coldly, "for this is our last and only interview."

"But Julie!—"

"Have you done?" she continued, in the same tone.

Whether her indifference was assumed or not, it was effective. Ramirez glanced again quickly around, and then said, sulkily:

"Come nearer and I will tell you. Ah, you doubt—you doubt? Be it so." But seeing that she did not move, he drew toward the tree and whispered, "Bend here your head—I will whisper it."

Mrs. Conroy, evading his outstretched hand, bent her head. He whispered a few words in her ear that were inaudible a foot from the tree.

"Did you tell this to him—to Gabriel?" she asked, fixing her eyes upon him, yet without change in her frigid demeanor.

"No!—I swear to you, Julie, no! I would not have told him anything, but I was wild, crazy. And he was a brute, a great bear. He held me fast, here, so! I



could not move. It was a forced confession. Yes, Mother of God, by force!"

Luckily for Victor the darkness hid the scorn that momentarily flashed in the woman's eyes at this corroboration of her husband's strength, and the weakness of the man before her.

"And is this all that you have to tell me?" she only said.

"All—I swear to you, Julie—all!"

"Then listen, Victor Ramirez," she said, swiftly stepping from the tree into the path before him, and facing him with a white and rigid face. "Whatever was your purpose in coming here, it has been successful! You have done all that you intended, and more! The man whose mind you came to poison, the man you wished to turn against me, is gone! has left me—left me never to return! He never loved me! Your exposure of me was to him a godsend, for it gave him an excuse for the insults he has heaped upon me, for the treachery he has always hidden in his bosom!"

Even in the darkness she could see the self-complacent flash of Victor's teeth, could hear the quick, hurried sound of his breath as he bent his head toward her, and knew that he was eagerly reaching out his hand for hers. He would have caught her gesturing hand and covered it with kisses but that, divining his intention, without flinching from her position she whipped both her hands behind her.

"Well, you are satisfied! You have had your say and your way. Now I shall have mine. Do you suppose I came here to-night to congratulate you? No, I came here to tell you that, insulted, outraged, and spurned as I have been by my husband, Gabriel Conroy—cast-off and degraded as I stand here to-night—I love him! Love him as I never loved any man before; love him as I never shall love any man again; love him as I hate you! Love him so that I shall follow him wherever he goes, if I have to drag myself after him on my knees. His hatred is more precious to me than your love. Do you hear me, Victor Ramirez? That is what I came here to tell you! More than that—listen! The secret you have whispered to me just now, whether true or false, I shall take to him. I will help him to find his sister. I will make him love me yet if I sacrifice you, everybody, my own life, to do it! Do you hear that? Victor Ramirez, you dog! you Spanish mongrel! you half-breed bastard! Oh, grit your teeth there in the darkness; I know you. Grit

your teeth as you did to-day when Gabriel held you squirming under his thumb! It was a fine sight, Victor, worthy of the manly secretary who stole a dying girl's papers! worthy of the valiant soldier who abandoned his garrison to a Yankee peddler and his mule. Oh, I know you, sir, and have known you from the first day I made you my tool—my dupe! Go on, sir, go on; draw your knife, do! I am not afraid, coward! I shall not scream, I promise you! Come on!"

With an insane, inarticulate gasp of rage and shame, he sprang toward her with an uplifted knife. But at the same instant she saw a hand reach from the darkness and fall swiftly upon his shoulder, saw him turn and with an oath struggle furiously in the arms of Devarges, and, without waiting to thank her deliverer, or learn the result of his interference, darted by the struggling pair and fled.

Possessed only by a single idea, she ran swiftly to her home. Here she penciled a few hurried lines, and called one of her Chinese servants to her side. "Take this, Ah Ri, and give it to Mr. Conroy. You will find him at Lawyer Maxwell's, or if not there he will tell where he has gone. But you must find him. If he has left town already you must follow him. Find him within an hour and I'll double that"—she placed a gold piece in his hand. "Go, at once."

However limited might have been Ah Ri's knowledge of the English language, there was an eloquence in the woman's manner that needed no translation. He nodded his head intelligently, said "Me shabbe you—muchee quick," caused the gold piece and the letter to instantly vanish up his sleeve, and started from the house in a brisk trot. Nor did he allow any incidental diversion to interfere with the business in hand. The noise of struggling in the underbrush on Conroy's Hill, and a cry for help, only extracted from Ah Ri the response, "You muchee go-to-hellee—no foollee me!" as he trotted unconcernedly by. In half an hour he had reached Lawyer Maxwell's office. But the news was not favorable. Gabriel had left an hour before, they knew not where. Ah Ri hesitated a moment, and then ran quickly down the hill to where a gang of his fellow-countrymen were working in a ditch at the roadside. Ah Ri paused, and uttered in a high recitative a series of the most extraordinary ejaculations, utterly unintelligible to the few

Americans who chanced to be working near. But the effect was magical; in an instant pick and shovel were laid aside, and before the astonished miners could comprehend it, the entire gang of Chinamen had dispersed, and in another instant were scattered over the several trails leading out of One Horse Gulch, except one.

That one was luckily taken by Ah Ri. In half an hour he came upon the object of his search, seated on a bowlder by the wayside, smoking his evening pipe. His pick, shovel, and pack lay by his side. Ah Ri did not waste time in preliminary speech or introduction. He simply handed the missive to his master, and instantly turned his back upon him and departed. In another half-hour every Chinaman was back in the ditch, working silently as if nothing had happened.

Gabriel laid aside his pipe and held the letter a moment hesitatingly between his finger and thumb. Then opening it, he at once recognized the small Italian hand with which his wife had kept his accounts and written from his dictation, and something like a faint feeling of regret overcame him as he gazed at it, without taking the meaning of the text. And then with the hesitation, repetition, and audible utterance of an illiterate person, he slowly read the following:

"I was wrong. You *have* left something behind you—a secret that, as you value your happiness, you must take with you. If you come to Conroy's Hill within the next two hours you shall know it, for I shall not enter that house again, and leave here to-night forever. I do not ask you to come for the sake of your wife, but for the sake of the woman she once personated. You will come because you love Grace, not because you care for

"JULIE."

There was but one fact that Gabriel clearly grasped in this letter. That was that it referred to some news of Grace. That was enough. He put away his pipe, rose, shouldered his pack and pick and deliberately retraced his steps. When he reached the town, with the shame-facedness of a man who had just taken leave of it forever, he avoided the main thoroughfare, but did this so clumsily and incautiously, after his simple fashion, that two or three of the tunnel-men noticed him ascending the hill by an inconvenient and seldom used by-path. He did not stay long, however, for in a short time—some said ten, others said fifteen minutes—he was seen again, descending rapidly and recklessly, and, crossing the Gulch, disappeared in the bushes at the base of Bald Mountain.

With the going down of the sun that night, the temperature fell also, and the fierce, dry, desert heat that had filled the land for the past few days fled away before a strong wind which rose with the coldly rising moon, that during the rest of the night rode calmly over the twisting tops of writhing pines on Conroy's Hill, over the rattling windows of the town, and over the beaten dust of mountain roads. But even with the night the wind passed too, and the sun arose the next morning upon a hushed and silent landscape. It touched, according to its habit, first the tall top of the giant pine on Conroy's Hill and then slid softly down its shaft until it reached the ground. And there it found Victor Ramirez, with a knife thrust through his heart, lying dead!

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### MR. HAMLIN'S RECREATION, CONTINUED.

WHEN Donna Dolores, after the departure of Mrs. Sepulveda, missed the figure of Mr. Jack Hamlin from the plain before her window, she presumed he had followed that lady, and would have been surprised to have known that he was at that moment within her castle, drinking *aguardiente* with no less a personage than the solemn Don Juan Salvatierra. In point of fact, with that easy audacity which distinguished him, Jack had penetrated the court-yard, gained the hospitality of Don Juan without even revealing his name and profession to that usually ceremonious gentleman, and after holding him in delicious fascination for two hours, had actually left him lamentably intoxicated, and utterly oblivious of the character of his guest. Why Jack did not follow up his advantage by seeking an interview with the mysterious *Señora* who had touched him so deeply I cannot say, nor could he himself afterward determine. A sudden bashfulness and timidity which he had never before experienced in his relations with the sex, tied his own tongue while Don Juan, with the garrulity which inebriety gave to his, poured forth the gossip of the Mission and the household. It is possible also that a certain vague hopelessness, equally novel to Jack, sent him away in lower spirits than he came. It is remarkable that Donna Dolores knew nothing of the visit of this guest, until three days afterward, for during that time she was indisposed and did not leave her room, but it *was* remarkable that on learning it she flew into a paroxysm of indignation and rage

that alarmed Don Juan and frightened her attendants.

"And why was I not told of the presence of this strange *Americano*? Am I a child, holy St. Anthony! that I am to be kept in ignorance of my duty as the hostess of the Blessed Trinity; or are you, Don Juan, my duenna? A brave *caballero*—who—I surmise from your description, is the same that protected me from insult at Mass last Sunday, and he is not to 'kiss my hand'? Mother of God! And his name you have forgotten?"

In vain Don Juan protested that the strange *caballero* had not requested an audience, and that a proper maidenly spirit would have prevented the Donna from appearing, unsought. "Better that I should have been thought forward—and *Americanos* are of a different habitude, my uncle—than that the Blessed Trinity should have been misrepresented by the guzzling of *aguardiente*!"

Howbeit, Mr. Hamlin had not found the climate of San Antonio conducive to that strict repose that his physician had recommended, and left it the next day with an accession of feverish energy that was new to him. He had idled away three days of excessive heat at Sacramento, and on the fourth had flown to the mountains, and found himself on the morning of the first cool day at Wingdam.

"Anybody here I know?" he demanded of his faithful henchman, as Pete brought in his clothes, freshly brushed for the morning toilette.

"No, sah!"

"Nor want to, eh?" continued the cynical Jack, leisurely getting out of bed.

Pete reflected. "Dere is two o' dese yar Yeastern tourists—dem folks as is goin' round inspectin' de country—down in de parlor. Jess come over from de Big Trees. I reckon dey's some o' de same party—dem Frisco chaps—Mass Dumphy and de oddsers has bin unloadin' to. Dey's mighty green, and de boys along de road has been fillin' 'em up. It's jess so much water on de dried apples dat Pete Dumphy's been shovin' into 'em." Jack smiled grimly.

"I reckon you needn't bring up my breakfast, Pete; I'll go down."

The party thus obscurely referred to by Pete were Mr. and Mrs. Raynor, who had been "doing" the Big Trees, under the intelligent guidance of a San Francisco editor who had been deputized by Mr. Dumphy to represent Californian hospitality. They were

exceedingly surprised, during breakfast, by the entrance of a pale, handsome, languid gentleman, accurately dressed, whose infinite neatness shamed their own bedraggled appearance, and who, accompanied by his own servant, advanced, and quietly took a seat opposite the tourists and their guide. Mrs. Raynor at once became conscious of some negligence in her toilet, and after a moment's embarrassment excused herself and withdrew. Mr. Raynor, impressed with the appearance of the stranger, telegraphed his curiosity by elbowing the editor, who, however, for some reason best known to himself, failed to respond. Possibly he recognized the presence of the notorious Mr. Jack Hamlin in the dark-eyed stranger, and may have had ample reasons for refraining from voicing the popular reputation of that gentleman before his face, or possibly he may have been inattentive. Howbeit, after Mr. Hamlin's entrance he pretermitted the hymn of California praise, and became reticent and absorbed in his morning paper. Mr. Hamlin waited for the lady to retire, and then, calmly ignoring the presence of any other individual, languidly drew from his pocket a revolver and bowie-knife, and placing them in an easy, habitual manner on either side of his plate, glanced carelessly over the table, and then called Pete to his side.

"Tell them," said Jack, quietly, "that I want some *large* potatoes; ask them what they mean by putting those little things on the table. Tell them to be quick. Is your rifle loaded?"

"Yes, sah," said Pete promptly, without relaxing a muscle of his serious ebony face.

"Well—take it along with you."

But here the curiosity of Mr. Raynor, who had been just commenting on the really enormous size of the potatoes, got the best of his prudence. Failing to make his companion respond to his repeated elbowings, he leaned over the table toward the languid stranger.

"Excuse me, sir," he said politely, "but did I understand you to say that you thought these potatoes *small*—that there are really larger ones to be had?"

"It's the first time," returned Jack, gravely, "that I ever was insulted by having a *whole* potato brought to me. I didn't know it was possible before. Perhaps in this part of the country the vegetables are poor. I'm a stranger to this section. I take it you are too. But because I am a stranger I don't see why I should be imposed upon."

"Ah, I see," said the mystified Raynor; "but if I might ask another question—you'll excuse me if I'm impertinent—I noticed that you just now advised your servant to take his gun into the kitchen with him,—surely!"

"Pete," interrupted Mr. Hamlin, languidly, "is a good nigger. I shouldn't like to lose him! Perhaps you're right—may be I am a little over-cautious. But when a man has lost two servants by gunshot wounds inside of three months, it makes him careful."

The perfect unconcern of the speaker, the reticence of his companion, and the dead silence of the room in which this extraordinary speech was uttered, filled the measure of Mr. Raynor's astonishment.

"Bless my soul! this is most extraordinary! I have seen nothing of this," he said, appealing in dumb show to his companion.

Mr. Hamlin followed the direction of his eyes.

"Your friend is a Californian, and knows what we think of any man who lies, and how most men resent such an imputation; and I reckon he'll indorse me!"

The editor muttered a hasty assent that seemed to cover Mr. Hamlin's various propositions, and then hurriedly withdrew, abandoning his charge to Mr. Hamlin. What advantage Jack took of this situation, what extravagant accounts he gravely offered of the vegetation in Lower California, of the resources of the country, of the reckless disregard of life and property, do not strictly belong to the record of this veracious chronicle. Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Raynor found Mr. Hamlin an exceedingly fascinating companion, and later, when the editor had rejoined them, and Mr. Hamlin proceeded to beg that gentleman to warn Mr. Raynor against gambling, as the one seductive, besetting sin of California, alleging that it had been the ruin of both the editor and himself, the tourist was so struck with the frankness and high moral principle of his new acquaintance, as to insist upon his making one of their party—an invitation that Mr. Hamlin might have accepted, but for the intervention of a singular occurrence.

During the conversation he had been curiously impressed by the appearance of a stranger who had entered, and modestly and diffidently taken a seat near the door. To Mr. Hamlin this modesty and diffidence appeared so curiously at variance

with his superb physique, and the exceptional strength and power shown in every muscle of his body, that with his usual audacity he felt inclined to go forward and inquire, "What was his little game?" That he was lying in wait to be "picked up"—the reader must really excuse me if I continue to borrow Mr. Hamlin's expressive vernacular—that his diffidence and shyness were a deceit and intended to entrap the unwary, he felt satisfied, and was proportionably thrilled with a sense of admiration for him. That a rational human being who held such a hand should be content with a small *ante*, without "raising the other players"—but I beg the fastidious reader's forgiveness.

He was dressed in the ordinary miner's garb of the Southern mines, perhaps a little more cleanly than the average miner by reason of his taste, certainly more picturesque by reason of his statuesque shapeliness. He wore a pair of white duck trousers, a jumper or loose blouse of the same material, with a low-folded sailor's collar and sailor-knotted neckerchief, which displayed, with an unconsciousness quite characteristic of the man, the full muscular column of his sun-burned throat, except where it was hidden by a full, tawny beard. His long sandy curls fell naturally and equally on either side of the center of his low, broad forehead. His fair complexion, although greatly tanned by exposure, seemed to have faded lately as by sickness or great mental distress, a theory that had some confirmation in the fact that he ate but little. His eyes were downcast, or, when raised, were so shy as to avoid critical examination. Nevertheless, his mere superficial exterior was so striking as to attract the admiration of others besides Mr. Hamlin; to excite the enthusiastic attention of Mr. Raynor, and to enable the editor to offer him as a fair type of the mining population. Embarrassed at last by a scrutiny that asserted itself even through his habitual unconsciousness and pre-occupation, the subject of this criticism arose and returned to the hotel veranda, where his pack and mining implements were lying. Mr. Hamlin, who for the last few days had been in a rather exceptional mood, for some occult reason which he could not explain, felt like respecting the stranger's reserve, and quietly lounged into the billiard-room to wait for the coming of the stage-coach. As soon as his back was turned, the editor took occasion to offer Mr. Raynor his own estimate of Mr. Hamlin's character and reputation,



to correct his misstatements regarding Californian resources and social habits, and to restore Mr. Raynor's possibly shaken faith in California as a country especially adapted to the secure investment of capital. "As to the insecurity of life," said the editor, indignantly, "it is as safe here as in New York or Boston. We admit that in the early days the country was cursed by too many adventurers of the type of this very gambler Hamlin, but I will venture to say you will require no better refutation of these calumnies than this very miner whom you admired. He, sir, is a type of our mining population; strong, manly, honest, unassuming, and perfectly gentle and retiring. We are proud, sir, we admit, of such men—eh? Oh, that's nothing—only the arrival of the up stage!"

It certainly was something more. A momentarily increasing crowd of breathless men was gathered on the veranda before the window, and were peering anxiously over one another's heads toward a central group, among which towered the tall figure of the very miner of whom they had been speaking. More than that, there was a certain undefined restless terror in the air, as when the intense conscious passion or suffering of one or two men communicates itself vaguely without speech, sometimes even with visible sign, to others. And then Yuba Bill, the driver of the Wingdam coach, strode out from the crowd into the bar-room, drawing from his hands with an evident effort his immense buckskin gloves.

"What's the row, Bill?" said half-a-dozen voices.

"Nothin'," said Bill, gruffly, "only the Sheriff of Calaveras ez kem down with us hez nabbed his man jest in his very tracks."

"Where, Bill?"

"Right here—on this very verandy—fust man he seed!"

"What for?" "Who?" "What hed he bin doin'?" "Who is it?" "What's up?" persisted the chorus.

"Killed a man up at One Horse Gulch, last night!" said Bill, grasping the decanter which the attentive bar-keeper had, without previous request, placed before him.

"Who did he kill, Bill?"

"A little Mexican from Frisco by the name o' Ramirez."

"What's the man's name that killed him—the man that you took?"

The voice was Jack Hamlin's. Yuba Bill instantly turned, put down his glass, wiped his mouth with his sleeve, and then delib-

erately held out his great hand with an exhaustive grin.

"Dern my skin, ole man, if it ain't you! And how's things, eh? Yer lookin' a little white in the gills, but peart and sassy ez usual. Heerd you was kinder off color, down in Sacramento lass week. And it's you, ole fell, and jest in time! Bar-keep—hist that pizen over to Jack. Here to ye agin, ole man! H—ll! but I'm glad to see ye!"

The crowd hung breathless over the two men—awe-struck and respectful. It was a meeting of the gods—Jack Hamlin and Yuba Bill. None dare speak. Hamlin broke the silence at last, and put down his glass.

"What," he asked, lazily, yet with a slight color on his cheek, "did you say was the name of the chap that fetched that little Mexican?"

"Gabriel Conroy," said Bill.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### MR. HAMLIN TAKES A HAND.

THE capture had been effected quietly. To the evident astonishment of his captor, Gabriel had offered no resistance, but had yielded himself up with a certain composed willingness, as if it were only the preliminary step to the quicker solution of a problem that was sure to be solved. It was observed, however, that he showed a degree of caution that was new to him—asking to see the warrant, the particulars of the discovery of the body, and utterly withholding that voluble explanation or apology which all who knew his character confidently expected him to give, whether guilty or innocent—a caution which, accepted by them as simply the low cunning of the criminal, told against him. He submitted quietly to a search that, however, disclosed no concealed weapon, or anything of import. But when a pair of handcuffs were shown him he changed color, and those that were nearest to him saw that he breathed hurriedly, and hesitated in the first words of some protest that rose to his lips. The Sheriff, a man of known intrepidity, who had the rapid and clear intuition that comes with courageous self-possession, noticed it also, and quietly put the handcuffs back in his pocket.

"I reckon there's no use for 'em here; ef you're willin' to take the risks, I am."

The eyes of the two men met, and Gabriel thanked him. In that look he recog-



nized and accepted the fact that on a motion to escape he would be instantly killed.

They were to return with the next stage, and in the interval Gabriel was placed in an upper room, and securely guarded. Here, falling into his old apologetic manner, he asked permission to smoke a pipe, which was at once granted by his good-humored guard, and then threw himself at full length upon the bed. The rising wind rattled the windows noisily, and entering, tossed the smoke-wreaths that rose from his pipe in fitful waves about the room. The guard, who was much more embarrassed than his charge, was relieved of his ineffectual attempt to carry on a conversation suitable to the occasion by Gabriel's simple directness.

"You needn't put yourself out to pass the time o' day with me," he said, gently, "that bein' extry to your reg'lar work. Ef you hev any friends ez you'd like to talk to in your own line, invite 'em in, and don't mind me."

But here the guard's embarrassment was further relieved by the entrance of Joe Hall, the Sheriff.

"There's a gentleman here to speak with you," he said to Gabriel; "he can stay until we're ready to go." Turning to the guard, he added: "You can take a chair outside the door in the hall. It's all right—it's the prisoner's counsel."

At the word Gabriel looked up. Following the Sheriff, Lawyer Maxwell entered the room. He approached Gabriel, and extended with grave cordiality a hand that had apparently wiped from his mouth the last trace of mirthfulness at the door.

"I did not expect to see you again so soon, Gabriel, but as quickly as the news reached me, and I heard that our friend Hall had a warrant for you, I started after him. I would have got here before him, but my horse gave out."

He paused, and looked steadily at Gabriel.

"Well!"

Gabriel looked at him in return, but did not speak.

"I supposed you would need professional aid," he went on, with a slight hesitation—"perhaps *mine*—knowing that I was aware of some of the circumstances that preceded this affair."

"Wot circumstances?" asked Gabriel, with the sudden look of cunning that had before prejudiced his captors.

"For Heaven's sake, Gabriel," said Max-

well, rising with a gesture of impatience, "don't let us repeat the blunder of our first interview. *This* is a serious matter; *may be* very serious to you. Think a moment. Yesterday you sought my professional aid to deed to your wife all your property, telling me that you were going away, never to return to One Horse Gulch. I do not ask you now *why* you did it. I only want you to reflect that I am just now the only man who knows that circumstance—a circumstance that I can tell you as a lawyer is somewhat important in the light of the crime that you are charged with."

Maxwell waited for Gabriel to speak, wiping away, as he waited, the usual smile that lingered around his lips. But Gabriel said nothing.

"Gabriel Conroy," said Lawyer Maxwell, suddenly dropping into the vernacular of One Horse Gulch, "are you a blasted fool?"

"Thet's so," said Gabriel, with the simplicity of a man admitting a self-evident proposition. "Thet's so; I reckon I are."

"I shouldn't wonder, blast me!" said Maxwell, again swiftly turning upon him, "if you were!"

He stopped, as if ashamed of his abruptness, and said more quietly and persuasively:

"Come, Gabriel, if you won't confess to *me*, I suppose that I must to *you*! Six months ago I thought you an impostor! Six months ago the woman who is now your wife charged you with being an impostor; with assuming a name and right that did not belong to you; in plain English, said that you had set yourself up as Gabriel Conroy, and that she, who was Grace Conroy, the sister of the real Gabriel, knew that you lied! She substantiated all this by proofs; blast it all!" continued Maxwell, appealing in dumb show to the walls. "There isn't a lawyer living as wouldn't have said it was a good case, and been ready to push it in any court. Under these circumstances I sought you, and you remember how! You know the result of that interview. I can tell you now, that if there ever was a man who palpably confessed to guilt when he was innocent, *you* were that man. Well! after your conduct then was explained by Olly, this woman, without, however, damaging the original evidence against you, or prejudicing her rights, came to me, and said that she had discovered that you were the man who had saved her life at the risk of your own, and that for the present she could not, in delicacy, push her

claim. When afterward she told me that this gratitude had—well, ripened into something more serious—and that she had engaged herself to marry you, and so condoned your offense, why, blast it, it was woman-like and natural, and I suspected nothing! I believed her story, believed she had a case! Yes, sir! the last six months I have looked upon you as the creature of that woman's foolish magnanimity. I could see that she was soft on you, and believed that you had fooled her. I did, blast me! There! if you confess to being a blasted fool, I do to having been an infernal sight bigger one."

He stopped, erased the mirthful past with his hand, and went on:

"I began to suspect something when you came to me yesterday with this story of your going away, and this disposal of your property. When I heard of the murder of this stranger—one of your wife's witnesses to her claim near your house, your own flight, and the sudden disappearance of your wife, my suspicions were strengthened. And when I read this note from your wife, delivered to you last night by one of her servants and picked up early this morning near the body, my suspicions were confirmed."

As he finished, he took from his pocket a folded paper and handed it to Gabriel. He received it mechanically, and opened it. It was his wife's note of the preceding night. He took out his knife, still holding the letter, and with its blade began stirring the bowl of his pipe. Then, after a pause, he asked, cautiously:

"And how did *ye* come by this yer?"

"It was found by Sal Clark, brought to Mrs. Markle, and given to me. Its existence is known only to three people, and they are your friends."

There was another pause, in which Gabriel deliberately stirred the contents of his pipe. Mr. Maxwell examined him curiously.

"Well," he said at last, "what is your defense?"

Gabriel sat up on the bed and rapped the bowl of his pipe against the bed-post to loosen some refractory incrustation.

"Wot," he asked, gravely, "would be *your* idee of a good de-fense? Axin' ye ez a lawyer havin' experiens in them things, and reck'nin' to pay ez high ez enny man fo' the same, wot would *you* call a good defense?" and he gravely laid himself down again in an attitude of respectful attention.

"We hope to prove," said Maxwell,

really smiling, "that when you left your house, and came to my office the murdered man was alive and at his hotel; that he went over to the hill long before you did; that *you* did not return until evening—*after* the murder was committed, as the 'secret' mentioned in your wife's mysterious note evidently shows. That for some reason or other it was her design to place you in a suspicious attitude. That the note shows that she refers to some fact of which she was cognizant and not yourself."

"Suthin' thet she knowed, and I didn't get to hear," translated Gabriel quietly.

"Exactly! Now you see the importance of that note."

Gabriel did not immediately reply, but slowly lifted his huge, frame from the bed, walked to the open window, still holding the paper in his hands, deliberately tore it into the minutest shreds before the lawyer could interfere and then threw it from the window.

"Thet paper don't 'mount ter beans, no how!" he said quietly but explanatively, as he returned to the bed.

It was Lawyer Maxwell's turn to become dumb. In his astonished abstraction he forgot to wipe his mouth, and gazed at Gabriel with his nervous smile as if his client had just perpetrated a practical joke of the first magnitude.

"Ef it's the same to you, I'll just gin ye my idee of a de-fense," said Gabriel apologetically, relighting his pipe, "allowin' o' course thet you knows best, and askin' no deduckshun from your charges for advice. Well, you jess stands up afore the jedge, and you slings 'em a yarn suthin' like this: 'Yer's me, for instans,' you sez, sez you, 'ez gambols—gambols very deep—jess fights the tiger, wherever and whenever found, the same bein' unbeknownst ter folks gin'rally and spechil ter my wife, ez was, July. Yer's me bin gambolin' despit with this yer man, Victyor Ramyirez, and gets lifted bad! and we hez, so to speak, a differcully about some pints in the game. I allows one thing, he allows another, and this yer man gives me the lie and I stabs him!'—Stop—hole your hosses!" interjected Gabriel suddenly, "thet looks bad, don't it? he bein' a small man, a little feller 'bout your size. No! Well, this yer's the way we puts it up: Seving men—*seving*—friends o' his comes at me, permiskis like, one down, and nex' comes on, and we hez it mighty lively thar fur an hour, until me, bein' in a tight place, hez to use a knife and cuts this

yer man bad! Thar, that's 'bout the thing! Now ez to my runnin' away, you sez, sez you, ez how I disremembers owin' to the 'citement thet I hez a 'pintment in Sacramento the very nex' day, and waltzes down yer to keep it, in a hurry. Ef they want to know whar July ez, you sez she gits wild on my not comin' home, and starts thet very night arter me. Thar, thet's 'bout my idee—puttin' it o' course in your own shape, and slingin' in them bits o' po'try and garbage, and kinder sassin' the plaintiff's counsel, ez you know goes down afore a jedge and jury."

Maxwell rose hopelessly. "Then, if I understand you, you intend to admit—"

"Thet I done it? In course!" replied Gabriel, "but," he added with a cunning twinkle in his eye, "justifibly—justifiable homyside, ye mind! bein' in fear o' my life from seving men. In course," he added hurriedly, "I can't identify them seving strangers in the dark, so thar's no harm or suspishion goin' to be done enny o' the boys in the Gulch."

Maxwell walked gravely to the window, and stood looking out without speaking. Suddenly he turned upon Gabriel with a brighter face and more earnest manner.

"Where's Olly?"

Gabriel's face fell. He hesitated a moment, "I was on my way to the school in Sacramento whar she iz."

"You must send for her; I must see her at once!"

Gabriel laid his powerful hand on the lawyer's shoulder: "She izn't, that chile, to know anythin' o' this. You hear?" he said, in a voice that began in tones of deprecation, and ended in a note of stern warning.

"How are you to keep it from her?" said Maxwell, as determinedly. "In less than twenty-four hours every newspaper in the State will have it, with their own version and comments. No, you must see her—she must hear it first from your own lips."

"But—I—can't—see—her jest now," said Gabriel, with a voice that for the first time during their interview faltered in its accents.

"Nor need you," responded the lawyer quickly. "Trust that to me. I will see her, and you shall afterward. You need not fear I will prejudice your case. Give me the address! Quick!" he added, as the sound of footsteps and voices approaching the room came from the hall. Gabriel did as he requested. "Now one word," he

continued hurriedly, as the footsteps halted at the door.

"Yes," said Gabriel.

"As you value your life and Olly's happiness, hold your tongue."

Gabriel nodded with cunning comprehension. The door opened to Mr. Jack Hamlin, diabolically mischievous, self-confident, and audacious! With a familiar nod to Maxwell he stepped quickly before Gabriel and extended his hand. Simply, yet conscious of obeying some vague magnetic influence, Gabriel reached out his own and took Jack's white, nervous fingers in his calm, massive grasp.

"Glad to see you, pard!" said that gentleman, showing his white teeth and reaching up to clap his disengaged hand on Gabriel's shoulder. "Glad to see you, old boy, even if you have cut in and taken a job out of my hands that I was rather lyin' by to do myself. Sooner or later I'd have fetched that Mexican, if you hadn't dropped into my seat and taken up my hand. Oh, it's all right, Mack!" he said, intercepting the quick look of caution that Maxwell darted at his client, "don't do that. We're all friends here. If you want me to testify I'll take my oath that there hasn't been a day this six months that that infernal hound, Ramirez, wasn't just pantin' to be planted in his tracks! Dern me, gentlemen, I can hardly believe I ain't done it myself." He stopped, partly to enjoy the palpable uneasiness of Maxwell, and perhaps in some admiration of Gabriel's physique. Maxwell quickly seized this point of vantage. "You can do your friend, here, a very great service," he said to Jack, lowering his voice as he spoke.

Jack laughed. "No, Mack, it won't do! They wouldn't believe me! There ain't judge or jury you could play that on!"

"You don't understand me," said Maxwell, laughing a little awkwardly. "I didn't mean that, Jack. This man was going to Sacramento to see his little sister—"

"Go on," said Jack with much gravity; "of course he was! I know that. 'Dear Brother, Dear Brother, come home with me now!' Certainly. So'm I, Goin' to see an innocent little thing 'bout seventeen years old, blue eyes and curly hair! Always go there once a week. Says he must come! Says he'll—" he stopped in the full tide of his irony, for, looking up, he caught a glimpse of Gabriel's simple, troubled face and his sadly reproachful eyes. "Look here," said Jack, turning savagely on Max-

well, "what are you talkin' about, anyway?"

"I mean what I say," returned Maxwell quickly. "He was going to see his sister, a mere child! Of course he can't go now. But he must see her, if she can be brought to him! Can you—*will* you do it?"

Jack cast another swift glance at Gabriel.

"Count me in!" he said promptly; "when shall I go?"

"Now—at once!"

"All right. Where shall I fetch her to?"

"One Horse Gulch."

"The game's made!" said Jack sententiously. "She'll be there by sun-down to-morrow!"

He was off like a flash, but as swiftly returned, and called Maxwell to the door.

"Look here," he said in a whisper, "p'raps it would be as well if the Sheriff didn't know I was *his* friend," he went on, indicating Gabriel with a toss of his head and a wink of his black eye, "because you see, Joe Hall and I ain't friends! We had a little difficulty, and some shootin' and foolishness down at Marysville last year. Joe's a good square man, but he ain't above prejudice, and it might go against our man." Maxwell nodded, and Jack once more darted off.

But his color was so high, and his exaltation so excessive, that when he reached his room his faithful Pete looked at him in undisguised alarm. "Bress de Lord God! it tain't no whisky, Mars Jack, arter all de doctors tole you?" he said, clasping his hands in dismay.

The bare suggestion was enough for Jack in his present hilarious humor. He instantly hiccoughed, lapsed wildly over against Pete with artfully simulated alcoholic weakness, tumbled him on the floor, and grasping his white woolly head waved over it a boot-jack, and frantically demanded "another bottle." Then he laughed; as suddenly got up with the greatest gravity and a complete change in his demeanor, and wanted to know, severely, what he, Pete, meant by lying there on the floor in a state of beastly intoxication.

"Bress de Lord! Mars Jack, but ye *did* frighten me. I jiss allowed dem tourists down-stairs had been gettin' ye tight."

"You did— you degraded old ruffian! If you'd been reading 'Volney's Ruins,' or reflectin' on some of those moral maxims that I'm just wastin' my time and health unloading to you, instead of making me the subject of your inebriated reveries, you wouldn't get picked up so often. Pack my

valise, and chuck it into some horse and buggy, no matter whose. Be quick."

"Is we gwine to Sacramento, Mars Jack?"

"*We*? No, sir. *I'm* going—alone! What I'm doing now, sir, is only the result of calm reflection; of lying awake nights taking points and jest spottin' the whole situation. And I'm convinced, Peter, that I can stay with you no longer. You've been hackin' the keen edge of my finer feelin's; playin' it very low down on my moral and religious nature, and generally ringin' in a cold deck on my spiritual condition for the last five years. You've jest cut up thet rough with my higher emotions thet there ain't enough left to chip in on a ten-cent ante. Five years ago," continued Jack, coolly, brushing his curls before the glass, "I fell into your hands, a guileless, simple youth, in the first flush of manhood, knowin' no points, easily picked up on my sensibilities, and trav'lin', so to speak, on my shape! And where am I now? Echo answers 'where?' and passes for a euchre! No, Peter, I leave you to-night. Wretched misleader of youth, gummy old man with the strawberry eyebrows, farewell!"

Evidently this style of exordium was no novelty to Pete, for without apparently paying the least attention to it, he went on, surlily packing his master's valise. When he had finished he looked up at Mr. Hamlin, who was humming, in a heart-broken way, "*Yes, we must part*," varied by occasional glances of exaggerated reproach at Pete, and said, as he shouldered the valise:

"Dis yer ain't no woman foolishness, Mars Jack, like down at dat yar Mission?"

"Your suggestion, Peter," returned Jack, with dignity, "emanates from a moral sentiment debased by love-feasts and camp meetings, and an intellect weakened by rum and gum and the contact of lager beer jerkers. It is worthy of a short-card sharp and a keno flopper, which I have, I regret to say, long suspected you to be. Farewell! You will stay here until I come back. If I don't come back by the day after to-morrow come to One Horse Gulch. Pay the bill and don't knock down for yourself more than seventy-five per cent. Remember I am getting old and feeble. You are yet young, with a brilliant future before you. Git!"

He tossed a handful of gold on the bed, adjusted his hat carefully over his curls, and stole from the room. In the lower hall he stopped long enough to take aside Mr.

Raynor, and with an appearance of the greatest conscientiousness, to correct an error of two feet in the measurements he had given him that morning of an enormous pine tree, in whose prostrate trunk he, Mr. Hamlin, had once found a peaceful, happy tribe of one hundred Indians living. Then lifting his hat with marked politeness to Mrs. Raynor, and totally ignoring the presence of Mr. Raynor's mentor and companion, he leaped lightly into the buggy and drove away.

"An entertaining fellow," said Mr. Raynor, glancing after the cloud of dust that flew from the untarrying wheels of Mr. Hamlin's chariot.

"And so gentlemanly," smiled Mrs. Raynor.

But the journalistic conservator of the public morals of California, in and for the city and county of San Francisco, looked grave, and deprecated even that feeble praise of the departed.

"His class are a curse to the country. They hold the law in contempt; they retard by the example of their extravagance the virtues of economy and thrift; they are consumers and not producers; they bring the fair fame of this land into question by those who foolishly take them for a type of the people."

"But, dear me," said Mrs. Raynor, pouting, "where your gamblers and bad men are so fascinating, and your honest miners are so dreadfully murderous, and kill people and

then sit down to breakfast with you as if nothing had happened, what are you going to do?"

The journalist did not immediately reply. In the course of some eloquent remarks, as unexceptionable in morality as in diction, which I regret I have not space to reproduce here, he, however, intimated that there was still an *Unfettered Press*, which "scintillated" and "shone" and "lashed" and "stung" and "exposed" and "tore away the veil," and became at various times a *Palladium* and a *Watch-tower*, and did and was a great many other remarkable things peculiar to an *Unfettered Press* in a pioneer community, when untrammelled by the enervating conditions of an effete civilization.

"And what have they done with the murderer?" asked Mr. Raynor, repressing a slight yawn.

"Taken him back to One Horse Gulch half an hour ago. I reckon he'd as lief stayed here," said a bystander. "From the way things are pintin', it looks as if it might be putty lively for him up thar!"

"What do you mean?" asked Raynor, curiously.

"Well, two or three of them old Vigilantes from Angel's passed yer a minit ago with their rifles, goin' up that way," returned the man, lazily. "Mayn't be nothin' in it, but it looks mighty like—"

"Like what?" asked Mr. Raynor, a little nervously.

"Lynchin'!" said the man.

(To be continued.)

### "IF LOVE AND LIFE WERE ONE."

MUCH have I mused, if love and life were one,  
 How blest were love! how beautiful were life!  
 That now, so oft, are alien, or at strife;  
 Though each, in bitter wise, makes secret moan  
 Of lamentation—knowing well its own;  
 Each seeking each, yet evermore apart;  
 Here—saddest of the twain—the loving heart,  
 And there the loveless life. Ah! thus alone,  
 Existence, empty of its chief delight,  
 Creeps dully onward to the weary close;  
 And—like some plant shut up in rayless night—  
 Love pales and pines,—that, in Life's Summer's sun  
 Had bloomed and flourished like the garden rose.  
 Would God, I sigh, that love and life were one!



## BOWDOIN COLLEGE.

I shall strait conduct ye to a hill-side where I will point ye out the right path of a noble and virtuous education.—*Milton's Tract on Education.*

HANCOCK COLLEGE might have been the title of this paper had the political friends of Governor Hancock controlled both branches of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, when a name was given to the new Institution in "the vague Orient of Down East." Only one House, however, voted the compliment to that worthy, and the name agreed upon was that of his successor, Governor James Bowdoin. The latter was of French and Huguenot ancestry, and traced his descent from Baldwin, Count of Flanders. He was born in Boston, and graduated at Harvard in 1745. A few years later he took his seat in the Legislature, and soon after became a member of the Council. He was one of the Committee who prepared the answer to the Colonial Governor's arguments in defense of the right of Great Britain to tax the people of the Province. He was chosen a delegate to the first Congress, Philadelphia, and in 1775 was chairman of the meeting of the citizens in which it was decided to surrender their arms to General Gage, provided that officer would allow them to leave the city without molestation. Head of the Massachusetts Council, and President of the Convention which adopted the Constitution of that State, it was fitting that he should be called to the chief magistracy of the commonwealth; and likewise that he should participate in the deliberations of the Convention which agreed to the proposed Constitution for the Federal Union. Parallel with Gov. Bowdoin's political engagements was his literary life. He was a member of various societies abroad, and the first President of the Boston Academy of Arts and Sciences. In its Transactions appear several papers which the Governor read before the Society, and his correspondence with Benjamin Franklin was likewise published. The college thus bears the name of one who was a scholar and patriot in troublous times, when learning and liberty were imperiled.

In the College Gallery hangs a portrait of Governor Bowdoin, in which His Excellency stands with serene dignity, dressed in a coat of a bronze shade of velvet, and a pearl-colored satin waistcoat embroidered

with gold thread, together with wig, breeches, lace ruffles, and all the imposing items of a full dress of the period. Nor does the "gloss of satin" of the Governor's wife (in a companion picture) dim the fine gold of the Chief Magistrate's magnificence. The Governor's son, James, who was at one time Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain, was the special patron and benefactor of the college.

The local habitation no less than the name of the college was for some time a matter of discussion. Portland and other towns contended for the honor, but Brunswick, on the Androscoggin, was finally selected by way of compromise. While the colonies were yet subject to Great Britain, the proposition to found a college in the eastern section of the Province was considered to some extent, but the first practical suggestion, on record, emanated from the Cumberland Association of Ministers in 1788. That body was joined by the County Court of Sessions in petitioning the Massachusetts Legislature to grant a charter for a college to be located in Cumberland County. Two years later, a Committee of the General Court reported favorably on the petition, and in March, 1791, the Senate passed a bill incorporating "The Maine College," to be established at Gorham, near Portland, but the House refused to concur. The next Legislature, however, granted the charter for "Bowdoin" College. Various delays ensued, and the conclusion of the matter was deferred till June 24, 1794, when the bill was approved by Governor Samuel Adams. The date of incorporation thus places Bowdoin among the oldest colleges of the country, sixteen only out of the great number in the land being its seniors. The State donated to the College five townships of land in the wilds of Maine; but it was found difficult to realize on the property, as the choicer territory had been promptly appropriated by previous beneficiaries of the State. A lack of money consequently delayed the formal opening of the college; a want which has followed it all the days of its life.

James Bowdoin recognized the pressing need of the Institution, and gave money

and lands to the value of several thousand dollars. But appeals to the friends of the college were not fruitful in large returns. The financial outlook was not inspiring; nevertheless, good courage and hard work made the past secure, and saved to Bowdoin its future, though it was not till 1802 that the first class was admitted. Meanwhile the corporation held regular and special meetings, at which the course of debate seems to have run no more smoothly than in the traditional experience of such bodies. Their deliberations resulted in fixing on the site of the proposed buildings. On these grounds there was erected a three-story brick building; but the process of construction was attended by vexatious delays, and the unfinished walls were the object of many a jest, and the basis of prophecies which happily have been disappointed. At length the Corporation felt justified in making choice of a President of Bowdoin, and the Rev. Joseph McKeen, pastor of Beverly, Mass., was selected. The President-elect was a graduate of Dartmouth (1774), and had commended himself to public regard by his wise, devout and successful administration of the pastoral charge.

John Abbott, A. M., a Harvard graduate, was chosen at the same time Professor of Languages. The first Thursday in September, 1802, witnessed the inauguration of the President and his associate. At the early hour of eight on Inauguration Day the Corporation assembled in the College House, and first of all voted to call that building "Massachusetts Hall." On adjourning, the Corporation and the invited guests proceeded to a grove of pines (in rear of the present line of college buildings), where the simple but impressive ceremonies of inducting the President-elect were witnessed by an interested and curious throng.

The old oak under which the class-day exercises are held sprang from an acorn which dropped from a wreath that decorated the chapel on that festal morning. In justice to a much maligned order of humanity, it should be stated that the tree which has flourished so magnificently was planted by a Freshman! On the day succeeding the inauguration eight men were admitted to college, one of whom came from Boston, six days' journey distant by the "lightning express" of the time. The young traveler, like Wordsworth's wanderer, would meet "perplexing labyrinths, abrupt precipitations, and untoward straits" on his way to examination terrors. The only compensation

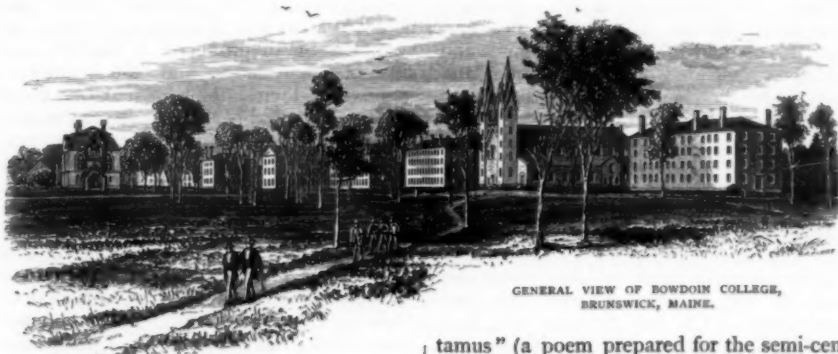
would consist in the abundant time thus afforded for strengthening the weak points in his "fit."

The Corporation directed that a dwelling-house of wood should be erected for the use of President McKeen. Pending its completion, the President and family were obliged to live in Massachusetts Hall during several weeks; and so it came to pass that, for a time, officers, students, chapel, recitation rooms—in short, the entire establishment was sheltered by a single roof. There are many amusing traditions concerning this novel blending of family and academic life. The President's cane, rapping on the stairs, summoned the men to prayers and recitation. Each student's room in turn was occupied by the classes for recitation, and every man was expected to bring his chair with him. An experience with the unyielding benches of later days makes those primitive appointments seem luxurious indeed. It may readily be imagined, likewise, that the discipline of those weeks was alarmingly prompt. With the Faculty but a few yards away, even the most reckless offenders were restrained.

In 1805 Parker Cleaveland (Harvard, 1799), a man who was to fill a large space in the annals of Bowdoin, and a high position in the world of science, was chosen instructor in mathematics and natural philosophy. His father was a physician of Essex County, Massachusetts, and a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. Graduating at Harvard University, "the best general scholar in his class," he had served as tutor at Cambridge, and came to Bowdoin with a high reputation. He was elected by the Corporation on the nomination of Professor John Abbott, who had been deputed to find a suitable candidate, and who did not "fix," as he expressed it, till he had made "extensive inquiries." The Commencement of 1806 was the only occasion of the kind on which President McKeen presided. He saw one class complete its course, and then came failing health and death. During his administration of five years, there was a decided advance in all the departments of the college. Maine Hall was begun, the number of students increased, and the experiment of supporting a college in the district of Maine was successfully inaugurated. President McKeen governed and instructed with admirable judgment and unquestioned ability, and his death was a grave loss to the college, and to the community at large.

The "sere and yellow" programme of the first graduating exercises shows that every man had a part, while the Salutatorian was twice blessed, the Faculty assigning to him two parts. This first graduating class

Greek and Latin, and during the last few years has been the Collins Professor of Natural and Revealed Religion. Addressed to his old instructor, Professor Packard, were certain lines in Longfellow's "Morituri Salu-



GENERAL VIEW OF BOWDOIN COLLEGE,  
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

numbered seven. Among the students of this period were Charles Stewart Davies, subsequently an eminent lawyer, and Nathan Lord, for so many years President of Dartmouth College. A "mass meeting" of Bowdoin students in 1806 would have aggregated twenty-one men, provided there were no absentees.

The Rev. Jesse Appleton (Dartmouth, 1792) succeeded President McKeen, and was inaugurated in December, 1807. Early in President Appleton's term, a grant was obtained from the Legislature at a time of special necessity. James Bowdoin died in 1811, and bequeathed to the college his choice library, a large collection of minerals (arranged by Haiiy), a gallery of paintings and valuable apparatus. The Rev. William Jenks, a graduate of Harvard, was appointed Professor of the Oriental and English languages. These and other accessions to the prosperity of the college made President Appleton's administration of twelve years a memorable period in its history. The more distinguished graduates under Dr. Appleton were George Evans, afterward a United States Senator from Maine; the late John A. Vaughn, Professor of Pastoral Theology in the Divinity School at Philadelphia; Rufus Anderson, for many years associated with the American Board of Missions, and Alpheus S. Packard, who was appointed tutor at Bowdoin in 1819, and has been a member of the Faculty since that date—fifty-seven years of devoted service. For forty years Professor Packard was in the chair of

tamus" (a poem prepared for the semi-centennial of his class, and recited by him at the last Bowdoin Commencement). After speaking of the teachers who had led their "bewildered feet through learning's maze," the poet continues:

"They are no longer here; they are all gone  
Into the land of shadows—all save one.  
Honor and reverence, and the good repute  
That follows faithful service as its fruit,  
Be unto him whom living we salute."



JOSEPH MCKEEN, FIRST PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN.

In 1819 the second President of Bowdoin died, and in the choice of a successor the Corporation looked again to Dartmouth. The Rev. William Allen, a graduate of Harvard, and at the time President of

the Dartmouth University (as it was then called), accepted the appointment as successor of President Appleton.

Dr. Appleton was the model President—learned, devout, guileless, laborious, fearless, gracious. Of commanding presence, he was of more commanding character. President Appleton's Works, edited by Professor Packard, contain many of the sermons and addresses delivered to the students, and these illustrate his clear, strong style, and felicitous adaptation of religious truth to college men. Like Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenforde,

"Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,  
He taught, but first he folwed it himselfe."

Associated with President Allen was another Harvard man (most of the earlier appointments were of Cambridge graduates), Prof. Samuel P. Newman. Before this he had been tutor. His department at first was that of Greek and Latin; in 1824 he became Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory. Sixty editions of Prof. Newman's Rhetoric have made his name familiar to the country; though many may have missed the record of his "innocency of life," elegant culture, and unsparing energy as a teacher and officer.

Nineteen years the President and Professor worked together at Bowdoin, and in the same year retired from office; one passed to private life at Northampton, the other to a bed of languishing, and a premature death. Hard work kills few men in these days, but the disinterested and bountiful service of earlier generations was sometimes offered at a costly price.

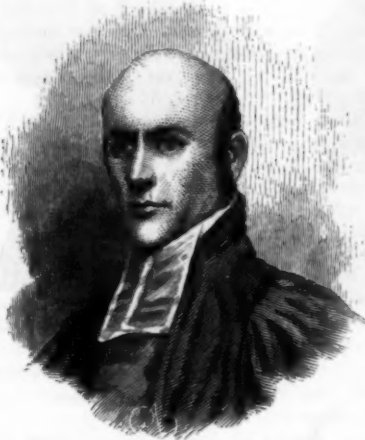
This era in Bowdoin history was signalized by the opening of the Maine Medical School in connection with the College. Dr. Nathan Smith, Dr. John D. Wells, and Dr. John Delemater were the first Professors. Dr. Smith's name is especially eminent in the profession, and gave to the School at the outset a prominence which it has never lost. An incident shows of what stuff Dr. Smith was made. When he began his career as a Medical Professor (at Dartmouth), certain individuals planned a practical joke which it was expected would entirely demoralize the young instructor. A messenger summoned him to set a broken limb, but on reaching the house the Doctor found that the patient was a goose, whose leg had been broken by some sharp-shooting *gamin*. The "friends" of the "patient"

looked to see the Doctor beat a hasty retreat; but he gravely examined the fracture, opened his case, set and bound the limb, promised to call the next day, and bade them good evening. The Doctor duly appeared in the morning and for several succeeding days, till he pronounced the "patient" in a fair way of recovery. At his last visit, Dr. Smith produced a bill of considerable dimensions, and the "family" found that their little joke had cost them dearly. The level-headed Professor escaped further intrusions. From its establishment the Medical College has stood foremost among the "country" schools.

The college had soon outgrown the one building of President McKeen's day, and other structures had overshadowed it. The Faculty was augmented by the appointment of Professors William Smyth and Thomas C. Upham. The Academical students numbered nearly one hundred, while the Medical classes were large from the first. The elastic apartments of Massachusetts Hall received the Medical School, temporarily as it was supposed, but in fact for a tenancy of forty years. As if made of the fabled material, that building grew with the needs of the college.

The names of Smyth and Upham are firmly woven in the history of Bowdoin. Prof. Smyth graduated in the class of 1822, of which Chief Justice Appleton of Maine, United States Senator James Bell of New Hampshire, and Dr. D. Humphreys Storer of the Harvard Medical School, were members. He was a tutor for two years, and was then advanced to the Assistant Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. He succeeded Prof. Cleaveland in that department in 1828, and continued in it till his death forty years afterward. Professor Smyth was a soldier in the war of 1812, then a clerk in a mercantile house, and in consequence his preparation for college was delayed, and made a matter of peculiar difficulty. His studies came after the day's work was over, and when most boys would have thought only of rest. But out of this "hardness" grew a sturdy, inflexible purpose, and a robust character. He was remarkably successful as a Tutor in Mathematics, and, strange to relate, a class which had finished the regular course in algebra (that usually unpopular study) asked him to hear them in an extra recitation. This surely was an extraordinary compliment, for one year in algebra generally satisfies the most exacting taste.

Professor Smyth had a genuine love for mathematics, and even found use for the study as a narcotic, for after midnight expeditions in search of raiding Sophomores, he would quiet his nerves by plunging into the *Mécanique céleste* or some other light work. His first publication, a work on Plain Trigonometry, was speedily adopted as



REV. JESSE APPLETON, SECOND PRESIDENT OF BOWDOIN.

a text-book at Harvard and other institutions; while his Algebra, Analytical Geometry, and Calculus were standard works. The harder the problem, the greater his delight; and when his students saw the fatal words, "It is easy to see," standing in the midst of a tough proposition, they knew that something exceptionally intricate was at hand. In his enthusiasm, Professor Smyth would discourse of "the poetry of mathematics" at points where his pupils could but faintly enjoy those felicities.

Professor Upham was a graduate of Dartmouth and Andover Theological Seminary, and was for a time assistant to Moses Stuart, Professor of Hebrew in that Divinity School. For a single year he was pastor of a church in Rochester, N. H., and resigned his charge to instruct in moral and mental philosophy at Bowdoin. He soon issued the first of his extended series of publications. His treatise on Mental Philosophy was read in England and Germany, and criticised favorably by foreign scholars. He invariably gave a theological cast to his speculations, and there was a religious tone throughout his volume that separated it from kindred works. That threefold divi-

sion of the mind into the Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will—which his classes are not likely to forget—was made very prominent by Professor Upham, if, indeed, it were not his original conception, as many have claimed. There are not many things hard to be understood in his writings; surely his were the gift and grace of simplicity in a department where many have chosen to speak in riddles, or in sentences which successfully conceal ideas. In the forty-three years of Professor Upham's teaching, no student ever went away sorrowful because he could not grasp the Professor's propositions, or comprehend his theory of the mind. "The Interior Life," "The Life of Faith," "The Life of Madame Guyon," and his other volumes, to the number of twenty or more, have found a wide circle of readers.

The more conspicuous graduates of President Allen's time were William Pitt Fessenden, Henry W. Longfellow, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sergeant S. Prentiss, John P. Hale, Franklin Pierce, Jonathan Cilley, Jacob Abbott, John S. C. Abbott, John A. Andrew, William Allen of Girard College, Samuel Harris, Henry B. Smith, George L. Prentiss and George B. Cheever. This simple enumeration is a striking commentary on the character of the Bowdoin alumni. Longfellow entered college at the beginning of the Sophomore year, and was at once prominent in his class for his finished recitations, genial and gentle manners, refined tastes and exquisite poetic gift,—for some of his sweetest short productions were written and published while he was in college. One of the class recalls a poetical composition of Longfellow's on the Seasons, in which the poet's tender and graceful imagination finds full play. After fifty years the classmate remembers the lines:

"Summer is past, and autumn, hoary sire,  
Leans on the breast of winter to expire."

There was a musical club in college of which Longfellow was a member. His instrument, very appropriately, was the flute. One can but fancy that the echoes of that "concord of sweet sounds" have floated down to us, blending with the harmonious measures of his verse.

The Commencement programme of 1825 contains this announcement:

"Oration: Native Writers.  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow,  
Portland."

The original subject was "The Life and Writings of Chatterton," but that title is



erased, and "Native Writers" substituted in Professor Cleaveland's handwriting. When he selected that first subject, did the young poet dream of those golden days when his successors would discourse of the life and

stirred so deeply the world's sensibilities and delighted its fancy. His themes were written in the sustained, finished style that gives to his mature productions an inimitable charm. The late Professor Newman, his



George B. Cheever.



Jno. S. C. Abbott.



Henry W. Longfellow.

BOWDOIN SOUVENIRS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

writings of Longfellow, and his fame, like Dante's, be "blown about from all the heights, through all the nations?" After Longfellow's name in the triennial catalogue are recorded the degrees he has received from Bowdoin, Harvard, Cambridge, and Oxford Universities, together with the list of his professorships, and titles of membership in certain historical societies. A few lines above, in the class list, stands the simple entry:

"\* Nathaniel Hawthorne, Mr. 1864, 60."

Hathorne (as the name was spelled in college, and by himself till later in life), was a shy, morbidly sensitive young man, who often "took a dead" in his recitations, but stood first in the class as a writer. In the preface to "The Snow Image" (a book dedicated to his classmate, Horatio Bridge), Hawthorne recalls the days at a "country college," when the "two idle lads" fished in the "shadowy little stream wandering riverward through the forest," "shot gray squirrels," "picked blueberries in study hours," or "watched the logs tumbling in the Androscoggin." The author's college life was prophetic of the after years, when he so dwelt apart from the mass of men, and yet

instructor in rhetoric, was so impressed with Hawthorne's powers as a writer, that he not infrequently summoned the family circle to share in the enjoyment of reading his compositions. The recollection is very distinct of Hawthorne's reluctant step and averted look, when he presented himself at the Professor's study, and with girlish diffidence submitted a composition which no man in his class could equal. He had few intimates among the students. One of his special friends was Franklin Pierce, in the class above him, and this fellowship lasted till that early morning among the New Hampshire hills, when the Ex-President saw the fading moonlight tenderly resting on Hawthorne's dead face. When the class was graduated Hawthorne could not be persuaded to join them in having their profiles cut in paper, the only class picture of the time; nor did he take part in the Commencement exercises. His classmates understood that he intended to be a writer of romance, but none anticipated his remarkable development and enduring fame. It seems strange that among his admirers no one has offered him a fitting tribute by founding the Hawthorne Professorship of English Literature in the college, where, under the tutelage of the accomplished and appreciative Pro-

fessor Newman, he was stimulated to cultivate his native gift.

John P. Hale, for so many years a leading member of the United States Senate, did not especially distinguish himself as a scholar, but his genial wit made him a general favorite. His jokes had vitality enough to survive the many college generations that have succeeded him. In his Latin not infrequently the author's meaning escaped him, but it was strangely clear to him when he edified the class by rendering Horace's saying: "*Dimidium facti, qui coepit, habet*" ("Well begun; half done"). "He that is well lathered is half shaved."

John Albion Andrew, the Massachusetts War Governor, is remembered by a college friend as exhibiting, when an undergraduate, the same self-poise and confidence which carried him through trying exigencies in that awful crisis. Andrew was "an honest, frank, pure-minded lad," interested in the reforms of the day; and an oration before the Peace Society is recalled, in which his easy indifference in passing from his notes to an "off-hand talk" impressed many experienced speakers who were his auditors. In the dark days, Andrew's "off-hand talks" followed many a Massachusetts regiment into the flame and fury of the fight, or welcomed it back again with grand words for the living and tearful praises for the dead. The Bowdoin catalogue is so rich in suggestive names that others must dwell upon the many college histories which were presageful of subsequent distinctions.

In many regards President Allen's administration was a memorable one, and into his retirement he carried the respect and esteem which are the desert of sincere and laborious service. His friends were grappled to his soul with hooks of steel. Judged by the practical test of the number and character of the graduates and the general progress of the college, the President's term of service was highly fruitful.

The Rev. Leonard Woods, Jr., a son of the eminent professor and theologian of that name, and himself a professor at the Bangor Seminary, was the fourth President of Bowdoin. Dr. Woods had translated Knapp's Theology, and done other work which evinced the culture and vigor needed by a college president. In his letter of resignation in 1866, Dr. Woods congratulated himself on the fact that there had at least been "no retrograde" in the college affairs during the twenty-seven years of his official connection with it. A review of that admin-

istration, so far as it is necessary to make any, shows that he was justified in that modest claim. His taste in architecture is reflected in the graceful chapel which was built, in a long time and for a long time, from the plans of the senior Upjohn. The audience-room is elaborately decorated, and forms a striking interior. The panels, according to the original design, are to be filled on either side with paintings representing scenes in the Old and New Testament history, and several pictures have been finished, while the vacant spaces are a continual suggestion to graduates and visitors. An exceptional subject was selected by the class of '66, who commissioned an artist to fill a panel with a copy of "St. Michael and the Dragon." In his anxiety to complete his engagement as speedily as possible, the painter approached President Woods with the request that he be permitted to work on Sundays. "Oh, no! that will never do," replied Dr. Woods. "People will certainly think that the Dragon has got the upper hand."

In rear of the audience-room of the Chapel is the spacious apartment occupied by the College Library. Immediately above the Library is the Picture Gallery, while in one of the "wings" of the building are the Library and Collections of the Maine Historical Society. In the vestibule are placed



ANDROSCOGGIN FALLS, BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

several slabs from Nineveh, the gift of an alumnus, which are said to be very desirable specimens.

Another building erected in Dr. Woods's time is occupied by the Medical School, and is known as Adams Hall. The Hall

was formally opened in 1862 by a delightful and impressive address from the President, and has since afforded most convenient facilities for the study and illustration of the science. Those present at the dedication of Adams Hall missed the figure of Parker Cleaveland, who died without the sight of the new departure of the Medical School. In the autumn of 1858 the Professor was

science of chemistry; in that department, likewise, he was a proficient. Besides the regular lectures in college he gave courses of popular addresses, fully illustrated, in the towns of the State. A slight drawback to these scientific excursions deserves to be recorded. The Professor's apparatus was moved from town to town by a yoke of oxen. His appearances, therefore, were few



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN 1830.

stricken down and died at his post. Fifty-three years of work in Bowdoin had made him the "genius of the place" in the sphere of his teaching and oversight; while varied honors from home and foreign institutions bore witness to the important work of "the Father of American Mineralogy," as he was often called. An accident directed Professor Cleaveland's special attention to the study of mineralogy. Some laborers in blasting near the river upturned what looked like gold and precious stones, and hurried to the Professor's room with their treasure. To their anxious inquiry he returned a diplomatic response, being in doubt as to the quality of the specimens, and subsequently forwarded the minerals to Professor Dexter of Harvard University, who confirmed Professor Cleaveland's analysis, and in return sent to Bowdoin selections from his own cabinet. At a felicitous moment, Professor Cleaveland printed a work on Mineralogy, which was warmly praised by leading scientists in this country and in Europe. Humboldt, Sir David Brewster, Sir Humphrey Davy, Baron Cuvier, the Abbé Haiiy, and many others, welcomed him to the fraternity of investigators, and invitations to teach in the leading colleges of the country showed the home appreciation of his remarkable abilities. Nor did the Professor pass by the

and far between; and these visits of enlightenment were finally abandoned. In later years, he devoted less attention to mineralogy, making chemistry his specialty. Year after year, the classes were delighted with his lectures and the accompanying experiments, which he always introduced in a manner that impressed upon every student the importance of the topic under discussion. The most brilliant illustrations were given with a solemn air, which reminded the class that they were dealing with mysterious matters. The Professor seemed at times to stand in awe of his own success with the cumbersome apparatus of his laboratory, and frowned upon any semblance of levity in the presence of nature's subtle activities. As a memorial to Professor Cleaveland, old Massachusetts Hall has been remodeled, and the upper stories have been made over into a cabinet-room, in which are placed the Professor's collections. On the first floor the lecture-room is preserved as he used it, with its deep fire-place, crane, and kettles, wherein were once concocted so many ill-savored mixtures. This enlargement and improvement of Massachusetts Hall was the filial offering of the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston. At the opening of the Cleaveland Cabinet, Nehemiah Cleaveland, of the class of 1813

(the Professor's kinsman), gave a most eloquent and felicitous address. The sum of the many eulogies testified to Professor Cleaveland's unsurpassed record as a teacher and lecturer, and his faithfulness unto the end. The memorial address by Dr. Woods ranks among the choicest utterances of American orators.

"Bowdoin in the War" is the title of a voluminous summary in the Maine Adjutant-General's Report for the closing year of the rebellion. The Memorial Hall (incomplete within, but massive and imposing in its exterior) commemorates the death of forty-one Bowdoin men out of the two hundred and sixty-six whom the college sent to the front. The Roll of Honor includes names which the Republic remembers with gratitude, and which Alma Mater will never cease to cherish. The several armies and squadrons were the richer for the courage and endurance of Bowdoin men, and the pivotal battle of Gettysburg might have gone against the Union Army had not Howard stood at Cemetery Hill, and Chamberlain and others fought desperately to drive back the yet more desperate foe. One of the foremost soldiers from Bowdoin, General Chamberlain, was Governor of Maine for several terms, and is now President of the College.

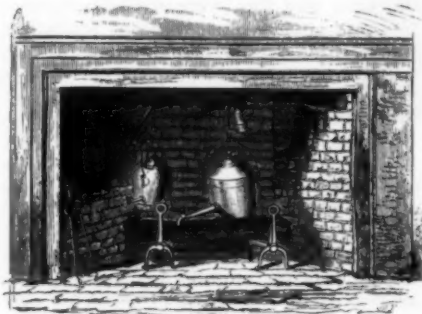
Since Dr. Woods's retirement from office, he has been engaged in literary projects whose fruit has been of great value. His labors in developing the rich vein of the early New England history—more especially the first settlements on the coast—have been an important contribution to the Historical

nary, and now in Yale Theological School, was President for the four years succeeding Dr. Woods's resignation, and then the sixth and present President of Bowdoin was inaugurated. Dr. Harris's reputation as



PROFESSOR PARKER CLEAVELAND.

a profound scholar and theologian was enhanced by his residence in Brunswick, and his resumption of a life-long course of study and instruction was a renewed gain to the denomination of which he is a leader. President Chamberlain was, in former years, an accomplished Professor in Bowdoin, and at his accession there was a new emphasis given to scientific study, while the classics have held their old time position. By Dr. Harris's side, when he was President, fell "the indomitable and uncompromising Smyth," after forty years' work in the college, and four years later died Thomas C. Upham, another veteran servant of Bowdoin. Professor Smyth was fatally attacked while at work in the Memorial Hall, which he had planned, and which he had labored to make an enduring embodiment of the patriotic memories of the Alumni. Professor Upham, released from duty, slowly dying away from the scenes of his life-work, lies near his associate, in the shadow of the college pines. Both were links to the swiftly receding past of Bowdoin: one strong, incisive, aggressive, great-hearted; the other shrinking, conciliatory, persuasive, "a wonderful combination of weakness and strength;" one too intense and direct to move except on straight lines; while for the other a natural law was



PROFESSOR CLEAVELAND'S FIRE-PLACE.

Society of Maine, and to students in general.

The Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D. (Bowdoin, 1835), formerly Professor at Bangor Semi-

graciously suspended, insomuch that for him a curved line was the shortest distance between two points. These extremes met in their unshaken devotion to the college. Professor Smyth collected in person a large proportion of the amount expended on the Memorial Hall, and Professor Upham, in

he imposed, while those who resisted the levy found his "ways dark," and his "tricks vain." He had inherited a little money, which he invested in books. His library was stowed away in boxes amid the rubbish of his den, and from these and other sources he gained a smattering of information which was his working capital among the unsophisticated. The first picture the students obtained of his grim features was taken on the wing, the photographer lying in ambush near the sage's hut. It was a hideous likeness, and finally his vanity came to the rescue of the students, and the excellent photograph from which we engrave our portrait was the result. An air of mystery hung about him which was never wholly dispelled, and the old man's grave (to which Faculty and students alike followed his remains) hides more than any one knows.

The Library and Picture Gallery are first in order in making the circuit of the college. The Library in quality and size is among the foremost of college collections. The fund for increasing it has been small, but the generosity of its friends has supplied its need. The first noticeable addition was James Bowdoin's private library of four thousand volumes, which included publications on the French and American revolutions, and a large number of works in literature and science by French and Spanish authors. Thomas Wallcut, of Boston, presented several hundred volumes, among them Eliot's Indian Bible, Tyndale's Bible, and other rare books. The Vaughn library of twelve hundred volumes, collected by a wealthy West Indian planter, furnished the college with the proceedings of various societies and academies abroad and in this country. General Knox, of the Revolution, gave several volumes. Professor Longfellow has contributed his own works, and the Pisa edition of the early Italian poets. Professor Alexander Agassiz has presented the foreign publications of his father. Mr. Ezra Abbott, of Harvard, has remembered his Alma Mater in gifts which reflect his rare taste and generosity alike, while the public documents, which form a valuable reference



PROFESSOR CLEAVELAND ON THE LECTURE PATH.

the course of his long service, secured nearly seventy thousand dollars for Bowdoin. The memorial addresses by Professor Packard on his colleagues develop facts which the alumni of the college may well study for lessons in practical loyalty to Alma Mater.

The Bowdoin of to-day misses a humble retainer (a native of the Isle of Guernsey) who was the general factotum of the college for a quarter of a century, and who wore "the grand old name" of Diogenes. The Freshmen cemented their friendship with the sphinx-like "Curt" by paying the annual tax



library, are fully represented. Across the hall the Maine Historical Library supplements the college collection; while in Maine Hall the literary societies have several thousand volumes available to the students. The Medical Library, modern and quite complete, affords an additional resource. These libraries contain in the aggregate about thirty-five thousand volumes.

The Picture Gallery has on exhibition the paintings purchased by Mr. Bowdoin in Europe, at a time when needy princes were sacrificing choice works of art and other articles of *virtu*. Various schools are represented. Fine copies (if they be not originals) from Titian, Rubens, Raphael, Van Dyck, and originals by Hogarth and other eminent painters, make the Bowdoin Gallery exceedingly valuable. Gilbert Stuart came here to copy his portraits of Jefferson and Madison, and left his impressions of the treasure the college had obtained through Mr. Bowdoin's munificence.

The cabinets consist of the Cleaveland and Haii collections of minerals; the Shattuck conchological and Cushman ornithological collections; the Blake herbarium, and the anatomical museum. The Cleaveland cabinet is rich in New England minerals, and from sources now exhausted, and by reason of exchanges, or recent additions in other ways, is well supplied with material for illustrating natural history. The anatomical cabinet is furnished with frozen sections

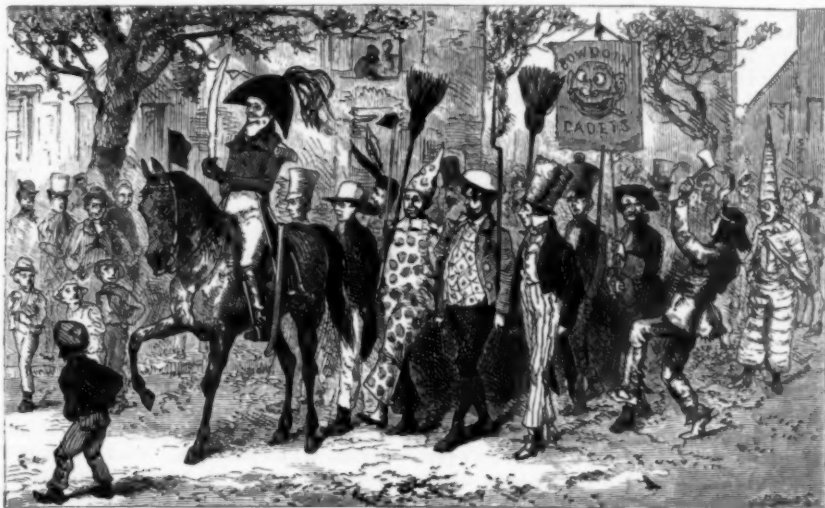
prepared by Dr. Thomas Dwight, and that Professor has also added other valuable preparations. The original museum con-



"DIOGENES."

sisted of specimens procured in Paris, and the entire collection abounds in those ghastly treasures which so gladden the eye of science.

The regular curriculum of the college embraces the classical, the scientific, and the engineering departments. The standard of admission was high at the outset, and has never been lowered. The names of rejected



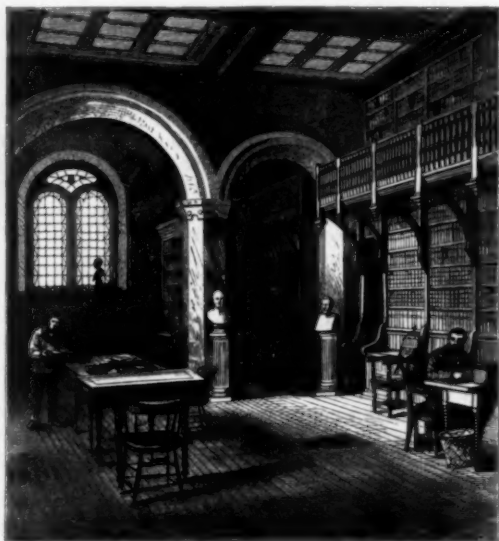
A MAY TRAINING AT BOWDOIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

candidates for admission to Bowdoin, who have found an asylum in other colleges, would make an extended appendix to the triennial catalogue. Harvard College was the pattern at the beginning, and Bowdoin has kept pace with her, at least in the strict requirements for entrance, and in demanding a full measure of work during the course. A Bowdoin diploma has never been a "glittering generality," and the college has preferred that its graduates should be "weighed," and not simply counted. Beneficiary funds, with quite a number of scholarships, facilitate the progress of poor men. The conventional prizes for composition, declamation, and thorough scholarship, are a further aid, and the tuition charges are very moderate.

The gymnasium and military drill are offered to the choice of the men, and unless the student has been excused for physical or other disability, he is obliged to exercise in one of these ways. A United States army officer is the instructor in tactics for those who prefer that form of physical culture. Base ball and boating receive a proportionate degree of attention. The Bowdoin nine are champions of the State, and the boating record (which includes three races at Springfield and Saratoga), if not marked by victories, has shown that the Bowdoin colors will one day come to the front. No one who saw her boat lead for two miles at Springfield, and then, with one man totally disabled, beat two of the six crews at the finish, can doubt that she will always be a formidable antagonist. Plans for a new boathouse are under consideration, and the class races show that the Bowdoin navy is a permanent feature among the college institutions. The class of '73 has presented an elegant silver cup to the navy to be contended for at the class races. The '77 crew were the first winners in October last. The field day programme also testifies to the athletic accomplishments of the men. The college supports two papers, "The Orient," published fortnightly, and "The Bugle," which appears annually, and contains the list of the various societies, clubs, and general statistics. The Phi Beta Kappa Chapter at Bowdoin has been long established. The secret societies represented are the

Alpha Delta Phi, Psi Upsilon, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Zeta Psi, and Theta Delta Chi, and the chapters were established in the order mentioned.

The endowment of the college has recently been increased by subscriptions amounting to one hundred thousand dollars. The Corporation consists of two branches: the Trustees and the Overseers, and the alumni are now empowered to nominate one-half



THE BOWDOIN LIBRARY.

of the Overseers. Bowdoin has come to realize (with other colleges) that the surest way to secure the co-operation of the graduates is to invite them to a share in the oversight of its affairs. It is a sorry comment on her nurture of her children that a college is afraid to trust them with a voice and a vote. Many colleges suffer from the imputation that they are only "local" institutions. Bowdoin is national; not only in the dispersion of its alumni, who are at work in every State and Territory, but as well in its present membership, for the North and the West, as well as the East, are represented among the undergraduates. In former years the South sent quite a number of men to Bowdoin. Its real accessibility refutes the notion which formerly obtained, that the college was as far removed from the centers as it could well be. Fifteen hours only from New York, and connected with various points in New England,

Brunswick is conveniently located for the college men. The environments of the institution are peculiarly attractive. Three miles away lies Casco Bay, with its hundreds of islands, and scenery which has been likened to that of the Mediterranean. Orr's Island, which a romance has made familiar to American readers, with its magnificent outlooks, abounds in picturesque views which are unsurpassed on the Maine coast. Inland, the country is exceptionally beautiful. These delightful surroundings incidentally contribute to the attractions of Bowdoin. The town of Brunswick, with its broad shaded streets, its mall, its regulation assortment of shops, is like most New England villages; while the river, with its grand falls and charming expanse, has delighted the successive generations of scholars and poets which Bowdoin has sent forth. The College Campus comprises twenty or more acres, bordered by wide lines of hedge and shrubbery, and so diversified as to form a rich setting for the several halls. In the days when the State required every man capable of bearing arms, and not exempt, to appear on a certain day equipped for inspection and drill, the students invariably had a mock "May training" on this ample parade-ground. On this momentous morning there was an amazing diversity of uniform, from the commander down to the meekest Freshman in the extreme rear rank. The tactics were at once extraordinary and impressive, while the addresses of those in command were marvelous forays on all known vocabularies. The law passed away, and with it

mencement exercises have been held for many years, and the Tontine Hotel, which has been the scene of class suppers and reunions so long that the memory of man (if he be not unreasonably old) runneth not to the contrary.



PRESIDENT CHAMBERLAIN.

Somewhere near is the spot where (if tradition be true) a Tory citizen in the time of the Revolution was visited with the wrath of the loyal town. It was voted to bury him, all save his head, and leave him to his sober second thought. The man fell into a swoon, and the alarmed executioners, supposing him dead, ran away, and left him to be rescued by his friends. In the volcanic eruption of Centennial facts this anecdote has been thrown to the surface.

The recent publication of the songs of Bowdoin reminds us that in 1840 an edition of "The Bowdoin Poets" was issued. The work contained poems by thirty-one different contributors, among them Longfellow, Claude Hemans, and Ephraim Peabody. In the preface the editor regrets that certain Bowdoin poets declined to furnish specimens of their verse. He mentions especially, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Sergeant S. Prentiss, George B. Cheever, and Calvin E. Stowe. Amid the dreary wastes of college poetry there is found occasionally a gem, and these exceptional productions deserve a permanent place in our literature. The thirty-six years that have passed since the book was published have developed more "Bowdoin poets," and a new edition would be cordially welcomed.



CUP OF THE BOWDOIN NAVY.

the pomp and circumstance of the Bowdoin militia. Among the landmarks of the town are the Church on the Hill, where the Com-

The every-day life at Bowdoin is like that at most colleges. In their work and play students are much the same the land over. "Digs" and "college tramps," the "pale student" and the "fast man," classic "slang" and commonplace English, the traditional ways and customs of undergraduates, form the mixture called college life, be it at Bowdoin or elsewhere.

Bowdoin has one "peculiar institution," namely, the "Rope-Pull" between the Freshmen and Sophomores, which develops the latent muscle, and tests the grit of these irrepressible belligerents. The two classes rush from the chapel, seize the rope at either end, and under the impartial supervision of upper-class men, each undertakes to drag the opposing crowd. The usual result is in favor of the disciplined and doughty Sophomores, and the grand finale finds a Freshman or two madly clinging to the end of the rope as the victors rush across the Campus. The field of battle wears a grim look for days afterward, and is furrowed as though it had been upturned by that delicate instrument of the husbandman, the "subsoil plow."

"Early prayers" used to bring men out at daylight on shivery winter mornings, and the champion runner was he who could dress and get to his seat in the chapel after the "last alarm" had rung, a period of two minutes. College men recall the final plunge into the chapel of the last crowd of worshipers, whose disheveled locks and

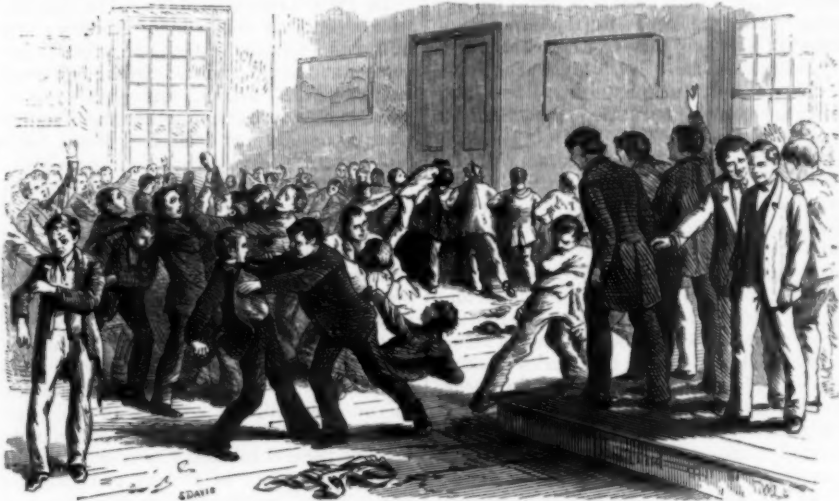
scant attire betokened that their slumbers had been very recently disturbed. The "cramming" of the undevout during the service, together with other distracting sights and sensations, made "early prayers" on a winter morning a very slight means of grace, and they have given place to devotions at a later hour.

The "Hold-in" was another form of the contest between the two lower classes. The "south wing" of the chapel was the hall for general meetings of the students, and when the business of the Committee of the Whole had been transacted, the motion to adjourn sent the Sophomores to form an arch around the door, while the Freshmen rushed to force their way out. Sophomore skirmishers would seize the on-coming Freshmen, and the *mélée* was suffered to continue long enough to give the upper classmen their needed recreation, and then the battered battalions would retire from the room in light marching order. It is remarkable that no fatal injury ever followed this rough encounter, and that the wounds of the combatants required the tailor's, and not the doctor's, needle. The "Hold-in" no longer exhilarates the looker-on in Brunswick, and the "south wing" is now used for strictly academic purposes.

The Bowdoin of the future will be wealthier, larger, more widely known, but it cannot surpass its past repute for wholesome instruction, a comprehensive course of study, and faithfulness to the traditions of its



THE "ROPE-PULL"—BOWDOIN.



"THE HOLD-IN"—BOWDOIN.

founders. In these luxuriant days, when "universities" spring up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, it is well that colleges like Bowdoin stand fast by the inherited principles of sound conservatism, refusing to adopt that policy of inflation which would darken the air with diplomas, and rain degrees upon the just and the unjust. When Bow-

doin at the next Commencement counts her three-score years and ten, she at least may felicitate herself that she has never been left to persuade young men that "the right path of a noble and virtuous education" is anything less than long and laborious, although it be "full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side."

### THE DEFOE FAMILY IN AMERICA.

AMONG my earliest recollections was a straight-backed, wooden-seated, uncomfortable chair, prized highly by its possessor as one of the two chairs which had been used by Daniel Defoe in his study in England. At the time I was acquainted with it, it was owned by Joseph Trimble, a lineal descendant of Elizabeth, sister of Daniel Defoe, and after his death it was presented by his brother James to the Historical Society of Delaware. My information in regard to it was obtained from different branches of the Defoe family, and from James Trimble's letter of presentation.

From Elizabeth, niece of Daniel Defoe, who came from England in 1718, down to his relatives of the present day, all the family, with a few exceptions, have lived within two miles of Brick Meeting-House, Cecil County,

Maryland; all worshiped in the meeting-house which gives this village its name, and all, when called upon to pay the debt of nature, have been brought for interment to the burial-ground attached to this old meeting-house.

In order to explain how it was that his relatives came to be settled in this part of the New World, it will be necessary to go back to the year 1705, when Daniel Defoe, on account of his persistent writing upon the exciting subjects of the times, was compelled to seek an asylum under the roof of his widowed sister, Elizabeth Maxwell, in the city of London. Three years before, he had sent forth his "Shortest Way with Dissenters," for which he had suffered the pillory, fine, and imprisonment. It was on account of this article that the Government



offered £50 for the discovery of his hiding-place. The proclamation, as tradition informs us, was worded very nearly thus:

"Whereas, Daniel Defoe, *alias* De Fooe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet entitled the 'Shortest Way with Dissenters:' (He is a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hook nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth: was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex;) whoever shall discover the said Daniel Defoe to one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State or any of Her Majesty's justices of the peace, so he may be apprehended, shall have a reward of £50, which Her Majesty has ordered immediately to be paid upon such discovery."

On his release, he was again imprisoned for his political pamphlets, and through the influence of Lord Oxford was again liberated; but in his sister's home, secure from his political and pecuniary assailants, he continued to send forth his barbed arrows with impunity. A small room in the rear of the building was fitted up for his private study, and it was there his sister's only daughter (named, for herself, Elizabeth), who was five years of age when her uncle came to make his home with them, received her education under his teaching; and it was there that "Robinson Crusoe" was written, one year after his niece had left her home and him. Perhaps the comparative isolation he endured suggested the wonderful narrative to his mind.

The Defoes were all members of the Society of Friends, and attended a meeting designated by the odd name of "Bull and Mouth," which was often mentioned in the early annals of the Society.

At eighteen, Elizabeth contracted a matrimonial engagement, which was peremptorily broken off by her mother. This caused an alienation from all her friends, and she privately left her home and embarked for America. Being without funds, she bargained with the captain to be sold on her arrival, to reimburse him for her passage; accordingly, in the autumn of that year she, with a number of others, was offered for sale in Philadelphia, and Andrew Job, a resident of Cecil County, Maryland, happening to be in the city at the time, bought her for a term of years and brought her to his home.

In 1725 Elizabeth Maxwell became the wife of Thomas Job, son of Andrew; and now, being happily settled, she wrote to her mother and uncle, giving them the first information of her whereabouts. As soon as possible a letter came from her uncle, stating that her mother was dead, and that a large property, in addition to her mother's furniture, had been left to her by will in case she were ever found alive. An inventory of the goods sent accompanied the letter, and especial attention was solicited for the preservation of such articles as he had used in his private study, "as they had descended to the family from the Flemish ancestors, who sought refuge under the banner of Queen Elizabeth from the tyranny of Philip." He also apologized for the condition of two chairs, the wicker seats of which he had worn out and replaced by wooden ones. One of these is the chair presented to the Historical Society of Delaware, because it was in that city that the last thirty years of the business part of Joseph Trimble's life was spent; the other is in the possession of James Trimble.

Two aged maiden ladies, Ann and Hannah Kirk, whose mother was a great-great-niece of Daniel Defoe, and who have lived, ever since I can remember, in a pleasant home by themselves within sight of the Brick Meeting-House, have one of the chairs sent from England by Daniel Defoe, but of different pattern from the two used in his study. They informed me that the chairs were all made with a pocket-knife, and they certainly have that appearance.

All the letters received from her uncle were carefully preserved by Elizabeth until her death, which occurred on the 7th of September, 1782, at the age of eighty-two. One of her grandsons, Daniel Defoe Job, living near her, was almost constantly in her society. She took delight in relating reminiscences of her early days; of how she used to bother her uncle meddling with his papers, until he would expel her from his study. Daniel spoke of his grandmother as a little old yellow-looking woman, passionately fond of flowers, and retaining her activity of mind and body until the close of her life. Another of her grandsons, also named Daniel Job, died at a very advanced age, within my remembrance, and his funeral was the first I ever attended.

There was an Andrew Job, brother of this Daniel, a bachelor, who became a hermit, and for upward of fifty years lived entirely alone. The greater part of that time his

home was in a forest belonging to his estate, about two miles from Brick Meeting-House. His little habitation consisted of two rooms, one above and one below, and I do not know that he ever left it during the whole time. He is said to have been very tall in youth; but when I saw him he was upward of eighty, and stooped much. His hair and beard were long, and of a reddish hue, and, though he was so old, but slightly gray. He scorned the style of clothing worn by men, and winter and summer was robed in a blanket, his only covering. Although a man of abundant means, he would not leave his retreat to provide the necessities of life; and, since he would have but little to do with his relatives, they engaged some one in whom he had confidence to take his groceries to him. His wheat and corn he ground himself, by pounding. For a long time, my father, whom he had known for many years, went twice a year to take him such things as he required. I accompanied him once when a child, and was kindly treated by the recluse. I remember that he gave me a drink of cider, manufactured by himself, by pounding the apples and squeezing them through his hands. The goblet in which he presented it was a huge gourd, and he stirred the sugar in with his fingers. Children, as a general thing, are not very fastidious, and I did not slight the old man's hospitality.

After we had left him, and gone through his woods to the road, I found I had forgotten my sun-shade, which was about the dimensions of a good-sized saucer. I was loth to leave it behind me, and, at the same time, a little afraid to return for it; but my father re-assured me, and very gingerly I wound my way back to the door, where Andy stood holding it with a helpless expression of having something left upon his hands that bid fair to prove a burden. He handed it to me in perfect silence, and I received it at arm's length in the same lugubrious manner.

He did not, as a general thing, take kindly to visitors; they bothered him, coming to see him out of curiosity, and when he caught sight or sound of them, he hastened in-doors, and refused them entrance. He evinced but little curiosity as to the doings of the great world around him, from which he had withdrawn; though intelligent, he conversed but little, and that in a subdued tone, scarcely intelligible to one unaccustomed to it. He was upright and honorable in his dealings with my father, and seemed desirous of giving as little trouble as possible.

He kept no money about him, but gave orders upon those who had his property in trust. He himself kept control of his forest, and not a stick did he allow any one to cut from it. He lived in this way, until a log, falling out of his fire-place, set his house on fire and burned it down, when he was compelled to live with his two nieces and his nephew, children of his brother Daniel, who were of middle age and unmarried. Here he remained eleven years, until his death, which occurred on the 1st day of April, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

In him were conspicuous the characteristics of the Defoe family, from Daniel down to the relatives of the present day,—remarkable longevity, a disposition to remain unmarried, or to marry late in life, and the indomitable independence of spirit which was so prominent in the character of Daniel Defoe, and of his niece Elizabeth.

He was very discontented for several years after he left his solitude; however, as years and infirmities wore upon him, he became more reconciled; but, until the time of his death, he occasionally spoke of going off again to live by himself.

It is a subject of regret that no likeness of him is in existence. A traveling photograph gallery once stopped for a short time in the road opposite his nephew's house. Andy took great pleasure in looking at it, and remarked that "it would be a nice little house for a man to live alone in if it was off the wheels;" but no persuasion could induce him to enter it.

Joseph and James Trimble, whose mother was a great-great niece of Daniel Defoe, lived at that time in a lonely, romantic place, half a mile from this village. Joseph was a bachelor; he was wealthy and eccentric, and made his home with his brother James, who was married, but childless. Their large old-time stone house, faultlessly clean inside and out, surrounded by lovely grounds, had an ancient, stately grandeur, seldom found in this changeful country. Like his maternal ancestors, James was passionately fond of flowers, and his beautiful gardens and green-house of choice plants were a great attraction to the rural neighborhood. Their home was a sweet, quiet, restful place, and he was a genial, intelligent, liberal man, never too busy to entertain even children with the properties and names of his pets. One great curiosity to the little folks was three distinct foot-prints on one of the rafters in the garret of his house. Whose were they, and how they came there, was the

mystery. His idea was, and no doubt he was correct, that while the house was in process of building, over one hundred years before, and while the smooth rafters were lying on the ground, some one, perhaps an Indian, stepping in some indelible fluid, had walked on the rafter. They are the prints of a large flat foot, bare, each toe showing



CHAIR OF DANIEL DEFOE.

separately and distinctly, and each print as far apart as a tall man would naturally step.

In my childhood, the walk to his place of a pleasant summer evening was too lovely to be forgotten. On passing up the one street of our village, and leaving the houses behind us, we ascended a gentle slope, crowned by the Friends' meeting-house, and looking in the evening light, surrounded by its willow and poplar sentinels, solemn and majestic—the very embodiment of peace and repose. Six roads meet near the meeting-house, and, taking the left-hand one, we turned abruptly round past the old log school-house, long since replaced by a more jaunty affair, then through the woods belonging to the meeting-house by a narrow brown path, fringed on each side by wiry grass, and leading across a stile into the most fragrant of pine woods; here the evening breeze whispered and sighed, and the soft turf was

carpeted with wild strawberries and tiny wild flowers; then we climbed over another stile into another woods, which gently descended to a "run" (as we call it in Maryland; it would be called a "brook" in the North), crossed by the most rustic of little bridges, the air redolent with the perfume of wild flowers, and echoing with songs of the oriole and lark; then we followed the green lane up to the dwelling, where we were sure to have a kind reception. But time has changed much that was so pleasant; the march of improvement has leveled the pine woods. I doubt if the orioles, feeling the change, make the woods melodious with their singing notes; James Trimble and his family years ago removed to Pennsylvania, where Joseph died at a very advanced age, and where James still resides.

The tract of forty acres upon which the meeting-house stands was deeded to the Friends, or Quakers, by William Penn, to have and to hold forever, and the deed was confirmed by patent in 1765. When the State line was established between Pennsylvania and Maryland, subsequent to revolutionary war times, it cut through East and West Nottingham townships. The southern part was attached to Cecil County, and the inhabitants became citizens of Maryland. This was given under the great seal of the State of Maryland, on the 13th of February, 1792, as a confirmation of Penn's deed.

It is a beautiful property, and is known as East Nottingham Friends' Meeting (Hick-site). The first building upon the property was a log meeting-house, built in 1709. In 1724, it was purchased by Lacy Rowles, and removed to his place for an out-house of some kind. In the same year the brick part of the present meeting-house was built (for one half is brick and the other half stone), being one year after the marriage of Elizabeth Maxwell, and where my ancestors worshipped with her and her family.

This building was something of a wonder in its day. Thomas Chalkley, a minister, speaks in 1738 of holding a large meeting at the "Great meeting-house at Nottingham." In 1751, the "great" house was partly destroyed by fire, and the stone end was then added, the south wall of the brick part being removed to throw the whole structure into one large room. Again, in 1810, the sturdy old walls had another battle with the fiery element, but came off victorious, being to-day firm and sound.

## HEARING WITH THE EYES.



NODES AND VENTRAL SEGMENTS OF A VIBRATING STRING.

"TELL time it is but motion," commanded the ancient poet, sending his soul upon the "thanklesse arrant" of flinging contradiction in the face of all the world,—

"Goe, since I needs must dye,  
And give the world the lye."

Not content with saying with the moralizing bard of to-day, simply that things are not what they seem, he would have his departing "bodie's guest" declare things to be reverse of what they seem:

"And wish them not reply,  
Since thou must give the lye."

Modern science takes up the song, telling not time only, but everything, it is but motion. The forces of nature are resolved by dint of reason into phases of matter, and matter into points of force, whose motions alone affect our senses. We see motion, hear motion, smell motion, taste and feel motion; we can perceive nothing but motion, and mayhap perception itself is only motion.

Is it surprising, then, that the jurisdictions of the senses overlap sometimes? That the motions which belong to the domain of the ear by right of prior discovery should be seized upon by the eye? Strange or not, such is the case; the eye has learned

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to do the ear's work—some parts of it at least—and to do it better than the ear can!

"A deaf man might have seen the harmony," wrote Professor Le Conte in his description of the pulsating gas-jet, whose rhythmic motion in unison with the music of a band first drew attention to the phenomena of sensitive flames. The music made direct appeal to the eye, as it had done often enough before; but all of the observers save one were blind to its message.

It was another of those occasions when an occurrence, of no significance to the mass of men and women, gave to a thoughtful observer a clue to fruitful investigation, and became—like the swinging chandelier that set Galileo a-thinking, or the twitching frog-legs that turned Galvani's attention to animal electricity—the leading term of a long series of important discoveries.

What would seem less worthy of notice than a jumping gas-light, so long as its flicker did not hurt the eyes? Even when their attention was called to the evident coincidence of the pulsations of the light and the beats of the music, the multitude were satisfied with pronouncing it "curious." The philosopher could not be so easily satisfied. Why does the flame keep time with the dancers? he asked himself; and he did not rest until he was sure it was the sono-

rous impulses sent through the air by the musical instruments, not the vibration of the floor from the impact of many feet, that

in our organs of hearing. We must pursue the quest beyond the air, to the body which sets the air in motion.



CHLADNI'S EXPERIMENT.

the flame translated into visible harmony. A new field of observation was thus opened up, and a wonderfully sensitive instrument discovered for the optical study of sound; but we shall not enter upon its achievements here. There are simpler means of investigating sounds, as deaf men might, with the eyes; and to these our attention is to be directed.

Let us see what it is that we usually take cognizance of by the sense of hearing,—the outward cause of the inward sensation we call sound.

"What am I to look for?" asked that prince of observers, Faraday, when invited to witness an experiment; for, though observation was the business of his life, he knew he was not likely to look to purpose unless he had a purpose in his looking.

In like manner it may be asked here, What are we to look for in trying to "see" sounds?

Sound assails the ear through the medium of air, and air is invisible. We cannot see its motions, nor the motions produced by it

in the middle it swells into a hazy spindle. The eye retains impressions so long that it is incapable of discerning the swiftly

I strike a sharp blow on my writing-desk with the top of my penholder, and a sharp report is the result. The arrest of motion seems to be the cause of the sound. I strike the glass-shade of my Argand burner. A clink attends the blow, there follows a clear ringing note; and while it sounds, the bell-shaped shade trembles visibly. I mark the glass with a pen-point and watch the spot through a magnifying-glass. The spot oscillates less and less visibly as the sound dies away. The motion has manifestly some relation to the sound. Can the relation be made out?

I snap the tightened string of a musical instrument, or make it sound by drawing across it the bow of a violin. Its sharp outlines are lost in the tremor that ensues, and



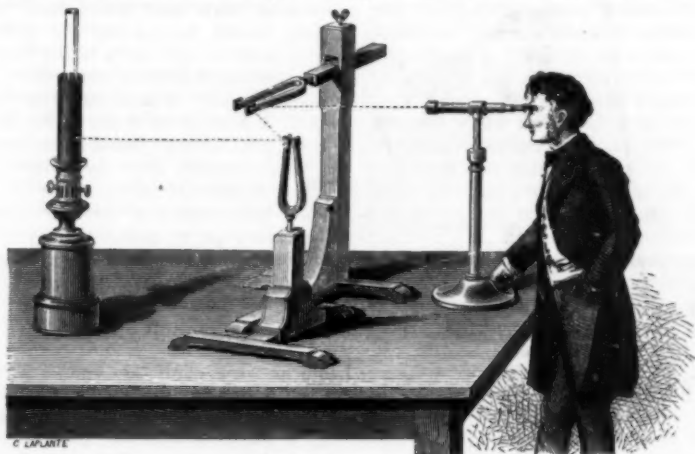
VIBRATIONS OF A METAL BELL.

changing positions of an object in such rapid motion. The string appears to be everywhere, within certain limits, at once; and



the result is a blur. The ingenious device of Dr. Young's renders it possible to use this troublesome persistence of vision in making clear the motion of the string. He

and cause it to sound. I can hear it when its vibration is invisible; but the dancing of a few grains of sand sprinkled on its upper surface shows that the motion is well



LISSAJOUS' APPARATUS.

reflected a thin sheet of light across the string he wished to study, obtaining at the intersection a brilliant dot, which by the motion of the string is drawn out into a luminous line like that that we have all delighted to make in childhood by twirling a lighted straw. The figure described by the luminous dot revealed the character of the vibration as distinctly as the note produced. The experiment is easy to imitate, and the results amply sufficient to pay for the trouble.

Besides the vibrations of the string as a whole, which show themselves in curves and involutions of beautiful complexity, there are partial vibrations which reveal themselves, as loops and sinuosities, and change with every change in the pitch and quality of the sound. Several systems of vibrations may thus be observed together in the same string, reminding one of the complex undulations presented by the surface of a lake when deep swells caused by last night's wind, the waves propagated from passing vessels, and the gusty ripples of the morning's breeze all cross each other in different directions,—each system maintaining its integrity, though subject to the disturbing influence of all the others.

Is a rigid body similarly affected when it is made to ring?

I have a flat glass ruler which gives a clear ring when suspended by a thread and struck. I support it so that it is horizontal,

sustained. This is the original experiment of Chladni, who pursued the investigation to great length to see whether the varying sounds of plates had any visible cause. Spreading a thin layer of sand over a plate of glass or metal fixed at its center, he caused the plate to sound by drawing a fiddle-bow across its edge. Immediately the sand grains began to dance tumultuously. Then they gradually arranged themselves in regular and symmetrical lines; every distinct sound which the plate would give reporting itself in a distinct figure, the more acute the note the more complicated the pattern. The patterns were found to change also with the form and thickness of the plate and the point of attachment, each of these changes manifesting itself likewise by a change of note. These sound-figures remained a standing puzzle to philosophers for many years; the last element of the enigma being explained by Faraday.

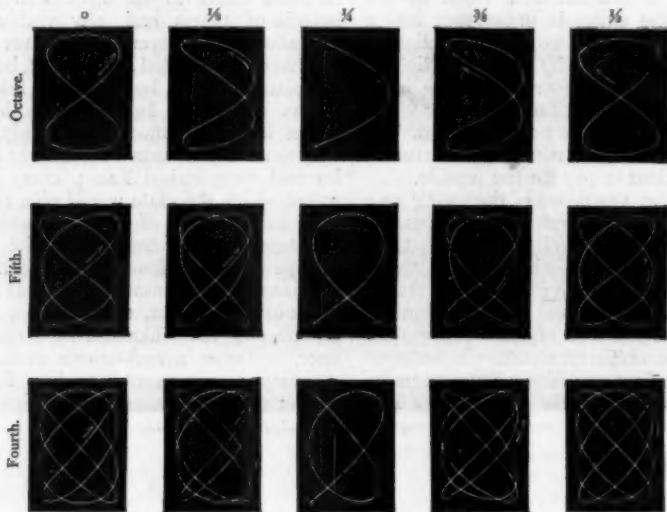
We have seen how a sounding string describes a hazy spindle when allowed to vibrate freely. If the motion of the middle be damped, or arrested by placing a finger on it, the string on being struck describes two spindles, giving at the same time a sound higher by an octave than the fundamental note. By touching the string at a point, distant one-third its length from the end and drawing the bow across the smaller portion, a still higher note is given and

the string visibly divides into three equal parts, vibrating separately. A string can thus be divided into two, three, four, five or more equal vibrating parts, separated by still points called *nodes*, producing, with each successive division, notes of increasing acuteness called harmonies. A similar phenomenon occurs when a plate is sounded. It divides itself into vibrating segments and nodes; the sand is tossed away from the moving portions and accumulated along the boundaries of opposing motions; the higher the note the smaller the segments of vibration, and consequently the more complicated the resulting sand-figure.

Savart added to the sand a powder which gave a permanent print of the figure when a damp paper was laid upon it. But when very light powder is used the figure is complicated by the powder remaining in little heaps in the centers of the vibrating segments. Faraday was the first to suspect the cause of this singular action to be the little whirls of air set in motion by the vibration of the segment; and he proved the correctness of his suspicion by repeating the experiment in a vacuum, when the light powder, no longer sustained by the miniature

The vibrations of a sounding bell may be plainly shown by the dancing of a ball placed within it, as in our illustration. That sounding bells are likewise divided into vibrating parts and nodal lines, can be neatly shown by turning the bell upside down and filling it with water, whose rippling surface plainly indicates the points of greatest motion. A wide-mouthed glass dish, across the edge of which a fiddle-bow is drawn, exhibits this phenomenon very handsomely, especially when the water is covered with a lighter liquid, like ether or alcohol. When the agitation is great the ripples are tossed into spray; and if the liquid is sufficiently volatile to surround each drop with an atmosphere of vapor, the falling drops do not coalesce, but dance as separate spherules in visible music over the surface.

But these results, though extremely beautiful to witness, are too complicated to aid much the optical analysis of sounds. Simple methods must be adopted. I thrust a slender elastic pin (such as entomologists use for impaling their unlucky captives) firmly into my table. It utters, when snapped, a shrill note like the cry of an insect, and its silver head seems drawn out into a luminous



OPTICAL CURVES: OCTAVE, FOURTH AND FIFTH.

cyclones, follows the sand to the nodal lines. When a stretched membrane, like a drum-head, is sprinkled with sand and allowed to vibrate in sympathy with a sounding body brought near to it, a similar distribution of the sand takes place.

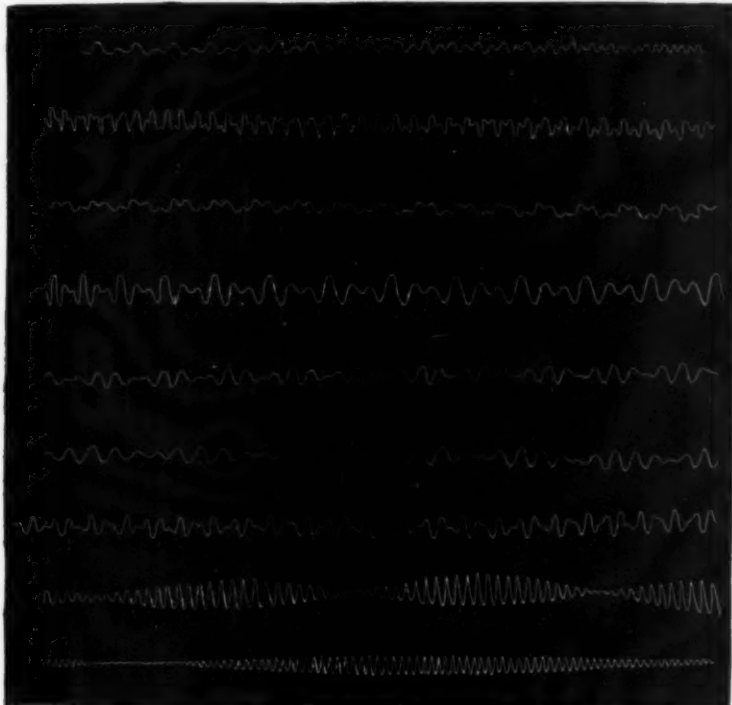
band, which swells into an ellipse, then slowly dies away as the impulse is expended. A knitting-needle fixed at one end describes a larger curve, and shows much more plainly the complex motion of the free end, especially if a bright bead is attached to it to

reflect the light. By arranging a number of such rods, each having its peculiar mode of vibration, Sir Charles Wheatstone contrived an instrument by which all the combinations of musical intervals may be visibly illustrated.

But a much more brilliant and effective device for the optical study of sound is that known as Lissajous'. By this contrivance, the most delicate peculiarities of vibratory movements are made so plain to the eye that a deaf man is enabled to compare sounds with a precision and accuracy unattainable by the acutest hearer guided by the ear alone.

is magnified and made plainly apparent in the motion of the "shadow," as the children miscall it.

Mons. Lissajous employs the same method in making visible the vibrations of sounding bodies. He attaches to the sound-producer—say the prong of a tuning fork, that simple but indispensable instrument of the musician—a small mirror, or converts the free end of the fork itself into a mirror by careful polishing. As the sun-spot on the ceiling reports the motion of the school-boy's glass, so the reflection of a luminous point in such a mirror describes the movements of the vibrating fork, making the note



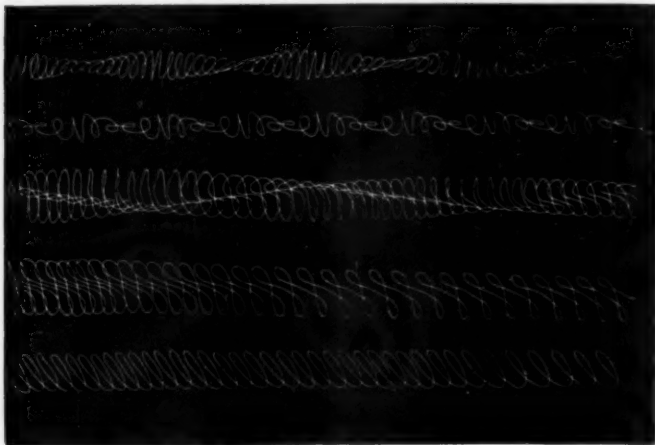
AUTOGRAPHS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS: PARALLEL MOVEMENTS.

There is probably not a school-boy in the land, nor a man who has been a school-boy, who has not amused himself and annoyed "the master" by dancing on the ceiling of the school-room a spot of sunshine reflected from a bit of broken looking-glass. A scarcely perceptible rocking motion given to the glass shows itself in a rapid oscillation, extending perhaps over an arc of many feet; while an invisible tremor in the glass

writes its own history with a pencil of light. If, while the fork is sounding, it is turned slowly on its heel, the luminous image is drawn out into a sinuous line of indescribable beauty, the undulations and involutions of the line showing exactly the character of the fork's vibration. For the comparison of notes of different pitch or quality, two reflecting forks are combined at right angles, as shown in our fourth illustration, and their

motions are observed directly through a telescope, or indirectly upon a screen, to which the luminous image is reflected from a large mirror.

Suppose both forks to be still. It is plain that the observer will see only a bright dot,



AUTOGRAPHS OF MUSICAL SOUNDS: RECTANGULAR MOVEMENTS.

the reflection of the orifice whence the light proceeds. Let the upright fork be sounded. Immediately the dot turns into a vertical line of light. Stop that fork and sound the other, and a horizontal line of light is the result, as when a burning stick is swung quickly back and forth. Sound both forks together and the dot travels up and down by the motion of one, and right and left by the motion of the other, producing an image which is the resultant of the two motions; hence its form declares with unmistakable precision the relation which the one system of vibration bears to the other.

Let the vibrations of the two forks be equal and simultaneous in starting. The dot is carried from left to right by one fork, and vertically the same distance by the other: it will therefore describe the diagonal of a square whose sides are equal to the amplitude of vibrations. If one fork leads, the diagonal becomes an ellipse which broadens according to the time which separates the beginnings of two consecutive vibrations made by the two forks, until one fork leads by a quarter of a vibration, when the ellipse becomes a circle.

With perfect unison the curve first given remains unchanged, except as it diminishes by the dying away of the vibrations. But such unison is rarely or never obtained in

practice. Even when the ear can detect no difference in the sound—that is in the rate of vibration—one fork may steadily gain on the other so as to make, say, a hundred and one vibrations while the other makes a hundred. In such cases there is a constantly

increasing difference of phase, and the resultant figure runs through all the possible curves between a straight line and a circle, and back again, repeating this course with greater or less rapidity according to the difference of speed in the forks, the interval between the recurrence of a given figure marking the time it takes one fork to gain a complete vibration on the other.

When the interval between two forks is an octave—that is, when one vibrates twice as fast as the other—the figure described is a more or less perfect figure of 8, according to the difference of phase, as shown in our fifth illustration. This, of course, when the harmony is perfect; if imperfect, the variations of the figure manifest it with a certainty unknown before this beautiful discovery, detecting degrees of dissonance utterly imperceptible by the ear. For example, if the harmony of two forks be complete and rigorous, it may be visibly disturbed simply by bringing a light near one of the forks; the heat expands the fork, retards its motion, and produces an instant modification of the luminous curve. By causing one of the forks to rotate slowly as before, the figure may be drawn out into a luminous scroll or other involution of marvelous brilliancy and beauty.

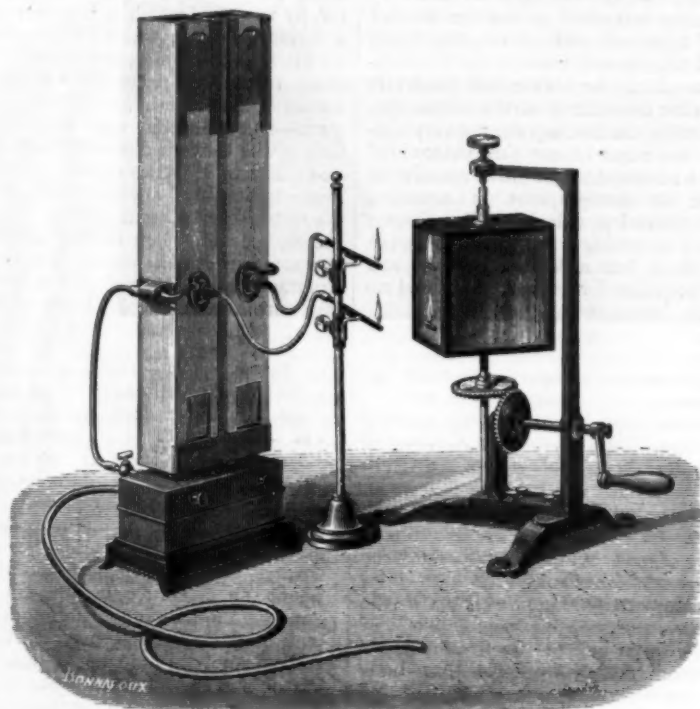
But it is use rather than beauty that chiefly commends this admirable discovery, since it enables us to tune our standards of musical comparison to an accuracy and certainty of pitch never before attainable. The eye beats the ear on its own ground!

Not only may sonorous bodies thus report their vibrations to the eye, but they can be made to register them, converting the tran-

sient wave of sound into a permanently visible record.

If, while holding my pen to the paper, I cause my hand to swing back and forth like the tip of a vibrating bar fixed at one end, the pen point travels over and over a short space describing a dash, thus ———. If while the first motion is going on I slowly draw the paper from under the pen at right angles to its motion, the point traces a sinuous line whose form describes the character of the hand's motion.

smooth paper blackened with smoke, the paper being carried by a cylinder arranged to turn freely with any desired rate of motion. Bringing the point of the style in contact with the cylinder and causing the fork to sound, the light soot is brushed from the paper so as to leave a clean space the length of the maximum vibration. Sounding the fork and turning the cylinder at the same time, the tracing becomes a wavy line, whose sinuosities mark the amplitude of their successive vibra-



KOENIG'S APPARATUS FOR THE OPTICAL STUDY OF SOUNDS.

Applying the same principle, the French experimenter, Duhamel, constructed a vibroscope, by means of which the motions of sounding bodies are made to record themselves. To do this, two things were requisite—a pen so light that it would not materially affect the vibration it was to describe, and a surface on which a tracing could be made with the least possible friction. For a pen Duhamel employed a slender style of quill or bristle, which was fastened to the vibrating body, generally a tuning-fork.

The writing surface finally adopted was

tions, and the rate of their recurrence,—the former showing the loudness of the note and the latter its pitch. As intensity and pitch are the principal characteristics of musical sounds, we have in the tracing a perfectly legible autograph record of the given sound. By dipping the paper in ether the tracing can be fixed for preservation and subsequent study as the experimenter may desire.

For the comparison of two notes sounding together, a compound tracing can be secured by simply attaching the smoked



paper to one fork and the style to the other, the resulting figure showing with perfect clearness their harmony or dissonance. Facsimiles of the tracings given by different forks vibrating in the same direction and also at right angles, are shown in the accompanying engravings. Forks vibrating at right angles to each other give figures precisely like the drawings of Lissajous' luminous scrolls.

Another and more comprehensive sound-writer is the phonautograph invented by Leon Scott. In this the style is carried by a membrane stretched across the smaller orifice of a sort of artificial ear, the waves of sound transmitted through the air causing the membrane to vibrate and record its motions after the manner of the vibroscope. Unfortunately, the tracings are not very legible, and the hope at one time entertained that this instrument might prove an efficient substitute for stenographers in reporting speeches proved a delusion. Dr. Koenig succeeded in writing a musical air of seven notes with it, but it lacks the scope and delicacy requisite for more complicated reporting.

But we have wandered from our subject, which was not sound-writing but sound-seeing; or, if stricter accuracy is insisted on, *optical hearing*.

The most impressive means for making sound visible is the apparatus devised by the experimenter just referred to, Dr. Koenig,—an apparatus which makes hearing an almost useless accomplishment in the study of sounds, by enabling the eye to estimate the value of musical notes, and to study the obscurer laws of harmony with a precision and delicacy utterly unapproachable by the ear.

We have seen how the sonorous impulses sent through the air by a sounding body may be made to move a style attached to a membrane. Suppose such a membrane to

form one side of a gas chamber from which issues a small burning jet. Every vibration of the membrane will necessarily affect the flow of the gas, by increasing or diminishing the pressure; and every variation in flow of gas will show itself in the slender flame. Such a sensitive chamber is the basis of Dr. Koenig's apparatus. There may be one chamber or more, according to the complexity of the sound to be studied. In the analysis of the tones of the human voice a single chamber is employed, and the palpitating flame is observed in a revolving mirror, by means of which it is drawn out into a serrated ribbon, which varies with every variation in the tone pronounced. In the study of musical notes the chambers—or manometric capsules, as the inventor calls them—are connected with organ pipes in such a way that the alternate condensations and dilations of the air column by the sonorous impulses shall act like a bellows on the elastic membrane, and through that upon the flame; and when several notes are to be examined simultaneously, the flames are so arranged that they will give in the revolving mirror bands of light one above another. Our illustration shows a compound series of flames produced by a single burning jet connected with two tubes, whose interval is a *third*. Different ratios of vibration give different flame-pictures, which are invariable for each ratio so long as the harmony is sustained. If either pipe is the least out of tune, however, the integrity of the image is destroyed by a flickering up-and-down motion of the flames produced by the discordant note.

This apparatus, especially when combined with a series of resonators, has been exceedingly serviceable in the elucidation of that obscure quality of sounds by which we are enabled to distinguish different voices and instruments, even when the pitch and intensity of the notes are the same.



MANOMETRIC FLAMES OF TWO TUBES OF A THIRD.

## JOHN GUTENBERG



THORWALDSEN'S STATUE OF JOHN GUTENBERG.

JUST two hundred years ago, a governor of Virginia thanked God that there was no printing-press in his colony; and he "hoped that there would be none for a hundred years, for learning had brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing hath divulged these and other libels." The sour old royalist had not forgotten the mischief made in England by Pym and Prynne, and the printers who stirred up people to sedition. He had high authority for his pet aversion. Berthold, Archbishop of Mentz in 1486, had denounced the printers, who, through vainglory or greed of filthy lucre, were applying their art to the spiritual ruin of the race; and Pope Alexander VI. had launched a bull against the promoters of this deplorable evil; and all the powers and principalities, from the regents of the Sorbonne to the High Court of the Star Chamber, had joined in the denunciation of scandalous and schismatic printers. To no one were the pestilent fellows, the printers, more detestable than to the friend of Governor Berkeley, Roger L'Estrange, "surveyor of the imprimeries," who assures us that the craft of printer giveth more trouble to the courts than any in the realm.

The fatality which seems to have made printers of all countries the subjects of judicial authority was fairly foreshadowed in the record of John Gutenberg, the inventor of typography. Not, it is true, for the same cause, for the mischiefs of printing were not then felt, yet the remark holds good. It is not from his printed books, but from the records of courts of law, that we have to glean the great events of his life. He came from a turbulent family. One of his ancestors was put under ban for burning a convent, and for fomenting civil strife. At different times the family had been obliged to leave Mentz to escape the wrath of the burghers they had offended. Gutenberg himself, sharing the fortunes of his father, was for many years an exile at Strasburg. There

his father died, leaving a widow dependent on the scant pension grudgingly allowed by the magistrates of Mentz for the sequestration of the family estate. The pension was not regularly paid. In 1434, John Gutenberg, then about 36 years of age, caused to be arrested Nicolaus, clerk of the city of Mentz, who chanced to be in Strasburg, and, according to the law of the time, held him in jail as a delinquent debtor. The magistrates of Strasburg, fearing that this violent act would endanger the friendly relations between the two cities, begged Gutenberg to relax his hold on the unfortunate clerk. The readiness with which Gutenberg complied with the request, thereby indefinitely postponing the collection of his claim, is our first revelation of that generosity and credulity which subsequently brought down on him the gravest misfortunes.

Two years after, Gutenberg again appeared before the city judge of Strasburg, but this time as defendant, for Ennel of the Iron Gate had sued him for breach of promise of marriage. The judgment of the Court is not on the record. It is supposed that the suit was withdrawn, and the case closed by marriage. As Gutenberg did not write out a statement of the case for publication in a future *Volksblatt*, let us forgive him at least this much. It does not appear, however, that Ennel exerted any marked influence on his life. She did not follow him when he went to Mentz. It is not certain that she was living in 1444.

The records of these cases tell us nothing about Gutenberg's education or aptitudes. As the son of a once wealthy patrician (for the Gutenbergs and Gensfleischs were, to use the German phrase, well-born), it may be presumed that he was fairly educated for his time. That he was obliged to earn his living is obvious; but whether he worked with hands or head, at art, trade, or profession, does not yet appear. These deficiencies are supplied by the judge's record of a suit at law, in which Gutenberg again appears as defendant. It was a curious case.

George Dritzehen, in the year 1439, brought suit to compel the return to him of moneys paid by his deceased brother Andrew to John Gutenberg for a small partnership share in an unnamed enterprise; or, in lieu of this, to compel Gutenberg to invest him (George) with all his brother's rights in the partnership. Gutenberg's answer was frank and convincing as to his financial liability, but unsatisfactory in its concealment of the object of the partnership. He was stub-

bornly and angrily resolved on excluding George Dritzehen from the partnership, and on keeping secret its operations and object.

The testimony of the eleven witnesses who appeared on the trial sets Gutenberg before us in a clear light. He had a reputation in Strasburg as a man of genius and of probity, as the inventor or possessor of valuable knowledge in mechanical arts. He did not seek for partners or pupils; they came to him. Among the number we find Hans Riffe, the mayor of Lichtenau, and Anthony Heilmann, a lender of money, whose confidence in Gutenberg, after three years of partnership, is implied in their testimony. The action of the judge, in accepting Gutenberg's oath as conclusive, proves that he was a man of established character. The deference paid to him by all the witnesses shows that he was not merely a mechanic or an inventor, but a man of activity and energy, a born leader, with a presence and a power of persuasion that enabled him to secure ready assistance in the execution of his plans. His reputation had been made by success. George Dritzehen said that his brother had received a good profit from his connection with Gutenberg. The eagerness and the faith of Andrew, the pertinacity with which his brother pressed his claim as partner, the solicitation of Heilmann on behalf of his brother, are indications that the men were sanguine as to the success of Gutenberg's new invention.

In that century it was not an easy matter to learn an art or trade of value: no one could enter the ranks of mechanics even as a pupil, without the payment of a premium in money; no one could practice any trade unless he had served a long apprenticeship. These exactions hopelessly shut out many who wished to learn; but men who had complied with all the conditions were often unwilling to teach, or to allow others to practice. Many trades were monopolies, protected by legislative enactments. So far as it could be done, every detail of mechanics was kept secret, as may be inferred from the old phrase "art and mystery," which is still retained in indentures of apprenticeship of all countries. One of the consequences of this exclusiveness was, that some mechanical arts were invested with unusual dignity. The sharply defined line which, in our day, separates art from trade and mechanics, did not then exist.

The testimony shows that Gutenberg had a knowledge of three distinct arts. The one earliest practiced was the polishing of

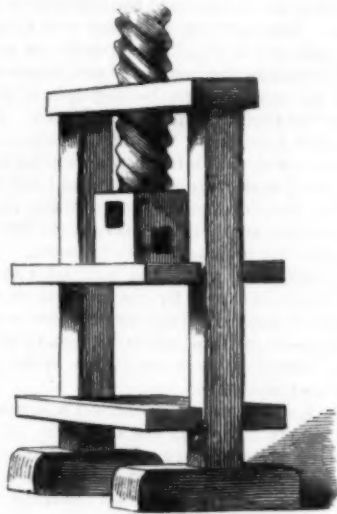
stones or gems; the second was that of making mirrors. Gutenberg was not the inventor of the latter art, but he seems to have been the first to practice it in Strasburg. The third art was the secret, the wonderful invention which raised the expectation of his partners to a high degree of enthusiasm. And this was the beginning of it.

It seems that Gutenberg's partners and pupils in the enterprises of gem-cutting and mirror-making visited him unexpectedly in a retreat which he had secured, for the sake of entire seclusion, in the deserted convent of Saint Arbogastus, a ruin not far from the walls of Strasburg. To their chagrin, they found Gutenberg working at a secret art which he had not bound himself to teach his partners. They begged hard to be admitted, and to be taught the new secret, and to have a share in its profits. After some debate, Gutenberg consented. He then told his pupils that the money he had already spent on the development of this secret was almost as much as he was about to ask them to pay for their shares; but the art was incomplete, and it would be necessary to expend more money before it could be made perfect. It was agreed by the new association then formed, that the work should be pushed with diligence, so that the products of the new art should be ready for sale at the great fair of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1439. This fair, held every seventh year, beginning on the 10th of July and lasting fourteen days, drew together a large body of purchasers, especially of the devout; for Aix-la-Chapelle was a place of sacred pilgrimage, and claimed to have in her churches the swaddling-clothes of the Saviour, his body-cloth at the crucifixion, the dress worn by Mary at his birth, and the cloth on which St. John was beheaded.

Andrew Dritzehen was not able to pay to Gutenberg the money he had promised, but he tried to make up this deficiency with excessive diligence. He worked early and late at his own house on some undescribed task given him by Gutenberg. Gossipy Madame Zabern, one of the witnesses, testified that, on one occasion, she begged Andrew to stop work and get some sleep. He replied to her, "It is necessary that I first finish this work." Then the witness said, "But, God help me, what a great sum of money you are spending! That has, at least, cost you 10 guilders." He answered, "You are a goose; you think this cost but 10 guilders. Look here! if you had the

money which this has cost over and above 300 guilders, you would have enough for all your life; this has cost me at least 500 guilders. It is but a trifle to what I will have to expend. It is for this that I have mortgaged my goods and my inheritance."—"But," continued the witness, "if this does not succeed, what will you do then?" He answered, "It is not possible that we can fail; before another year is over, we shall have recovered our capital, and shall be prosperous: that is, providing God does not intend to afflict us." Alas for Dritzehen! Before Christmas of that year he was on his death-bed, lamenting that he had been connected with the association.

Gutenberg was thoroughly alarmed when he heard that Dritzehen was dead. Fearing that Andrew's brothers would take possession of his tools, and thereby get an inkling of the secret, he sent his servant to the man "who made the press, and who knew all about the matter," begging him to take out of the press an unnamed and mysterious tool of four pieces, held together by two buttons, and disconnect the pieces so that no one could divine its use. Another part-



THE MEDIEVAL PRESS.

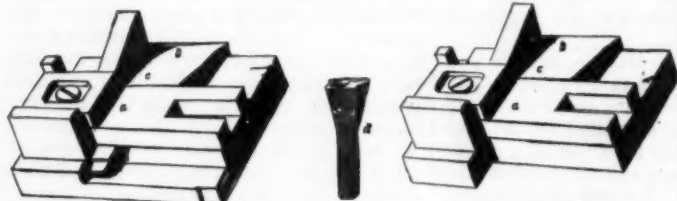
ner, equally alarmed, had anticipated Gutenberg's order, and had removed this mysterious tool of four pieces and "the forms," all of which were put in the melting-kettle by Gutenberg. This destruction of valuable tools was a rash act which Gutenberg sub-

sequently regretted; but his anger against George Dritzehen was hot, and he was bent on putting the tools beyond the possibility of reprisal.

Although the processes of the new art were kept secret, the object of the partner-

itself, but it was a problem in mechanics over which he seems to have labored for years. The key to the secret was in the invention of the adjustable type-mold, with its appliances of punch and matrix,—a very circuitous and artificial method of making types, it must be confessed, but it was the method first invented, and the only method now in use.

It was not invented in a day. It is only in fables that Minerva leaps in panoply from the brain of Jupiter; that Cadmus sows dragons' teeth to



The Left Half.

The Right Half.

THE TYPE-MOLD OF GARAMOND, A FRENCH TYPE-FOUNDER OF 1540.

a, The place where body of the type was founded. b c, The mouth-piece in which the fluid metal was poured. d, The type as cast, with the metal formed in the mouth-piece adhering to it.

ship was not. Hans Dünne, the goldsmith, blurted it out in his testimony. He said that "within the past two or three years he had received from John Gutenberg about 100 guilders for work connected with printing." That this printing was not printing from engraved blocks is fairly indicated by the testimony of other witnesses concerning the purchase of lead and the melting of the forms. Nor can it be supposed that Gutenberg was employing a goldsmith to assist him in making the imaginary and impossible types of wood which bibliographers have told us he used for his earliest books. It is plain that Gutenberg worked in metal and not in wood. Whatever practice he may have had with engraving on wood, he had reached the conclusion that printing could be done on types of metal only before he revealed his plans to his partners. The lively enthusiasm he had excited can be fairly explained only by the hypothesis that he had invented an entirely new method of printing—a method which he rightfully believed would work a revolution in the arts of book-making.

The key to this new method was not, as is generally believed, the discovery of the value of movable types, for movable letters had been known and used for centuries. It was in the mechanism for making the types—the mechanism by which they could be made more cheaply than letters engraved on wood, and so accurate as to body that they could be combined and interchanged with facility. Simple enough the mechanism required for this work may seem to the reader; simple enough, no doubt, it seemed to Gutenberg when the idea first presented

reap an instantaneous crop of alphabetical letters; that Coster cuts letters for the amusement of his grandchildren, and discovers, to his astonishment, that he has invented typography. To use the sound language of an old German chronicler, Gutenberg's invention was thought out and wrought out. The story of Gutenberg is not unlike that of Palissy and Watt, of Jacquard and Morse—a story of patience as well as of genius, of fruitless experiments and disheartening failures, of wearied partners and disgusted friends, of debts and suits at law; but, in every phase, the story of a life-long devotion to a grand idea—a devotion ending in triumph.

Gutenberg was completely successful in defending himself against the claim of George Dritzehen, but he was not successful in satisfying the expectations he had raised in the minds of his partners. The fair of Aix-la-Chapelle, postponed for a year, came and went, and yet the invention was not ready. The record of the trial shows that the money contributed by the partners had been collected with difficulty. When this had been spent, without result, the partners were unable, or unwilling, to contribute any more. They abandoned Gutenberg and his invention. We read no more of Riffe and Heilmann and Dritzehen in connection with typography.

Soon after the trial, Gutenberg sold out the last remnant of his inheritance. The money he received gave him only temporary relief. The tax-books of the city show that he was in arrear for taxes between the years 1436 and 1440. In the tax-book for 1443, it is plainly recorded that Gutenberg's tax



was paid by the Ennel Gutenberg who is supposed to have been his wife.

There is no book, not even the leaf of a book, printed from metal types, which can be offered with confidence as the work of Gutenberg at Strasburg. In the National Library at Paris are two engravings on wood, of pages of a child's Latin grammar, which, from the marked resemblance of their letters to those of the Mazarin Bible, have been declared the work of Gutenberg before he began to print with types. But this resemblance, real or fancied, is too slender a support for the statement. It is possible that he printed nothing. The reply of Schaab to the man who boasted that Strasburg was the cradle of printing is to the point: "Most true, but it is a cradle without a baby."

Gutenberg had reason to be disheartened at his failure. He had spent all his money, had alienated his partners, and had apparently wasted a great deal of time in fruitless experiments. He had damaged his reputation, and, to all appearance, was really further from success than when he revealed his plans to his partners. It was, no doubt, the conviction that he could get no more help in Strasburg which impelled him to Mentz.

The first evidence we have of his return to his native city is the appearance of his name in a record of legal contracts under the date 1448. And here he comes before us as a borrower of 150 guilders from a kinsman, who mortgaged his house to oblige Gutenberg. It appears, also, that he was sheltered, and room was made for his printing materials, in the house of his old and rich uncle, John Gensfleisch. But the borrowed money was spent in less than one year, and his work was incomplete. There can be no doubt that Gutenberg deceived himself quite as much as he had deceived his Strasburg partners, in his false estimate of the difficulties connected with the practice of printing. The brilliant success which Andrew Dritzehen hoped to have "within one year," or in 1440, had not been attained in 1450. If Gutenberg had been an ordinary dreamer about great inventions, he would have abandoned an enterprise so hedged in with mechanical and pecuniary difficulties. But he was an inventor in the full sense of the word, an inventor of means as well as of ends, as resolute in bending indifferent men as he was in fashioning obdurate metal. After spending, ineffectually, all the money he had acquired from his industry, from his partners, from his inheri-

ance, from his friends,—still unable to forego his great project,—he went, as a last resort, to a professional money-lender of Mentz. "Heaven or hell," says Lacroix, "sent him the partner John Fust."

The character and services of John Fust have been put before us in strange lights. He has been alternately represented as the inventor of typography, and the instructor, as well as the partner, of Gutenberg; as the patron and benefactor of Gutenberg, a man of public spirit, who had the wit to see the great value of the new art, and the courage to risk his fortune with that of the needy inventor; as a greedy, crafty, and heartless speculator, who took a mean advantage of the necessity of Gutenberg, and robbed him of his invention.

Fust was, no doubt, allured, as the Strasburg partners had been, by the hope of great profit, but he knew that there was some risk in the enterprise. It is probable that he had heard of the losses of Dritzehen, Riffe, and Heilmann. In making an alliance with Gutenberg, Fust neglected none of the precautions of a money-lender. He really added to them. He made, in 1450, a strange contract with Gutenberg, from which he expected to receive all the advantages of a partnership without its usual liabilities. These terms were hard, but Gutenberg had the firmest faith in the success of his invention. In his view, it was not only to be successful, but so enormously profitable that he could well afford to pay all the exactions of the money-lender. The object of the partnership is not explicitly stated, but it was, without doubt, the business of printing and publishing text-books, and, more especially, the production of a grand edition of the Bible, the price of a fair manuscript copy of which, at that time, was 500 guilders. The expenses incurred in printing a large edition of this work seemed insignificant in comparison with the sum which Gutenberg dreamed would be readily paid for the books. But the expected profit was not the only allureurement. Gutenberg was, no doubt, completely dominated by the idea that necessity was laid on him, and that he must demonstrate the utility and the grandeur of his invention. It must be done, whether the demonstration ruined him or enriched him. After sixteen years of fruitless labor, he snatched at the partnership with Fust as the only means by which he could accomplish this great purpose of his life.

It may be assumed that Gutenberg must have printed something before he printed

the Bible. It is not probable that Fust would have lent him money before a practical demonstration of Gutenberg's ability. Peter Schoeffer said that four thousand crowns of gold were spent before the third section of this Bible was completed. But Fust had not, at that date, advanced to Gutenberg so large a sum, and we have no evidence that Gutenberg borrowed money from any other person. It is probable that he had reached the end of borrowing. We can account for the expenditure of this large sum only by the hypothesis that Gutenberg, even as early as 1451, was successfully engaged on practical work, from which he derived an income. The curious pieces of printing known as the "Letters of Indulgence," the first typographically printed work with printed dates, are properly regarded as his work.

him full permission to sell them, but held the commissioner accountable for the moneys collected. This precaution was justified. When the alarming news of the capture of Constantinople (May 29, 1453) was received, John de Castro, thinking that Cyprus had also been taken, squandered the money he had collected. De Castro was arrested, convicted, and sent to prison, but the scandal created by the embezzlement greatly injured the sale of the indulgences. As the Pope's permission to sell them expired by limitation on May 1, 1455, Zappe, the chief commissioner, made renewed and more vigorous efforts to promote the sale. The old process of copying was altogether too slow. There was, also, the liability that a hurried copyist would produce inexact copies; that an unscrupulous copyist or



FAC-SIMILE OF HOLBEIN'S SATIRE ON THE SALE OF INDULGENCES.

The canon at the right absolves the kneeling young man, but points significantly to the huge money-chest into which the widow puts her mite. Two Dominicans, seated at the table, are preparing and selling indulgences: one of them, holding back the letter, greedily counts the money as it is paid down; another pauses in his writing, to repulse the penitent but penniless cripple; another is leaning at the woman whose letter he delays. The pope, enthroned in the nave, and surrounded by cardinals, is giving a commission for the sale of the letters.

The circumstances connected with the publication of these "Letters" present to us the first specific indication of the need of printing. They also give us a glimmer of the corruption of some of the men who sold these indulgences—a corruption which, in the next century, brought down on the sellers and the system the scorn of Holbein and the wrath of Luther. A plenary indulgence of three years had been accorded by Pope Nicholas V. to all who should properly contribute with money to the aid of the alarmed King of Cyprus, then threatened by the Turks. Paul Zappe, ambassador of the King of Cyprus, selected John de Castro chief commissioner for the sale of indulgences in Germany. Theodoric, Archbishop of Mentz, gave

seller would issue fraudulent copies. These seem to have been the reasons which induced Zappe to print the indulgences, which was accordingly done, with blank spaces for the insertion of the name of the buyer and the signature of the seller.

Eighteen copies of these "Letters of Indulgence" are known, all bearing the printed date of 1454 or of 1455. The places where they were sold having been written on the document by the seller, we discover that they must have been sold over a large territory, for one was issued at Copenhagen, another at Nuremberg, and another at Cologne.

The original print from which the facsimile is taken is in the National Library at Paris. An almost obliterated annotation on the margin shows that it was sold to the

happy buyer for the small consideration of three florins. "Thy money perish with thee," said the indignant Apostle to the Magian who would buy the divine favor.



JOHN FUST.

"Thou canst not buy absolution with money," said stern Bishop Ambrose to the Emperor Theodorus. But here we see the anointed occupant of the chair of St. Peter commissioning men to peddle policies of insurance against the eternal burning at the rate of three florins a soul. There was need, even then, of Martin Luther.

Gutenberg's fame as a great inventor is not at all justified by the trivial work attributed to him, which may have been first in order of time, but not of merit. His fame as the first printer is more justly based on his two editions in folio of the Holy Bible in Latin. The breadth of his mind is clearly indicated by his selection of a work of such formidable nature. There is an admirable propriety in the circumstance that he introduced his new art to the world of letters by the book known throughout Christendom as "The Book."

These two editions of the Bible are best defined by titles which specify the number of lines to the column in each book; one is the *Bible of 42 lines*, sometimes described as the *Mazarin Bible*, because the librarian of Cardinal Mazarin was the first to identify the book as the work of Gutenberg; the other is the *Bible of 36 lines*, also known as the *Bamberg Bible*, as *Pfister's Bible*, and as the *Schellhorn Bible*. It is not certainly known which is the earlier edition, but the weight of bibliographic authority inclines to the selection of the *Bible of 42 lines*, chiefly

because one copy of this book contains the certificate of the illuminator, that he finished his work in 1456.

The Bible in folio would be a great undertaking for any printer. In the infancy of printing, the difficulties were of a more formidable nature, for Gutenberg had to make the types before he could begin to print. Fust did not aid Gutenberg as he should have done. Instead of furnishing 800 guilders in one sum, and in one year, as was implied in the contract, he allowed two years to pass before this amount was paid. As a necessary consequence, the equipment of the printing office with new types was delayed. At the end of the two years, when Gutenberg was ready to print, he needed for the next year's expenses, and for the paper and vellum for the entire edition, more than the 300 guilders which were allowed to him by this contract. Fust, perceiving the need of Gutenberg, saw also his opportunity for a stroke in finance, which would assist him in the ulterior designs which he seems to have entertained from the beginning. He proposed a modification of the contract—to commute the annual payment of 300 guilders for the three successive years by the immediate payment of 800 guilders. As an offset to the loss Gutenberg might sustain, Fust proposed to remit his claim to interest on the 800 guilders that had already been



PETER SCHOEFFER.

paid. Gutenberg, eager for the money and credulous, assented to these modifications.

It is not known how many copies were printed. We may infer from the custom of



later printers that the edition was small. At the close of the fifteenth century, three hundred copies of a book in folio were rated as a very large edition. We have no knowledge of the price first asked for the book. Unbound copies were sold at different times and places, not long after its publication, for various sums ranging from twelve guilders to sixty crowns.\* Nor do we know anything about the reception the book met from the book-buyers of Mentz.

On the 6th of November, 1455, John Fust brought a suit for the recovery of the money advanced to Gutenberg. As Gutenberg was unable to pay the demand, we may suppose that the Bible had not been completed, or, if completed, had not met the ready sale that had been anticipated. The defenders of Fust, who are few, have to admit that Fust here appears as a keen man of business, destitute of sentiment and of generous impulses. Sympathizers with Gutenberg denounce Fust as a cunning schemer, who made the terms of the partnership rigorous with the secret determination to get possession of the invention through Gutenberg's inability to keep his contract.

The suit brought by Fust was, apparently, a surprise, for it cannot be supposed that Gutenberg would have been so completely unprepared to meet his obligation if he had not been led to believe that Fust would postpone the collection of his claim. Gutenberg's defense before the court was very feeble; it was that of a man who knew he had no hope of success. He did not appear in person, but trusted his case to his workmen. Fust was more adroit; he was voluble and

Gutenberg; the hard terms of the contract he had signed compelled adverse decision.

That Fust did Gutenberg a grievous wrong is very plain; that Gutenberg had managed the business of the partnership with economy and intelligence is not so clear. At no period

**gentes super quas inudratū ē nomen  
meū dicit dñs faciens her. Mōū a se-  
culo ē dñs opus suū. Propter quod  
ego iudico nō inquirari eos q̄ re gen-  
tibus auertunt ad deū sed scribere ad**

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE BIBLE OF 42 LINES.

of his life did the great inventor show any talent for financial administration. He was certainly deficient in many qualities that should be possessed by a man of business, and Fust may have thought that he was fully justified in placing his money interests in the hands of a more careful manager. A copy of the oldest engraving known of Gutenberg, in the National Library at Paris, presents him to us as a man of decided character, not to be cajoled or managed by a partner in business. The thin, curving lip and pointed nose, the strongly marked lines on the forehead, the bold eyes and arrogant bearing of the head reveal to us a man of genius and of force, a man born to rule, impatient of restraint, and of inflexible resolution. We have but to look at the portrait of Fust to see that he, also, was accustomed to having his own way, and that he and Gutenberg were not at all adapted to each other as partners.

But Fust would not have broken with Gutenberg if he had not been prepared to put a competent successor in his place. In Peter Schoeffer, a young man twenty-six years old, who had been employed in the printing office, Fust discerned an intelligent workman who gave promise of ability as a manager. Schoeffer, who then hoped

**uinitatis inuestigabo: et ponā ī  
lucem scientiā illius: et non pre-  
ribo veritatē: neq; cum inuidia**

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE BIBLE OF 36 LINES.

positive, and his relative, Jacob Fust, was one of the judges. The fates were against

\* At the sale of the Perkins library near London, June 6, 1873, a copy of the *Bible of 42 lines*, on vellum, was sold for £3,400, and a copy on paper for £2,600.

to win the hand of Fust's daughter Christina, was, no doubt, more complaisant than the irascible Gutenberg. As he was afterward married to her, it may be supposed that she approved his suit in its beginning, and that her influence with her father was used to its



utmost in favor of the removal of Gutenberg and the advancement of Schoeffer. It was fully understood by the three conspirators that Gutenberg could make no proper defense; it was determined that he should be expelled from his place in the partnership and that Schoeffer should succeed him in the management of the printing office. When

Gutenberg, hot with anger at the bad faith of Fust, in wresting from him the honor and the profit of printing the first Bible, would have tried to print a rival edition of the same book. If we suppose that he began work on the *Bible of 36 lines* in 1456, he could have completed the book in 1459. Unfortunately for us, this book has no history. It is without

et sum con pp per us s pro Other Marks of Abbreviation.

CONTRACTIONS USED IN THE BIBLE OF 36 LINES.

everything had been arranged, Gutenberg was summoned to appear before the court.

The plot was successful in all points. Fust won the suit, almost without a struggle: under the forms of law, he took possession of all the materials made by Gutenberg for the common profit, and removed them to his own house. With the types, presses and books, went also many of the skilled workmen, and Peter Schoeffer was at their head. From an equitable point of view, Fust was amply recompensed. He got the printing office that he coveted, and, with it, the right to use the newly discovered art of Gutenberg. It appears that he was content. There is no evidence that he afterward made any attempt to collect the claim which was legally unsatisfied, even after the surrender of Gutenberg's printing materials and the printed books.

Gutenberg was legally deprived of his printing office and of the exclusive right to his great invention, but he was not left friendless and utterly impoverished. Nor was his spirit broken by this great calamity. The reflection that Fust was owner of his printing materials, and had a full knowledge of the new art, and was about to enjoy its profits and honors, aroused this man of energy and combativeness to active opposition. He was nearly sixty years old, but he had lived a life of industry and integrity; he was vigorous in mind, if not in body, and evidently retained all his old power of persuasion. When he determined to establish a new printing office, he found helpers. Some of the workmen who had aided him in printing the *Bible of 42 lines* came over to join his fortunes. Conrad Humery, a physician, and clerk of the town of Mentz, provided him with the means.

It is not unwarrantable to suppose that

little we know about its origin is based on presumptive and circumstantial evidence; but it is clear, almost at a glance, that the types of this Bible were designed, and probably made, by the workman who made the types for the *Bible of 42 lines*. We have evidence that Gutenberg's printing office was in active operation in 1458, and that he had then acquired reputation as a printer.

We have evidence, also, that he was embarrassed by his debts. After the year 1457 he was unable to pay the four pounds annually to the chapter of St. Thomas at Strasburg, as he had agreed to do in 1441.

The silence of Gutenberg concerning his services and the merits of his invention, is remarkable—all the more so, when this silence is contrasted with the silly chatterings of a multitude of printers all over Europe, during the last quarter of the fifteenth century—of whom Peter Schoeffer may be regarded as the first, and Trechsel of Lyons the last—each insisting that he, whatever others might have done before him, was the true perfecter of printing. There is no other instance in modern history, excepting possibly that of Shakspeare, of a man who did so much and who said so little about it.

**Deus. a. um. in leua exponitur.**  
Lex legis. sz a lego. gis. legi qz legitur. Et est  
lex illa scripta ascriptens honestu. phibens cont  
ritu. ut lex e scripta populo. pmulgatu magistra  
tu querente et populo respondente. Solebat emz

FAC-SIMILE OF THE TYPES OF THE CATHOLICON OF 1460.

The only allusion to the invention which can be attributed to Gutenberg is found in the closing note, or colophon, of a large folio, a combination of a Latin grammar and dictionary, otherwise known as the "Catholicon of 1460."

"By the assistance of the Most High, at whose will the tongues of children become

eloquent, and who often reveals to babes what He hides from the wise, this renowned book, the 'Catholicon,' was printed and perfected in the year of the Incarnation 1460, in the beloved city of Mentz (which belongs to the illustrious German nation, and which God has consented to prefer and to raise with such an exalted light of the mind and of free grace, above the other nations of the earth), not by means of pen, or pencil, or stencil plate, but by the admirable proportion, harmony and connection of the punches and matrices. Wherefore to thee, Divine Father, Son and Holy Ghost, triune and only God, let praise and honor be given, and let those who never forget to praise [the Virgin] Mary, join also through the book in the universal anthem of the Church. God be praised."

Gutenberg's name is not mentioned, but it is generally admitted that he must have been the printer of this book. The modesty, dignity and reverence of the language of this colophon, so unlike the vainglorious and commonplace assertions of other printers, is almost enough to prove that it could have been written by no one but Gutenberg. Its chief value, however, is in its specification of the vital feature of printing, which was not the idea of movable types, but in "the admirable proportion, harmony and connection of the punches and matrices,"—or, in other words, the mechanism for making types, so that they could be combined with facility. It was for the invention of this mechanism that an imperfect practice of printing had been waiting for centuries.

No chronicler of Mentz before 1462 has put on record even so much as a mention of the fact that a new method of making books had been invented. We have, however, abundant evidence that printing was done with zeal and diligence, not only by Gutenberg, but by Fust and Schoeffer, and, according to some authors, by rival printers whose names are unknown. Twelve works, large and small, have been attributed to Gutenberg; and there are enough of relics of early printing in Mentz before 1462 in the shape of handbills, calendars, and religious tracts, to prove that the people of that city must have bought them freely. But the art was born in a troubled time. The hopes of honor or profit which the early printers may have had were destroyed by the sack of Mentz in 1462. The city of Mentz then held the first place in the league of the free cities of the Rhine, but her prosperity was declining. Unceasing strifes between the no-

bles and the common people, between the people of all orders and the clergy, and between the rival archbishops, had driven away the more feeble part of her population. In 1461 it was but the wreck of its earlier greatness; it had but 50,000 inhabitants and was over-burdened with debt. By virtue of his office as archbishop, Diether of Isenburg was the elector of the city, with the approval of the majority of the inhabitants; but the rival archbishop, Adolph II., supported by Pope Pius II., claimed the electorate, and made war on Diether. On the night following the 27th day of October, 1462, Adolph, aided by the treachery of some of the residents, effected an entrance into the city. Then followed a night and a day of horrors. The city was given up to be sacked, and there was no respect for age, rank, or sex. The noble citizens who were not murdered were robbed and driven beyond the walls. The booty was sold in the cattle-market and the money divided among the soldiers. The house and types of Fust were destroyed. As he and Schoeffer had their lives spared, and as they soon after were encouraged to establish a new office, and printed proclamations for Adolph, it is supposed that they did not suffer as severely as many others.

During the three years that followed, no books of value were printed in Mentz. We do not know how Gutenberg was affected; we find no authoritative statement that his printing office was destroyed; it is not even certain that his office was then in the city of Mentz. In the year 1466 the printing office which contained his types was in active operation at Eltvill, a village not far from the city. As this was the place where Gutenberg's mother was born, and where she had an estate, it is possible that Gutenberg found some advantage in making it his residence, soon after his separation from Fust. Eltvill was also the place which Adolph II. had selected for his residence before he made his attack on Diether, and it may be presumed that Eltvill was the place where Adolph first knew of Gutenberg and his works.

In 1465 Adolph made Gutenberg one of the gentlemen of his court, "for agreeable and voluntary service rendered to us and our bishopric." The nature of the service is not explained, but it is the common belief that the archbishop intended to recognize the utility of Gutenberg's invention. Very comforting it is to learn, from the document certifying his appointment, that the man who had invented an art which promised to

renew the literature of the world, and had made Mentz famous forevermore, was thus rewarded by the first ecclesiastical dignity of Germany: "by accepting him for life as our servant and courtier; by clothing him with a court suit, as we clothe our noblemen; by the annual gift of twenty mout of corn and two voer of wine, free of tax, on condition that he shall not sell it nor give it away." How delightful it is to be told by one of the dry-as-dust chroniclers of Gutenberg's life, that there was no reason why Gutenberg should not have been happy. Was he not provided with everything for a comfortable old age? He was allowed to follow the princely court. He had free table and fodder for his horse. He had ineffable pleasure in wearing an aristocratic mantle known as the *tabard*, and—could anything be more satisfactory?—he could carouse at court—could, if he chose, go with an empty and return with a full cup. Think of it! the man who had printed two Latin Bibles and a Latin dictionary and many books of religious character,—the greater part of whose life had been spent in solitary studies over the secrets of mechanics,—whose thoughts and aspirations were far above and beyond his fellows,—was to find his pleasure in sitting down at a table between the maudlin Baron Schlangenbad and the driveling Count of Pumpernickel, and in listening to the profound remarks of the Osrics and Bobadils of a German principality!

Here Gutenberg's work ends. If not disqualified by the infirmities of age from the management of his printing office, his position as courtier must have compelled his attendance at the court of the archbishop. Possibly the rules of the court required Gutenberg to withdraw from active business. Whatever the reason, we see that the printing office at Eltvill passed into the hands of his relatives by marriage, the brothers Henry and Nicholas Bechtermüntz. Gutenberg could not have abandoned his printing office with much regret. He had abundantly demonstrated the utility of his invention and his own ability as a printer. His art had been adopted in five German cities; it was then making its entry in Rome; it was eagerly sought for by the King of France; a future of unbounded popularity and usefulness was before it. The young men to whom Gutenberg had taught the practice of printing had so improved that they were his equals and superiors, and the old man of quite seventy years could not cope with these competitors. His ambition

for preëminence in his own art, or for the wealth that should have been derived from its practice, if he ever had such aspirations, had to be given up. It was time that he should quit the stage.

That Gutenberg had a clearer idea than any man then living of the value of his invention, and of the work that could be done by it, is probable. Did he have a full warning of its marvelous future? Did he, like the old Hebrew prophet, have visions of the wheels within wheels which his types had put in motion? In those visions did he hear the clash and roar of countless presses for which there was no night and scarcely any Sunday of rest? Did he see the books and newspapers, the libraries and schools, which his art had created? Could he foresee that in a world then unknown, millions should rise up and call him blessed? Probably not. Not even that wild dreamer, the Marquis of Worcester, in his book about a *Century of Inventions* has told us anything so wonderful as the results that have flowed from the invention of types.

Gutenberg did not long enjoy the leisure of a courtier. In February, 1468, he was dead. Nothing is known of the cause or the circumstances of his death, nor is there any mention of a surviving family. We have to conclude that John Gutenberg, the inventor of the greatest of modern arts, died, weighed down by debts, and unattended by wife or child. The appreciation which he and his art received after his death seems tardy and scant, but it was as much as could have been expected from his age.

The archbishop requested that the types of the dead printer should always remain in Mentz. All the printers of that period recognized the fact that Gutenberg's method of making the types, or the type-mold, with its connections, was the proper basis or starting-point of the invention. Schoeffer, who first printed a notice of the new art, speaks of it as the "masterly invention of printing and also of type-making," implying that the art of printing was inseparably connected with that of type-making. Gelthus, the relative who mortgaged his house to lend Gutenberg money, put up a tablet in the Church of St. Francis, "in perpetual commemoration of his name, as the inventor of the art of printing—deserver of the highest honors from every nation and tongue." He properly described Gutenberg's invention as *the* art of printing. Compared with other methods, this was first, and there was no second.

Equally instructive is the pithy inscription on a second tablet, put up by Ivo Wittig, then professor of history in the university, and probably the most learned man in Mentz: "To John Gutenberg, of Mentz, who, first of all, invented printing letters in brass [matrices and molds], by which art he has deserved honor from the whole world." Wittig, who had probably known Gutenberg, and who clearly understood his process, is not content with a paraphrase of the Gelthus inscription. In plain words, he specifies the key of the invention. Gutenberg, first of all, made types in brass molds and matrices. In other words, it was only through the invention of the type-mold and matrices in brass that printing became a great art.

This tablet, which escaped the barbarity of the Swedish soldiers, who occupied Mentz at intervals between 1632 and 1636, was destroyed by the conscripts of the French republic, who were lodged in the vicinity between the years 1793 and 1797. It is probable that these ruffians suspected John Gutenberg of aristocratic tendencies. They did not know that the old citizen of Mentz was, unwittingly, the leader of all democrats, revolutionists, and reformers, the man, above all others, who, by his invention, had paved the way for the French Revolution.

Considered from a mechanical point of view, the merit of Gutenberg's invention may be inferred from its permanency. His type-mold was not merely the first; it is the only practical mechanism for making types. For more than four hundred years this mold has been under critical examination, and many attempts have been made to supplant it. Contrivances have been introduced for casting fifty or more types at one operation; for swaging types, like nails, out of cold metal; for stamping types from cylindrical steel dies upon the ends of copper rods; but experience has shown that these and other inventions in the field of type-making machinery are not better methods of making types. There is no better method than Gutenberg's. Modern type-casting machines have molds attached to them which are more exact and more carefully finished, and which have many little attachments of which Gutenberg never dreamed, but in principle and in all the more important features, the modern molds may be regarded as the molds of Gutenberg.

"Why," says Madden, "should we speak of monuments of bronze or stone to commemorate the services of Gutenberg? His monument is in every quarter of the world: more frail than all, it is more enduring than all: it is the book."

## THE WEDDING AT OGDEN FARM.

THE improvement of Ogden Farm was undertaken in 1867, and among the gang of immigrants sent from Castle Garden to do the drainage work, came a bibulous Teuton named Haas, from the flat country of North-western Hanover. His chief claim to notice lies in the fact that through him we became the possessors of a bound apprentice, born in Aurich, in East Friesland, who came, at the tender age of thirteen, to begin his career as boy-of-all-work on the farm, and to grow into a free and independent American citizen.

It has been interesting to watch the manner in which our institutions and the characteristics of our country people have modified his crude Teutonic nature, and developed in him the leading qualities of that class of the universal Yankee nation with which the island of Rhode Island is peopled. Seven years ago Hinderk was

Hinderk—"Dutch" of the "Dutch"—with clumsy sabots, entirely ignorant of English, and hardly deft even at German. The Platt-Deutsch of Fritz Reuter was his mother tongue, and seemed peculiarly fitted to his uncouth manners and customs. From the outset he had a sort of uncultivated intelligence and shrewdness that marked him for a successful New Englander; and as in those days our farmer and his wife were natives of the island, he took on, even from the beginning of his career, certain local peculiarities which contrasted oddly with the traditions he still held of the Fatherland.

How he translated his name and became Henry; how he spoke Platt-Deutsch in a shamefaced way and struggled to gain our own vernacular; how he shed his sabots and learned the use of leather, and how gently he glided into the use of the paper collar, it was curious to watch. Within two



years he showed a still deeper influence of the surroundings of his daily life, and very early developed a talent for the arts of traffic which put even his native-born school-mates to the blush, and caused him to be regarded with caution by all who had jack-knives to swap. With his advancing years he directed his talents to a wider field, and watches, chains, and even decrepit horses were made to contribute to his waxing prosperity. As he had not been born to the shrewdness that characterizes the people of our neighborhood, he was early but wrongly accused of Hebraic origin. Keen at a bargain he certainly was, and even his lawful guardian has more than once fallen a victim to his trading propensities; all of his possessions, even those given him for his amusement as a child, being valued solely as material for the increase of his private fortune.

It was a happy day for Hinderk when the Narragansett Gun Club was organized. This club devotes itself to the industry of pigeon-shooting, and Hinderk raises pigeons. The shooting-ground being on the farm adjoining ours, and in full sight of his dovecot, it was quite natural that he should become a chief source of supply, furnishing birds for the slaughter at a regular tariff. The Narragansett Gun Club seems to have a fair proportion of members who are hardly, as yet, expert in their art. As a result, a goodly number of Hinderk's pigeons are released from the trap only to return, generally unwounded, to their ancestral nests; and he tells, with evident satisfaction, of one peculiarly marked bird which he has now sold eighteen times.

These qualities, however, relate to the less serious side of his life. Leaving apart certain infirmities of temper which are not rare in his race, and a disposition, which is by no means confined to him, to set things by the ears generally, and to enjoy the entire disruption of the *entente cordiale* which all employers desire to see among their servants—a disposition that is only entirely happy when the whole household is at sixes and sevens—he has been throughout eminently satisfactory; faithful, industrious, honest (after the manner of honesty of his class), and intelligent in the performance of his work; so that, although it would be safe to say that he has never made a suggestion that had not a direct bearing on the advancement of his own interests or the gratification of his own whims, he has been, on the whole, a useful and satisfactory apprentice.

He was soon to become of age, and to emerge into manhood and independence, carrying with him the cordial good wishes of all who knew him.

Our experience of German labor made it early evident that the most satisfactory market at which we could engage our farm hands generally would be the immigrant landing station in New York, and for seven years past we have employed few others than Germans. First came Bardelt and Antje Eden, uncle and aunt to Hinderk, who, without being very satisfactory, held the position of chief authority, by reason of the aunt's eminent skill in the making of butter, which has always been our chief industry. A year before they left the service, we made a wholesale importation of a man, wife, and six children, just landed from the classic hamlet of Dudeldorf in the Rhenish Provinces.

The law of the survival of the fittest effected the discharge of Hinderk's avuncular relatives, and the enrollment of the Haubrich family in their stead. In time, Haubrich's comely and useful daughter became corrupted, as all German maidens do, and degenerated into a servant in the town, with double her farm wages. Then came the most earnest appeals for a house-maiden to take her place, and several importations were made with a view to filling the vacancy; but the temptations of the town were too much for all of them, and we despaired of success with any one who should be eligible to domestic service in Newport.

Haubrich represented Dudeldorf as the one spot in all Europe whence entirely capable and reliable farm hands might be brought, and recommended especially a young married couple, with two children, whom he had known from their childhood; and, more in despair than in hope, I went in person to Dudeldorf, to give the re-inforcement of personal solicitation in urging my service as worthy of acceptance.

When we reached Trier on the Mosel, I telegraphed for Hinderk's friend to come to town and meet me at the house of a certain butcher, whose son had formerly worked for me, and who, according to the custom of his craft in that section, combined beer and beef in his traffic. On one side of the entrance hall was the odd little shop, where were displayed the nameless products of the knife which make up the meat diet of the German people. Opposite this was a long, low, ill-lighted, ill-ventilated, but comforta-



bly warmed room, where bread and cheese, and wine and beer, were served out to the more numerous customers of that department. The family kitchen was near at hand, and cooked meat was prepared to order. In a little room adjoining the refectory lived a sumptuous artillery sergeant, who was quartered on the family.

Among the frequenters of the place, I was especially struck with a book-binder and a shoemaker. They were both old men, and the shoemaker was married. For many long years they had eaten their supper of bread and cheese and passed their evenings in this room, the wife coming with her husband, and entering with zest into his share of the entertainment. Business and curiosity took me several times to the place, and when I called in the daytime these inseparable friends of the house and its fortunes were summoned from their work, and had their copious wine-glasses filled with wine. My coming (from America) was an event which they had a prescriptive right to enjoy. I learned to know them pretty well, and more soundly intelligent men, or better informed in their homely way on the common topics of the day, one does not often meet. They showed great interest in America, and more knowledge about it than you can always be sure of meeting in much higher grades of society in Europe. To them Nicolas Martzen's bier-halle is the center of the world, but they try to make it an intellectual center, and one may make much worse use of an evening than in listening to their sapient talk. I found it the best place to seek the traditions of their town, which is the oldest in Germany.

Finally, Hinderk's friend arrived. We drank our bottle of good Moselwein (twenty cents), and talked business. I liked him well enough to want to see his wife and his establishment, and we arranged to go together to Dudeldorf that afternoon. The distance was about twenty-five miles, and as I wanted to see as much of the people as possible, I went with him into the third-class car, which was quite full of peasant men, women, and children—remarkably decent and well-behaved people. When my nationality became known, great interest was manifested, for it is seldom that an American travels third-class, or brings himself in any way into contact with the peasantry. I was besieged for information about Canada, and asked if I knew, perhaps, "my son Friedrich Grebe, who is a farmer in Buenos Ayres;" but this man was in-

formed by a scornful neighbor that I was from *Nord America*, from Chicago and Wisconsin.

We left the train at Philipsheim, and took a dilapidated old coach to Dudeldorf, two and a half miles up hill. The road was well graded and macadamized, and had just been built (at the sole cost of the village). In Rhode Island, a manufacturing town of ten times its size (and a hundred times its wealth) would trudge forever over rocks, sand, and "thankee ma'ams."

It was quite dark when we arrived, and my impressions of the place were gathered entirely by candle-light. I was said to be the first American who had ever been seen there; a little village of small farmers on the top of an unwooded mountain, and on the road to nowhere in particular, having no attraction for tourists. We entered the single street by a sharp turn through an archway under an old tower, which was built by the Romans two thousand years ago, and drew up at the door of the only hotel, kept by the Widow Saarwatsius. The village consists mainly of a single street, rather a wide one, which serves not only as a street, but as a sort of common farm-yard, with carts, wagons, smaller implements, heaps of manure, and one or two stacks of hay.

My man, Michel Bühl, lived half way down the short street, in a house consisting of two rooms below stairs, and probably three above—small rooms, with absolutely no furniture beyond the barest needs. But for the scrupulous neatness and shining polish on everything, it would have seemed poverty-stricken. As it was, "frugal" seemed the more appropriate adjective. The wife was a very bright and active-looking young woman, with as well-kept a dairy as one could wish to see; the "incumbrances" were a couple of boys, who will be useful in time. The house is built, so to speak, *within* the barn, and opens from its drive-way. The cows, horse, and pigs are on the same floor with the living-rooms, but separated from them by massive stone walls. The vehicles and implements stand in the passage-way in front of the house door. House, passage, and stables are covered by a well-filled mow of hay, oats, wheat, lucerne and clover. There was also a good store of roots and potatoes. The three cows looked well, but as they are used in the yoke (as is the universal custom of the country), their milking quality is inferior. Except for work, they never leave their stalls, "the soiling system" being compulsory here, where Bühl's farm

of thirty-two acres consisted of seventeen different tracts within two miles of his house, and not fenced off from his neighbor's land. Calves are born and bred to working age without seeing the open sky, except when led out at rare intervals. A nice penful of pigs had never been out in their lives. The nearness of the family quarters made it imperative that the stables should be kept well cleaned and well ventilated.

Looking through this establishment, with its almost penurious economy in every detail, it was easy to see why a German "gets on" when he is transplanted to the rich soil of America, and why he makes a good farm hand when taken unspoiled from his native village.

I engaged this family on the following terms: The man—about twenty-eight, and a very intelligent and active fellow, known as an industrious and skillful farmer—was to give his whole time and his best services in any part of the farm-work to which he might be assigned, either as manager or as laborer. The wife was to take charge of the stable, and to be a sort of herdswoman to the stock, feeding, milking, cleaning, nursing, and tidying up; being, in fact, the constant attendant in the stables. She was not to work in the field unless in an emergency. The two children were to do the little they might. They were to pay their own expenses to Newport, and were to receive four hundred dollars per annum and board. In one sense this is not particularly low, but, when the quality of the people is considered, it is not too high. We have never succeeded in getting (and keeping) good hands, even from Germany, at much less than the "going" rates of our neighborhood.

The bargain concluded, we went, at about six o'clock, to Wittwe Saarwatsius's for dinner; and this was an experience to remember. As in the case of the farm-house, the entrance was by the barn passage; from this, down two steps, into the kitchen. Through this we passed into the public-room, where wine and beer are sold to plebeian customers, and where many a father and mother pass their evenings after the children have been put to bed, saving fire and light, and gaining the advantage of such information as the community may become possessed of. This room is, in fact, a more comfortable substitute for "the store" in our country neighborhoods, with the advantage that wives accompany their husbands—an advantage to both of them, which those can

best appreciate who know the sort of talk that goes on at "the store," and the companionless character of the living-room at home.

From this room we were shown into a larger inner apartment, where the better class of strangers are entertained. Alone, at a large table, sat the village doctor, sipping wine and water and reading a newspaper. He greeted us pleasantly, and, on learning that I came from America, became much interested in our conversation; the more so, as his son formerly lived on Long Island, and was now living in Bridgewater (Conn.). Our dinner party consisted of Bühl, another friend of my man at home, the son of the "Widow" (who was by turns guest and waiter), myself and my son. The table-cloth and napkins were quite fresh, and the furniture was generally in good order. We had soup, fish, three well-served dishes of meat (with vegetables, preserves, etc.), a pudding, cheese, coffee, and fruit, and three bottles of good wine; sitting an hour and a half at table, and talking as we ate. There are, so far as I know, no places in America, in towns of ten thousand inhabitants or under, where such a dinner can be had, nor many Americans, of the class of my guests, who would sit half the time over it. The food, the cooking, and the service were better than one is likely to find in a second-rate eating-house in New York. The bill for the whole entertainment for five persons, including wine, was one dollar and a half. It was hard to keep the conversation away from America, but I found these men well-informed on their own national matters, and especially so concerning the French war. The doctor, who was a man of education, deferred to their opinion, and treated them as equals in conversation, to a degree that showed that whatever hardships may tend to drive them away to newer lands, they would gain nothing socially by the change. Materially, they seemed to have everything to gain. Their life is laborious, and their living and dress are plain in the extreme, and they must look on the fabled lands of our Far West as on a real El Dorado. As we trundled out under the ancient archway and down the long hill to the station, I thought what a capital thing it would be if we could bring these people to America without losing the effect of what is good in the civilizing influences under which they have grown up.

I have drawn this sketch of peasant life with only the idea of showing that what

would here be considered almost abject poverty, is not incompatible with intelligence and good manners, and that the "Dutchmen," on whom we look down when they come into our neighborhood as farm laborers, are not so much behind our own people in some desirable evidences of civilization. Their training is somewhat different from ours, but it is not in *all* respects inferior.

One of the more curious elements entering into the composition of the average German immigrant is an inherited desire to compass for himself the good fortune of another, and a corresponding fear that another may capture his good fortune. This has been, and probably always will be, one of the most apparent traits of the foreign place-holders at Ogden Farm. Eden was never happy until he had got himself into the managerial shoes of our American Mr. Spooner; and on the arrival of the *famille* Haubrich, Haas trembled in *his* sabots, and the new-comers were never happy during their whole year's tutelage until they had fairly undermined their superior, and secured their own promotion. Later, when Haubrich's Dudeldorfër bosom friend and his much-lauded wife had grown fairly warm in their seats, the old story was revived *da capo*, and the end of another year saw the Bühls replace the Haubrichs. Frau Bühl's beloved sister, engaged at her earnest solicitation, came with her able-bodied young husband fresh from the little *dorf* on the hill, and the struggle was renewed; this time to the discomfiture of the later arrival, who sought consolation in a farm at the West. And now the small seed that produces this crop of dissension will germinate again, and our recent acquisition of a bride is tolerably sure to end sooner or later in a change of management.

Regarded as a study of human nature, the various devices, mendacious and otherwise, with which these struggles have been marked, are amusing and instructive. Regarded with the eye of a peaceful agriculturist, who has no special fondness for seeing his farm household at loggerheads for a large part of the time, and whose anticipations for the future depend very largely on the harmonious working of his force, they are not especially enlivening, and whenever I have wished that Ogden Farm might sink beneath the waters of the ocean which it overlooks, my despair might usually be traced to the torture of uncertainty which my Teutonic dependents were so ingenious in inflicting.

Happily, from the beginning of our work, every change has thus far been for the better; but I am already groaning in anticipation of a further change that is quite sure to come, sooner or later, and which has grown out of our daring solution of the servant-girl question.

A dairy farm must, of course, have a dairy-maid, and the variety that wears hob-nailed shoes and speaks with a strong brogue, universal though it is getting to be, would be entirely inadequate to the nicer work that we strive to accomplish. The resources of Dudeldorf are clearly exhausted. Two maids engaged there in person, the bargain having the sanction of the parish priest and of the village doctor, and being attested by a libation of Brauneberger, proved false to their promise, and returned their passage-tickets unused. Frau Bühl's cherished sister was the last effort of this highland walled village, and when she failed us, despair settled upon the household. It was clearly useless to make another attempt with Germans; the good girls who come to this country come consigned to friends, and those not so consigned are, all things considered, best let alone by prudent farmers.

In a moment of brilliant inspiration, our thoughts were turned to the plentiful supply of Italians, and a man and his wife from Napoli were added to the establishment. A kind consideration for the feelings of the reader leads me to pass over with a light pen the trials of the cruel month of their stay. They came, they stayed, and they went away, —entire satisfaction resulting only from the last of these events.

The native shrewdness of an East Frieslander, cultivated by seven years of contact with the New England mind, seemed to awaken Hinderk's instinct to the fact that the day of his triumph had now come. Watching his opportunity, when I was peculiarly overborne by the hopelessness of the situation, and harassed to the last limit of endurance by the clamors for a dairymaid, he accosted me in my own library with an air of the meekest exultation, and stated his view of the situation, modestly in his expression, but with an obvious certainty that the game lay in his own hands.

"What be you going to do about a girl for the farm? I s'pose you got to have one."

"I don't know; hav'n't made up my mind; something."

"I s'pect you know I've got a girl?"

"Yes, I was glad to learn it. I hope she is a good girl, and will keep you straight."

"Oh, yes; she's a good girl. She's a smart girl too; she can work first-rate."

Then a period of silence, giving time for the suggestion to develop its fruit in my mind.

"You see, I thought p'raps you might give me a chance."

"What do you mean? I don't see what your having a girl has to do with my getting a dairymaid."

"Well, I guess she'd come."

"No; I think that would be rather close quarters; I don't think it would do."

"Well, you know, if you didn't mind, we might get married, you know."

"Married! How old are you?"

"Twenty."

"How old is the girl?"

"Eighteen."

Novel as the proposition was, I caught at it with the eagerness of one drowning, and bade him bring the damsel for inspection on her next Sunday out. In the meantime due inquiry showed that the young woman (a Swedish servant girl) was a person of excellent character, amiable disposition, and tidy habits, and industrious and faithful. Personal inspection, a few days later, showed her to have that very desirable element in a dairymaid,—an unusual amount of good looks.

Perhaps this rash step promised at best only a temporary relief, yet a relief it certainly did promise, and it needed but little time to decide that, all things considered, this East Frisian ward, who, by the terms of his indenture, must remain nearly another year in service, might marry, on the understanding that during the remainder of his apprenticeship his bride should be unto us a faithful and cheerful handmaiden, with the proviso, however, that Frau Bühl, the reigning, and decidedly the ruling, spirit of the household, should give her free and willing consent.

The submission of the idea to her I undertook in person, and brought to bear upon it all the diplomacy that many years' experience had shown to be so necessary with persons of her nation and her class. I approached her as she was skimming the milk on a sunny and cheery afternoon in the breezy milk-room, singing as she worked, and evincing a happiness that an angel of an assistant could hardly have increased. Her husband, who was familiar with her temper, and who knew the arts by which a novel suggestion might be least offensively placed before her, had schooled me how to

proceed. He had schooled me, but also he had warned me.

It would be idle to attempt here the imperfect but suave German in which I tried to lay before her my scheme for solving the dairymaid problem. From the first word her suspicions took alarm, her eager black eyes became brighter, her ruddy cheeks heightened their color, and an incipient panting slowly took possession of her chest, gathering force as for a rising storm. Turning from her work, brandishing her ladle, and wiping her brow with her apron, she proceeded to recount the trials and tribulations through which she had passed since her first coming; how this one had stolen; how that one had lied; how untidy was such a one; and how everything in her experience had shown that no house is large enough for two families, especially the little house at Ogden Farm. Her anticipations of agony and disaster, poured forth with a volubility far too great for my unpracticed interpretation, made it seem for the moment quite evident that the proposed plan must be abandoned, and the hopeless search for help prosecuted in some other quarter. Gradually, as her force expended itself, she grew less vehement in her protestations, and added to all that she had said the eloquence of copious tears, and I turned sadly away, planning how I should tell Hinderk of the blasting of his hopes.

Lester, my friend and associate, while managing the butter-making the next day, underwent the same experience, and came to me in town late at night to say that he had been able to defer the instant flight of the Bühls only by the assurance that under no circumstances would I consent to the marriage without their approval.

A day or two later Hinderk came to me with his usual satisfied manner and asked me to fix the day for his nuptials. I gently intimated that Frau Bühl raised insuperable objections.

"Oh, she's got over that. She didn't mean nothing; she always does that way."

I took an early occasion to visit the farm and learn, if possible, the true state of the case. Frau Bühl was as mild as a May morning, gentle and smiling, and quite confident that the only way out of our difficulties lay in the execution of the very scheme whose suggestion had so roused her ire. This was about the middle of May. The bride's privilege had been accorded to me, and, as immediate action was necessary, I set the 2d of June for the Hochzeit. Invi-



tations were sent out, music was engaged, the minister selected, and all preparations well advanced, when I found that I should have occasion to be away from home on that day, and suggested that the ceremony should take place without my presence.

This project met with general disapproval. As the guardian of the groom, it was supposed that my official countenance would be indispensable. As beer would flow, my official presence seemed desirable; and so, by a second exercise of my prerogative, I postponed the affair until the next day.

The intervening time was one of active preparation. The cattle had eaten to the bottom of the mow, and the whole barn floor, eighty feet by forty feet, could be cleared for the entertainment. Lester undertook the duties of master of ceremonies, and by dint of several days of untiring activity, during which the work of the farm was reduced to the least possible amount, such a holiday air and outlook was given to all of its rude and unpicturesque features as only the German mind can compass. Whatever the town had to offer, in the way of bunting and yacht signals, was brought into requisition, and the woods contributed green boughs enough to transform our bare-walled barn into a verdant bower. In the parlor of the farm-house—an uncarpeted and somewhat unlovely room—two barrels set on end carried a board, over which was thrown a table-cloth set out with a small wealth of pressed glass and britanna-ware, betokening, in its simple but expressive way, the wide regard in which the bride and groom were held among those whose good-feeling was not to be measured by their ability for costly expression. In the dining-room a long table groaned under an inviting mass of bride-cake, kartoffel-salat, cold ham, pumpernickel, Ogden-Farm butter, and schmier-käse. German confectioners in the town contributed good pastry and abundant ice-cream, and one huge Alsatian restaurateur from the main street expressed his congratulations in nothing less than actual champagne. The utensils of our ordinary frugal board were supplemented by requisitions upon the kitchen closets of neighbors.

At last the sun was getting low, the cows had been milked, and all work of preparation was over. Neighbors from far and near, led, some by friendly feeling, and some by a curiosity as to the manner in which weddings are managed among the

Germans, flocked to the entertainment. In my own party was a dignified counselor, formerly of the New York bar, but now retired to an easy and dignified agricultural position, the father of a family, and a leader in his county and his church. His gray beard and his thoughtful and kindly brow seemed well suited to his name—Bonhomme.

The first serious business of the occasion was my interview with the minister, who explained the intricacies of the Rhode Island matrimonial law, and compelled me to fulfill its requirements by inscribing the full names of the bride and groom, their place of birth, the name and residence of the fathers, and the maiden names of the mothers, etc., etc., to the end of a long chapter, and to witness the signatures of Hinderk Johann Haas and Alma Christina Hesselgren.

Hinderk, who had never before worn aught else than the gray or brown suited to his position, appeared in the full splendor of black broadcloth, white linen, white cravat, and such a breadth of white glove as only his sturdy hand could fill. At the last moment the bride came blushing down the narrow staircase, arrayed in satin marvelously frilled and fluted in its trimmings, and drawn tight to her person, after the manner of the last issue of "Harper's Bazar." White kid slippers and gloves, veil and flowers, completed her adornment, and made one unreservedly admire the spirit of genuine good-sisterhood that holds its sway over the little society of Swedish servants in Newport; for months of hard-earned wages, and the needle-work of many hands, must have gone to make up this gorgeous array. The same society contributed four courtesy bridesmaids—fair-haired Scandinavian damsels, arrayed in white, and good to look upon.

At the last moment Hinderk bashfully asked me to stand for him as "best man," and, on consultation with the minister, we decided upon the Methodist form of the Episcopal marriage service, the use of the ring to be included, and no sentence of the somewhat long ritual to be omitted. Passing over the reverend gentleman's inexperienced handling of Continental names, one can have only words of praise for the interested and feeling manner in which he performed his office. His example in saluting the bride, as he wished her all happiness in life, seemed, on a second look, by no means hard to follow, and the best man followed it accordingly.



The ceremony over, what might be called the "bridal party" was formed, and marched to the supper-room. It consisted of the bride and groom, the groomsmen and actual bridesmaid (a sister of the groom, in gray silk, and mistress of the pantry during the evening), and Bonhomme and Lester, each with a double allowance of fair young Swedes. After our places had been taken, the remaining seats were occupied by such of the guests as were fortunate enough to secure them.

Two professional German waiters, in full dress (which became less full as the evening and the heat waxed later and greater), had borrowed themselves from their masters, and served our modest refreshments with all the grave dignity of the Avenue itself. We were mainly of a robust and hearty class, and fuller justice was done to the varied cheer than is usual with those who labor amid the excitements of a high wedding. The abundant repast over, the bride cake was cut and passed, and champagne flowed to the health of the chief personages of the event.

We then withdrew in good order to the dancing-hall, which was well lighted with large stable lanterns, well swept, sufficiently seated, and really very cheery and pretty. The orchestra loft was occupied by Teutonic members of the band of the Fifth Artillery, and the deftest beer-barman from Newport kept his counter filled with foaming glasses of lager. Some of us, after the custom of our native land, and others of us as a token of respect to those customs, quaffed brimming beakers of the refreshing tap, all unmindful of the heavy eating and drinking from which we had but now arisen. On leaving the house there had been an evident disposition for a natural selection, according to comeliness, from among the Swedish sisters, and Bonhomme, with a keenness born of his craft, came in, a dignified first winner; but even the least of the bevy was by no means unattractive, and it is not always that four such blonde beauties are found in the same quadrille in a barn, as first danced in honor of Hinderk's Hochzeit. The "man to call off" seems an indispensable aid in festivities of this class, and ours was stentorian and ingenious; he not only devised figures that were marvelous to behold and still more marvelous to perform, but he introduced sudden and startling combinations that were little else than confusing. However, confusion detracted nothing from enjoyment, and the element of

"turn your partners" ("whirl your partners" would have been more appropriate), consisting here of a semi-embrace and a dizzying swing three times about, seemed to give the most general satisfaction.

The quadrille was followed by round dances, which began in a most active manner with a double revolution for each bar of the music, and which reminded one later in the evening of Gautier's description of the dancing Dervishes. Seeing that all hands were well under way, I attempted a quiet departure, pleading as an excuse that Bonhomme, who was aged, must be taken home to rest; but Bühl hereupon expressed serious alarm lest the ball, which had literally begun to roll, should acquire such impetus as to get beyond his control, and great as was his confidence in Lester's dignity, he feared that nothing short of my absolute authority would lead to the successful and quiet termination of the rout.

Promising, therefore, to return, I left the barnful of young men and maidens in the most gleeful and animated state of delight, performing already, as it seemed to me, all that the clad human frame is capable of in the way of dancing. But when I returned, an hour or two later, I found that what I had left was, as compared with what I had returned to, as water unto wine; or, in view of the cause that had produced the effect, as water unto beer. Happily, the supply had run low, and the last glasses were being slowly and regretfully drained, with no worse effect than an excess of good nature—a good nature, however, of the most buoyant and demonstrative character. The bride's bouquet, still clutched with a lasting fondness, had suffered from serious contusions; her veil, no longer fresh and full, had sadly disturbed her golden hair and the flowers entwined in it, and her white kid slippers had bitten deep of the water-sprinkled dust with which years of barn use had filled every crevice of the floor. The groom, whether to enjoy his gyrations with greater comfort, or whether for the preservation of his new-found elegance, had doffed his coat, and was dancing stoutly in his shirt-sleeves. Dodging about here and there among the throng, our sturdy herdsman plied the well-filled bucket, splashing water with his hand as skillfully as he might between the dancers. A slight spattering of a white dress or of a polished boot was readily forgiven, and it was not until Lester, with a vigorous Swedish partner, slipped in the too copious flood, to the sad disfigurement of

her dress, that it was thought necessary to check this profuse outpouring. The chief bridesmaid and pantry-girl, whenever she could get relief from her dish-washing and waiting, dropping her apron, ran to the barn for a giddy turn, and then back to her hospitable duties. Frau Bühl, sturdy and upright, handsome and strong, all unmindful of her apprehensions and agonizing appeal of three weeks before, joined in the maddening dance with an *abandon* that must have recalled the festivities of the Hotel Saarwatsius, renewing, with her good-man, their own happy hochzeit in Dudeldorf.

The fun had grown "fast and furious," and there was only delight on every hand; but, toward eleven o'clock, it seemed that the limit was being approached beyond which an undisciplined human nature might perchance assert itself and lead to strife; so the bride was secretly smuggled away, the last dance was played, the lights were slowly turned lower, and the company gradually strolled out into the moonlight with that

appetite for further entertainment that gives its best zest to entertainment received.

So ended Hinderk's Hochzeit, and the next day found the farm restored to its usual quiet and industry. But the bridal couple must needs have their bridal tour, and, doubtless, they made a happy round in the butter-wagon with which Hinderk next day visited his customers to the far end of the Avenue and along the shores of Narragansett Bay. I met them at dusk driving happily home, all unheeding the slothfulness of their ponderous mule, who seemed loth to bring to an end this last phase of their youth, and to return them to their labors, and to their plots for ascendancy and mastership.

The Bühls seem content and patient; but their interest in the state of agriculture at the Far West, and their frequent reference to that *plaisir* which finds its fullest development in Dudeldorf, and to which they hope to return when their fortunes shall mend or change, indicate a dawning apprehension of their insecurity.

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LOUISE.

I do not weep for thee, my darling lost,  
Though He who knows my heart can see its grief.  
I cannot weep at this most monstrous thing;  
I shrink away from it, with unbelief

That thou, my sunshine and my light of life,  
Art gone forever out of touch and sight,  
From any recognition of my sense,  
Into a black, impenetrable night.

How can I fathom this enough for tears!  
How can I compass it, or make it seem  
Anything but a vision, born of pain,  
An unreality—a nightmare dream!

And yet, Oh God! I see the tender leaves;  
The flowers bloom, and softly blows the wind;  
But thou, as young, as beautiful, as sweet,  
Thy face is absent—thee I cannot find.

And still the days, the days, the endless days,  
Monotonously long, drag slowly on,  
A dull, dead, dreary waste of nothingness,  
Empty and void of hope, since thou art gone.

Lost to me! buried! height of human woe;  
I dash myself against that cruel wall.  
Beyond it may be peace, and rest, and heaven,  
But here is blank despair, and that is all.

April 22d, 1875.

## REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

FIFTH PAPER: JOHN FENNO.

OUR earliest knowledge of John Fenno, the pioneer printer, begins with the year 1789, when he went from Boston to New York, and there started a paper called "The Gazette of the United States." The seat of Government was then at New York; hence its establishment at that place, for it was eminently a Government organ. When, in 1790, Congress removed to Philadelphia, Fenno and his paper followed. The name of the paper after a time underwent a slight alteration, and was called "The United States Gazette," under which name it continued till, in 1847, its existence was merged in what is now known as the "North American and United States Gazette," which has absorbed no less than nine other papers. As has been stated in a previous article, John Ward Fenno succeeded his father in this publication. It afterward passed through the hands of Wayne, Chauncey, Bronson, and lastly Chandler, who yielded it up to the "North American." Such, in brief, was the career of "Fenno's Gazette," to which, amid innumerable discouragements, he gave the strength of his best days. Receiving the report of Fenno's death in 1798, Fisher Ames said of him:

"Alas! poor John Fenno, a worthy man, a true patriot, always firm in his principles, mild in maintaining them, and bitter against foes and persecutors. No printer was ever so correct in his politics."

The letters here given were addressed to Colonel Joseph Ward, and throw much light upon the early history of both American journalism and American politics.

BOSTON, 15 Nov., 1779.

DEAR SIR: Your highly agreeable favor of Nov. 3d is now before me. I sincerely thank you for it, as it contains moral, political, and friendly intelligence. Your reflections on the Penobscot Exhibition and other public misfortunes are worthy of the patriot and man of virtue. I trust the war and its concomitant evils are drawing to a period. Our sufferings have been great, but I wish our difficulties were not greater. For my part, I never thought that we had paid half the price that Freedom ought to be estimated at, though I live in the midst of a vile race who lust after the leeks and onions of Sodom, eternally complaining of evils that are comparative blessings. My happiness is that these wretches cannot set aside, by their ingratitude, the

great designs of Omnipotence, which are fraught with benignity to America. You say the path of duty is plain. I suppose you mean taxation. I cannot see the perspicuity of it. Tax the countryman, and he will enhance his produce in proportion; tax the merchant, and his merchandise will rise; and between them both the Continent remains *in statu quo* and the poor are crushed. Here difficulties rise insurmountable except by patriotism or coercion. Patriotism is a shade and force is confusion. Oh, may Heaven prevent the necessity of another campaign —!

I cannot purchase you a steel-mounted sword, but Captain Hallett has a very beautiful silver-mounted, gilt, open-worked one, with a white Chagrin scabbard, which he asks twenty-four silver dollars for, or three half Joes.

It is the cheapest one I have seen; but, as hard money now sells, will turn out more than seven hundred dollars. Your two tickets in the second class of the Continental Lottery are both blanks, which I am sorry for. I think you are now out of the lottery. I am to desire you to purchase for me as many *sable* skins as will make three muffs and three tippets: if you cannot get so many, as many as you can. I should think they might be had of some person in Gen. Sullivan's army, or perhaps they may be brought down the North River. You may buy them dressed or undressed and give a pretty good price, as no such thing is to be had here. You may give as high as three hundred dollars. I long to hear of the Count's complete success and his coming northward, though I fear the latter will not take place. If that nest of bipeds could be routed at York, how great would be our triumph! I should be glad to give you a few portraits in the female way; and were I not married, could do it entertainingly, as I see so many sparklers daily, but form no acquaintance with them. I think the town never exhibited a greater number of handsome girls. You must come and choose for yourself. Old Time will sow his wrinkles by and by, when even good sense and youthful sprightliness may not be able to save you. Adieu.

Ever yours,  
J. F.

Ten years pass, and we come to the time when the "Gazette" was first offered to the public. The editor has left his family behind him, and is flying about between New York and Philadelphia making his preparations for publication. Room cannot be found; type is wanting; there is plenty of competition and no money. The printer is too wise to count wholly upon success.

He makes a twofold calculation, and provides for failure as well. Ten years of struggling he hopes will end his labors. Then he proposes to spend the remainder of his years in a delightful quietude, which, alas! he was not destined to enjoy. Death found John Fenno still at work.

NEW YORK, April 5, 1789.

DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure to hear last evening that you were recruiting after an attack of your old complaint. You must take care. There is a season in our lives when we reel off our years two threads at a time. I am now come to a point, and the appearance of the paper will determine its fate. We shall, as you observe, have many good men in Congress, and some so-so. You will perceive the House has chosen a Speaker from Phila. and a Clerk from Virginia. Mr. Otis was a candidate for the last, and is now pushing for Clerk to Senate, but has powerful competitors. There are applicants from all parts—a dozen for an office. As soon as I begin, which will be in eight or ten days, I shall offer my services, and hope for a *slice* from the printing loaf, if no more. Should I fail, the paper shall be prosecuted under every advantage that will produce the *ready*. Among other projects that have occupied my mind, should I fail of public patronage as a printer, I have thought of advertising myself as a residuary agent at the seat of the National Government, and in that character offer my services to those individuals, through the Union, who may have business to transact with Congress that may be done by an agent. What think you of the idea as a *Corps de reserve*? I think the features of Mr. L. are strongly impressed upon several recent publications. If our men of sense, property, and principle would unite, they would be like a whirlwind that would sweep the chaff of antifederalism, jintoism, idolatry, and nonsense into nonentity. Thank you for all your great and unmerited favours to me and mine. My love to your love and to your children; and pray, take care of yourself, for I hope to come and spend many happy years with you, after the necessary is done here—and that will be less than ten years, I hope. However lightly we may have thought of laying our bones among the dust of our ancestors, I think differently now. The very dust of New England is dear to me; therefore take care of yourself, and do not think of quitting us this twenty or thirty years, that to all the good advice you have given one profitable to *live* by, I may (should Providence so ordain) have my education finished by being taught how to die. Adieu, my dear Sir, and accept the ardent wishes, for the happiness of you and yours, of

your old friend and servant,

JOHN FENNO.

The printer has been getting deeper and deeper into debt. His creditors are coming upon him for payment. It is the old story, and need not be detailed. He here sets

in a very clear light the troubles then existing among the common schools.

NEW YORK, July 5, 1789.

DEAR SIR: Your inestimable favour of the 30th ult. I recd. last evening. I perceive you began, "also some queries from ——" Why did you not continue the sentence? There are not many things which I am not prepared for. If it respects the debt I owe him, please tell him that, when by the dint of a course of labour and application, the severity of which he can form no conception of, I shall be in such a situation as to get bread for my children, I shall then think of him,—although there is *something* sometimes found in the heart of a *stranger* which would preclude an application for a debt circumstanced as this is. This demand certainly ought to be absorbed in the enormous rent which was paid for nearly three years; the demand, however, is *legal*, and must be paid. \* \* \* \* Your account of the poor schoolmaster's fate anticipates an answer upon this subject to some queries I wrote to ——. "It is astonishing to me that the great mass of the citizens should suffer their dearest interests to be destroyed by a few men, who themselves would not suffer if every free school in the town was annihilated. Do the middling and poorer classes of citizens realize the advantages they enjoy? The expense that my parents were put to for the education I obtained in the Town-school was not two dollars a year, exclusive of the very small tax upon that account. So good a chance for learning cannot be had out of New England under twenty dollars a year, and equal taxes into the bargain. I look to the *institution*, independent of the masters. Good men certainly ought to be employed; and if the institutions are not supported properly, they will fall to the ground, or, which is as bad, you will have none but the refuse of the world for the preceptors of your children. Whether sufficient attention has been paid to this point I will not determine. Discouraging the *free* schools is encouraging *private*, and shutting the door to learning in the face of the poor. The encrease of private schools has diminished the emoluments of the public masters of late years, which renders it necessary that their salaries should be higher than formerly. The whole expense of the public schools does not amount to so great a sum as the town pays to certain hungry creditors (who urge the reduction of the salaries) for interest upon interest upon paper-money debts." These observations may be made a paragraph if you think proper. I perceive by some of your papers that the leaven of iniquity is beginning to work. The publishing of Gerry's speech, *solus*, is a barefaced violation of impartiality, and is evidently designed to make an impression that shall forestall the public sentiment. The printer that can be made the tool of a party in so flagrant a manner merits universal contempt. I should equally reprobate similar conduct on the other side. \* \* \* \* May confusion cover the restless sons of discord and anarchy. I hope you will properly notice this—We yesterday celebrated independence, I mean the

citizens. For my part, I am nix except in my paper; I endeavored to make that speak *Shibboleth*, as my good friend "How are ye" says.

I attended St. Paul's to hear Col. Hamilton, but did not get a good seat. What I heard was fine. Congress have got through with the import and tonnage bills. Gerry has his politics, and is very obstinate, though generally deep in the minority. I expect matters will move with greater celerity in future. I congratulate you on the prospect of the ensuing harvest.

Your Ever obliged and Affectionate

JOHN FENNO.

A hiatus of four years occurs between the next two letters. Fragments only of this correspondence are accessible, and such selections are made from these as best show the circumstances surrounding the printer in the pursuit of his work.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15, 1789.

DEAR SIR: Your esteemed favour by Mr. Harback is now before me. Your exertions to promote my interest are the result of the purest benevolence, for at present there is very little prospect of your ever meeting with adequate returns. I am greatly obliged by the advance, for I have got in debt one hundred dollars for paper. My subscriptions in the city come in tolerably well, rather better than is usual for goods of the kind. No debts are considered in a more unproductive view than those for newspapers, and this idea will operate unfavorably for me in the minds of those who make no difference between the Gazette and papers in common. You observe that a number have paid a quarter, and have dropped the paper. I am sorry for their purses; hope the wrinkles will be taken out by being replenished. Some folks in Boston complain of the price of the paper; but I believe it may be affirmed that, at the end of the year, a greater quantity of matter, and chiefly original, will be had than ever was sold for the same money. Magazines in octavo contain about five hundred pages, and are sold at about \$2.50 a year. The Gazette will contain four hundred and sixteen pages in *large folio*, more closely printed than any kind of book ever is. I wish to be an auxiliary to good government. The Constitution is the only ark of safety to the liberties of America. Viewing matters in this light, it will be a pleasing task to me to enter into a hearty and spirited support of the administration so far as they appear to be influenced by its genuine principles. Here is plain sailing; and conscience, duty, and patriotism should unite in promoting my exertions. I should have one great object, and that object would confer dignity upon the paper, and give me a reputation upon a solid basis. But such a plan, I fear, can never be supported by public opinion. The public mind will with difficulty be brought to coalesce in such manner upon so novel a subject as to supersede the necessity of assistance (where there are no funds) from some other quarter. In this case, the powers that be must step in; but how is

this to be done? There is the rub. It would be unpopular for Government to establish a State paper, or give a printer a salary. I am very much puzzled to pioneer myself out of this dilemma. The management of the paper is a task of such magnitude that few persons ever before undertook its equal. It employs all my time; it absorbs my *whole* attention in such manner that I have not known a pleasing moment of relaxation since you were here. This seems to be sufficient for one without engaging in anything in addition; and yet some public business appears to be the only counterbalance to those deficiencies which will inevitably take place, and which would be sufficient to defeat my designs, were my subscribers much more numerous. In addition to these considerations, I should find it difficult to undertake any additional business of any consequence, from the imperfection of my office, to complete which it would require \$500. Your idea is the only competent one; but I have no reason to suppose that there is one person to the Southward of Boston that thinks as you do. There seems to be one alternation left if I continue in this business, and that is, to embark in a general scheme and commence a publication to embrace every species of speculation, public and private, serious, comic, satirical, personal, and political. There appears to be an opening of this kind here, and such papers have succeeded. But this plan I should deprecate a necessity of adopting. Nothing but a dire necessity shall compel me to abandon the present; but there is no fighting against accumulating evil. I hope I shall have grace, wisdom, and fortitude to persevere as long as perseverance shall be a virtue. \* \* \*

As soon as the Government begins to operate, I expect it will be assailed. There has lately been two disappointments to one appointment; these persons will kick, and they must be counter-kicked. \* \* \* Ere this I have reason to fear the worst respecting my sister. This will be a severe stroke; but God is wise and just. Your reflections upon life and its enjoyments are in point,—time is sweeping all away; and, independent of futurity, there is nothing but the name of happiness left. I thank you for your account of my father. \* \* \* My compliments to Mr. Edes. Thank him for his honorable distinctions. Tell him it is not in my power *publicly* to acknowledge his goodness. My friends need be under no apprehensions. I think I have got the gauge of that party exactly, and it will not be to their satisfaction to find, as they surely will, that their chagrin and mortification is inseparably connected with the happiness, glory, and prosperity of their country, and those measures which *will* be pursued notwithstanding all their bellowing.

Write me much and often.

Adieu.

J. F.

PHILA., May 26, 1793.

\* \* \* \* With respect to French affairs, our ideas I know run parallel. Alas, that the best cause that can engage the attention of mankind should be so shockingly marred in the making up.



A gentleman once observed to me that it was his opinion that the writings of Mr. Adams would, in time, become the political bible of the United States. I think his remark is in a fair way of being verified, not only there, but throughout the world. My most earnest wish is, that France may eventually establish a free and just government; but I fear the period is remote when this will be realized. I thought the constituent assembly did many things amiss, and many that were excellent; but the convention have run retrograde to the goal of real freedom and peace, from the first moment they met. Our government is critically situated; but I rest firmly persuaded that the result of the deliberations of the executive, which are frequent, will be founded in wisdom. A strict and decided neutrality will be preserved, notwithstanding all the arts used by the Sons of mischief to stir up dissension. I am exceedingly happy in your approbation of the essays and paragraphs which the Gazette contains. Truth, righteousness, and common-sense have a scurvy time of it in these days; but they must prevail. How long the cause of reason and right will be suffered to have any advocate, I know not; but this you may depend upon, that the *whole* truth cannot be spoken at the present day. I skim about the edges, and sometimes dip a little; but many ideas and remarks are suppressed. \* \* \* \*

PHIL., Nov. 14, 1793.

\* \* \* \* Whatever may be the issue of my career in life, whether my sun may set in splendor or in clouds, my experience testifies that some of the brightest beams of divinity irradiate the human heart. Your very, very generous tender of fifty dollars, permit me to decline receiving. I have already made too large drafts on your bounty. \* \* \* I discontinued my paper, the 18th Sept., since which time, my receipts from my subscribers in arrears, have been paltry indeed. So much so, that without receiving some assistance long since promised, and recently solicited with all the pathos I am capable of giving to an application, my career as a printer will be long suspended if not closed forever. I am waiting in hope. My debts are reduced to about two thousand dollars. I have now due for the Gazette four thousand, but scattered in small sums from Savannah to Portland in the district of Maine. My future plan is, to publish a daily paper, and to furnish myself with an office sufficient to carry on the printing business extensively. For this purpose, I requested a stationer here, to import for me the requisite types. They are now arrived; and if I can but get under way again, I hope by remembering that charity begins at home, to do better for myself and family in the future. The printing business carried on upon an extensive scale, may be made productive, and I wish not to change again. I have sacrificed my proportion. \* \* \* \*

Your ever devoted friend and servant,

J. F.

The following long epistle of date September 14, 1794, is full of the strong sense, the quiet, thorough understanding of his own

and foreign nations, which made Mr. Fenno so valuable an assistant in all that was wise and good, during his uneasy generation. We are reminded anew of Mr. Ames's words before quoted: "No printer was ever so correct in his politics."

PHIL., Dec. 18, 1793.

\* \* \* \* We now hire No. 3 South Fourth Street, where I have recommenced business with a daily paper; and, in addition to this, Mrs. Fenno has taken three members of Congress into the house as boarders, so that you will perceive we have our hands full of business. I snatch a moment to write you; for my paper leaves no waking interval of labor or thought. I have about two hundred subscribers; but this number is not half sufficient to support the publication. They are however increasing. To get going again, I have made another loan, but have not yet received one-half that is necessary, and which was promised me.

PHILA., Sept. 14, 1794.

\* \* \* \* I observe the various articles you touch upon, in which you have my acquiescence; particularly in respect to printers. With a few exceptions, if the enemies of their country had chosen their agents of mischief, they could not have employed better than the printers of newspapers in the United States. The press was generally engaged on the right side (I mean that of order and just government), during the time the Constitution was on its passage; but ever since it has been in operation, our newspapers have constantly teemed with publications hostile to the Government they before advocated, subversive of the principles upon which civil liberty is founded, degrading to our character as freemen, and as an independent nation. So far as this has been done by exiles from Europe, and through the agency of other foreigners, it may be attributed to two causes. The first is, that these exiles supposed that they should get rid of all restraint in this free and happy country. The majority of this class, are persons that cannot be quiet under any government whatever; and we shall find that they will oppose the just and wholesome laws of this country, as long as they can do it with impunity. The other cause originates in a vile spirit of envy and malignity. There are wretches among us who will never forgive or forget our successful efforts to throw off foreign domination: but that we should become a great, a flourishing, and important component part of the great whole, is what they cannot tolerate. But, sir, the times are changing. Printers, I trust, will in future see that it is not for their own interest to be the tools of men who seek their own advantage at the expense of the peace and honor of the country. \* \* \* \* Your Governor A. has, all his life long, been the bubble of credulity, and I wish he may not turn out something worse. To countenance, in his situation, and at his time of life, the principles and conduct of those wretched politicians who have never done any good, and whom the good sense of the people alone prevents from doing unspeakable mischief,—is worse than dotage; it is abominable

impotency, to use the mildest term. The appointment of Monroe was, I believe, one of those compromises that must take place in all governments. I abhor the policy, but wish it may turn out well in the end. I know little of him, and, as you do know something, I wish you would give me some idea of the man. Your approbation of Mr. Adams's appointment, is a thing of course. I know he feels himself an American, and will do honor to his country and himself. \* \* \* \* You express your approbation of my mode of conducting my paper. When it was published twice a week, I was obliged to select with more attention; consequently, excluded a great deal of trash that I now find it convenient to take in.

Independent of the advantage you suggest, it furnishes a good pretext for introducing speculations in which the truth is more freely told than has hitherto been the case; and I am determined in future to give currency to lucubrations which shall take many rampant public errors by the horns. \* \* \* \* There is one point in which you and I do not so perfectly coincide as we do in all others; and that is, the affairs of France. The origin of the revolutions in that country (for there have been many), I care little about; it will not bear investigation; there was no virtue, consequently no merit in it. The Court began it through necessity: In its progress, it produced principles honorary to human nature; but those principles and the men who brought them forward, are no more. It has appeared to me for a long time, that the principal agents there, have been much more solicitous to exterminate the Christian religion than to establish a free government. Long since they have lost the track to freedom. I see no approaches toward it, but directly the reverse. \* \* \* \* Adverting to the present principles in France, I do not see how any man can wish them to prevail. There is but one thing they merit eulogium for; and that is for fighting well. As to their principles, there is not a civilized country under heaven where they can be introduced, which would not immediately be turned into just such an Aceldama. Robespierre appears to me to be the soul of the present revolution. Examine well his speeches and reports. Blood is the predominant idea; conformable to which, in April, May, and June, the executions in Paris were almost innumerable. I do not depend on English papers. I have a great number of Paris papers for April and May, and their principal contents are the names of the victims executed daily. Every species of merit was swept away by the guillotine. It appears that numbers were executed for words and actions uttered and done long before the year 1789.

I do not mean by the foregoing, to be understood as favoring the views of the combined powers against France. The subversion of the old despotism, I thought a good work; but, if no better government is introduced than the present, it will prove to be the worst thing that could have been done. The neighbors of the French had infinitely better left them to themselves. A free government I heartily

wish them; but I deprecate their external successes while the same lust of power appears predominant, which actuated that execrable tyrant Louis the Fourteenth.

Respecting the Insurgents, you will have seen a Mr. White's speech, with a list of the grievances complained of. Take it for data, and a most wretched hash it is. The troops will march. The business appears to me to have been badly managed, but is working right on the whole. The democrats are as scarce as musketers in December. There was a great schism in the Demo Club, a night or two since. Some member brought forward resolutions approving the President's conduct.

Some of the devil's brands took fire. The President of the Club, as I am informed, left the chair. He was forced in again. He objected to the votes. Uproar ensued; some say bloody noses and broken shins. The votes were carried thirty to eighteen. Poor Creatures! The troops must now march at all events; for, if they do not, the world itself would not contain the lies that will be told. \* \* \* \*

Ever yours, J. F.

The next and last letter, must have been written shortly before the author's death (of yellow fever) in the year 1798.

PHIL. Aug. 30, 1798.

DEAR SIR: I write to relieve you in some degree from that anxiety which you may feel on our account. Through the signal favor of Providence, we continue in usual health. Mrs. Fenno is now with me. Our eldest son is at Newport, our oldest and two youngest daughters are at Bethlehem. We have five children at home. The city is now deserted and desolate. There are but three or four parts of families left in Chestnut street, and that seems to be a sample of the rest. The disorder we have is a most terrible one, and makes tremendous ravages. Few lie longer than four or five days—many die sooner. You will see by the papers that the proportion of the dead to the sick is very great. Sixty-nine new cases were reported this day. The deaths for three or four days average about forty each. Considering the thin population, this mortality is considered almost as great as in 1793. This disease is not confined to Phila.; it is in Wilmington and in New York. As it is my duty to continue here so long as other printers remain at their posts, I shall do so, trusting in that Almighty power which has so graciously protected me and mine heretofore. Should sickness invade, we shall not abandon one another; and as much depends on circumstances of this nature, we have more to hope than fear. The late news from Europe you will have heard ere this. I think the general complexion of it augurs well for the United States. Wishing that we may see universal peace, righteousness, justice, and truth prevail through the earth,

I remain, as ever,  
your affectionate friend,

JOHN FENNO.

## SOME EXPERIMENTS IN CO-OPERATION.

## FIRST PAPER.

PEOPLE are divided into two classes,—those who have labor to sell, and those who have money to sell. All men and women either sell the labor of their hands or brains for wages, or their money for a price, called interest. They dig or write, keep house, sew, navigate, sell goods, teach, guide men or machinery for money or other consideration, commonly called wages. These are the workers. The others sell or lend their money for dividends—or interest, and they are the capitalists, so called. It makes no difference that the larger part of those who work for wages have more or less capital. The distinction of lenders and workers holds equally good, and naturally divides the world. The workers without capital represent a large part of the people. The lenders who do not work represent a very small fraction. The workers, who are also lenders, outnumber both of these.

These two great parties, laborers and capitalists, are essential to each other. Capital without labor comes to a dead stop, and considers itself ruined because its interest money is extinguished. Labor without capital starves. The capitalist may consume his capital, but it perishes in the using, and he ultimately comes to want. The laborer can do nothing, and starves at once. They must, therefore, work together, and when they do so harmoniously, the best results are reached. They do not always work together in entire harmony, hence strikes, lockouts, bad times, quarrels and general confusion and disaster on both sides. Here is a case in hand. A certain manufacturer employs a large number of work-people, and pays them \$400 a day in wages. Suddenly he finds he is losing \$50 a day by the operation. If he is selfish, he turns upon his best friends, discharges them all, and saves his \$50 a day which represented his interest or profits. The work-people lose everything—starve perhaps. It may happen that, being wiser, he retains the workers and pays them \$350, and thus protects himself. This is better for the work-people, but commonly they are unwise, and, feeling aggrieved, they strike, and refuse to work at all. The manufacturer is perhaps inconvenienced, but the workers starve just the same. Altogether, the position is unhappy.

This is the war between labor and capital.

Capital continually withdrawing itself from healthful work because it is afraid of losing its price, continually at difference with its one friend, without whom it must perish. Labor striking, demanding shorter time, more wages, dictating imperious rules about piece-work and apprentices, quarreling with its one friend, without whom it must die or seek the poor-house. To adjust these differences is the problem of the day.

One way out of the difficulty is to make the laborer a capitalist. The savings bank is the chief aid in this direction. Let the worker put a part of his earnings in a bank, and he becomes a capitalist in a small way. He learns to view the subject of interest and dividends with the eyes of a lender, and he is straightway jealous of his capital and its rights. He joins the other party, and, belonging to both, he the more readily sees that it is for the interest of both to work together. Education is offered as another solution. Give the workingman a business education, and he learns to see and understand the laws that govern the movements of wages and interest. Finally, comes the idea of co-operation—the giving the laborer a share in the guidance and profits of the work, the union of capital and labor in any particular undertaking. Co-operation is, in theory, the most sensible and the most just solution to this question that has been offered. In practice, it has been attended with every imaginable degree of success and failure. It has been repeatedly tried in every branch of business, both here and in Europe. In a certain way, it is already in active operation through the agency of savings banks, loan, friendly, and building associations, and insurance companies. But, as these are usually managed, they are not wholly co-operative in a commercial sense. In the case of savings banks, the laborers contribute to the capital and have no control over it, while capitalists manage the funds for a salary, or an extra dividend, or other consideration, over and above the interest paid to the real owners of the money.

Co-operation means the actual union of workers and lenders in one manufacture, trade, business, or other venture. It means giving the laborers in a shop, mill, foundry, ship or farm a share in the direction, profits, and losses of the business, either in whole

or in part. This divides co-operation into three kinds—co-operation where the workers merely have a share in the profits; co-operation where the workers share in the control and the profits and losses, and co-operation where capital merely concedes certain incidental advantages to labor. Co-operation is also divided into kinds—distributive co-operation, and productive co-operation. The first concerns itself with the distribution of goods of various kinds, in such a way as to bring the dealer and purchaser into close business co-operation, and includes co-operative purchasing companies, and co-operative stores, mills, and retail shops of all kinds. Productive co-operation implies the union of laborer and capitalist in some manufacture or productive pursuit. Working a farm and garden on shares is an instance of complete co-operation. The land owner contributes his land, which is his capital, and the worker contributes his skill, and the labor of his horses and his hands, and the use of his tools, and both share in the resulting harvest.

Another instance may be found in the equipping and manning of vessels in Great Britain and elsewhere, and particularly in our Eastern States. A number of people, farmers, sailors, mechanics, women, contribute their savings, build, launch, and equip the schooner, and each receives a certificate of stock in the craft. Some of them ship as officers or men, and offer places to others, for the voyage. Fishermen and sailors are taken on shares, and the crew is made up. The schooner sails and makes a trip to the Grand Banks. On returning, the catch is sold for so much cash. The expenses are taken out, and the balance is divided pro rata among crew and owners according to agreement. This is real co-operation. Capital contributes the boat, lines, stores, and bait. Labor contributes its labor and skill. No wages are paid, but each earns his share. In fact, it often happens that all the workers are also owners. In case the voyage results in loss, the sailors lose their labor, the owners lose the interest on the money invested. If boat and crew are lost, the widows draw their life insurance, the owners have their marine insurance.

Participation in the profits that result from any manufacture in which labor and capital are employed together, that is, the giving the laborer a share in the profits, with or without wages, and with no share in the control of the business, and no liability in case of loss, is the most simple kind of

co-operation, and has been tried with success in every branch of business. Stores that give their salesmen a percentage of the profits, mills and foundries that divide a portion of their earnings among the workers employed in the business, illustrate this useful and readily understood co-operation.

Capitalists who of their own accord have given to the labor they employed certain advantages in the way of houses, rents, educational, social and domestic facilities, have shown what can be done in this interesting department of co-operation. Instances may be found in nearly every branch of business, and in every instance of any magnitude we believe it has been proved to be a mutual benefit to both capital and labor.

It is the purpose of this paper, and perhaps of others, to examine these various kinds of co-operation, and to see how far each may be of value in solving the capital and labor question. It is proposed to examine a number of actual experiments in the various phases of co-operation, to consider the causes of their success or failure, and to discover, as far as possible, the best methods of procedure in each. It may be incidentally mentioned here, that there has been a very great variety of experiments in this field. Some of these have been visionary and absurd, some have been badly conceived and improperly conducted. Others have been eminently just and wise, and have failed through distrust, a want of patience, or a lack of common honesty among the members. Others have endured for years, have survived panics and dull times, and have been sources of great profit to their members, be they capitalists or laborers. Some have been of great moral as well as material benefit to both parties, teaching the one justice and the other patience. From each experiment some lesson may be learned.

The most radical form of industrial co-operation is that in which the workers are the capitalists, the men or women who perform the labor having contributed the money whereby their labor is paid or made productive. Many experiments have been made in this direction, both here and in Europe. The great majority of these experiments have been failures. To discover the reason of this involves the examination of many questions in social life, business, and education, which may be eventually considered. At first it may be better to examine the actual working plans and methods of a few really practical and successful co-operative



shops and foundries now in operation in this country.

In January, 1872, a number of machinists and other workmen met in the town of Beaver Falls, Pa., and under the laws of that State formed an incorporated company under the name of the "Beaver Falls Co-operative Foundry Association," for the purpose of manufacturing stoves, hollow-ware, and fine castings. The capital was fixed at \$25,000, with the right to increase it to \$50,000, and the affairs of the company were placed under the government of a president, a treasurer, and five directors. Articles of agreement and appropriate by-laws were drawn up and signed, and the first officers were elected for one year. The number of members was quite limited, and all the capital they could command did not reach \$4,000. On this basis the association went into operation, and it has prospered steadily ever since. Full time has been constantly maintained (except during brief stops for repairs), and wages have been paid once a week to every member employed. The amount of the wages thus earned was the same as for similar work in the same line of business. A few desirable members have since been added. Each took as many shares as he was able to purchase, and the association has now a membership of twenty-seven, with a paid up capital of \$16,000. Each share has regularly earned an annual dividend, over and above all expenses and interest on plant, of from twelve to fifteen per cent. The goods produced last year were valued at \$40,000, even at the present low prices. A few outside hands are employed, but in the apportionment of the labor the members have the preference. In the control of the association each member has one vote only, and each is obliged to attend the regular quarterly meetings of the stockholders. The larger part of the stockholders are regularly employed in the foundry, and are paid wages for the time employed. Other stockholders merely receive dividends on their stock.

In the fall of 1867 a number of workmen in the town of Somerset, Mass., united under the laws of that State, for the purpose of starting an iron foundry, in the belief that the co-operation of their money and labor might be of mutual advantage. Thirty men contributed their money and collected a capital of a little more than \$14,000, and with this started the "Somerset Co-operative Foundry Company," in the manufacture of ranges, parlor and cooking stoves, and hollow-ware of all kinds. The ownership of

five shares entitled a man to work in the foundry at regular wages. Each member had one vote in the election of the officers in whom the government of the company was vested. The details of the government were very simple, and it has proved efficient. The experience of the company during its nine years of business life has been satisfactory, in spite of the dull times that recently have fallen upon the iron trade. Since it began work the stockholders have been paid dividends to the extent of forty-four per cent., either in cash or in new stock. Within the last five years it produced material to the value of \$340,000 and paid \$151,000 in wages, while its total sales since it began have reached almost half a million dollars. The company spent within the last two years \$5,400 for new flasks and patterns, and still showed a net gain of \$11,914 for the two years. It has now a capital of \$30,000, partly paid in cash and partly earned, and a surplus fund of \$28,924. There are now fifty-three members of the association, of whom thirty are employed in the foundry. Of the other shareholders, all save five or six are mechanics employed in other shops in the neighborhood.

Another instance of the practical working of co-operation is shown in the experience of the "Equitable Co-operative Foundry Company of Rochester, N. Y." This company was started under the general manufacturing law of New York in 1867 with a capital of \$30,000. This was divided into shares of \$100 each, and of the forty-five contributors to the capital all save two or three immediately obtained work in the foundry. The by-laws by which this company was to be governed, and is still conducted, are worthy of examination, as showing its working methods. The first article appoints the time and place of the annual meeting of the stockholders and directors, and provides for vacancies in the board of directors caused by death or otherwise. The second article places the government of the company in a board of nine directors, who elect annually a president, treasurer, secretary, and manager or superintendent. The salaries of these officers are fixed by the board of directors, and they are at all times subject to their direction. The third article states that it shall be the duty of the president to preside at all the meetings of the directors, sign all important papers, bonds, contracts, stocks, etc., and make an annual report of the doings of the association in detail. The fourth and fifth articles define the



duties of the treasurer and secretary, who are both under bonds to the company for the faithful discharge of their duties. The sixth article defines the form and wording of the certificates of stock and the transfers of the same, both of which are in very simple language. Article seven declares that applications for stock must be made in writing, with the name, address, and occupation of the intending purchaser, and must be presented by some officer of the company before the board of directors. Any one objecting must file his written objections in detail within five days after the presentation of the application for stock. If the objections are not conclusive, and if the applicant is accepted by a two-thirds vote, the shares, to a number not exceeding fifty, may be assigned to him on payment of the money and an entrance fee of one dollar. Article eight defines the manner of transferring stock. Articles nine and ten define the place and time of all meetings, and the method of conducting the business at such meetings. Article eleven may be given in full, as follows: "Dividends shall be declared annually from the net profits of the business after paying all expenses, and deducting a proper percentage to form a contingent fund, and shall be apportioned as follows: To stockholders a dividend of twelve per cent. on the capital stock; the remainder, if any, shall be a dividend on labor and apportioned to the members in proportion to their general earnings, said dividend to be paid only to the shareholders in person or their legal representatives." Article twelve concerns members, and may be given in full. "Members employed by the company are to conduct themselves properly and for the general interest of the company, failing to do which they will subject themselves to the liability of dismissal by the foreman or superintendent. In case of dismissal, the dismissed member may appeal to the directors at their next meeting; if, upon a vote, two-thirds of the members present sustain the action of the foreman or superintendent, the offending member shall remain debarred the privilege of receiving employment until such time as the directors or stockholders at a regular meeting may decide." The next article makes the president, secretary, and treasurer a board of business management, and gives them power to act during the recess of the board of directors, and to settle questions at dispute between the members and the company, but if any member desires, he

may appeal to the directors, whose decision in every case shall be final. The remaining article refers merely to the order of business at the meetings.

Upon these articles of agreement the company was formed, and has steadily prospered, until now it holds a capital of \$100,000, which, as reported by the secretary, is almost wholly made up of the profits of the business since it started nine years since. No member holding less than \$5,000 in stock has been allowed to draw his dividends in cash, and this must in part account for the rapid advance of the capital. The limit of the stock now being reached, hereafter all dividends are to be paid in cash. The dividends declared each year ranged from 10 to 33 per cent., except during the year of the Chicago fire, when the company lost heavily at their warehouses in that city. The dividend that year was only 6 per cent. The limit of the dividends is now placed at 17 per cent., and all over that is divided among all the members, according to their several earnings. The dividend this year being 12 per cent., there is nothing to divide. The business of the company has greatly increased, and it now employs 125 men at full time. Of these, very few besides the original number are stockholders. The others merely receive wages each week, precisely as do the members at work in the same molding-room, and watching the same glowing fires. In every respect the company declares itself satisfied with its co-operative experiment. Its first president held office four years, and is now at the head of its Chicago branch, an establishment quite as large as the home foundry at Rochester. The company has taken high prizes at exhibitions for its stoves, and is in every sense prosperous and successful.

Next may be considered an experiment in co-operation in another branch of business, and one that offers so many features of interest that it has been made the subject of personal examination, and is here presented in every detail.

Springfield, Vermont, is very much like many another New England town. The Black River, roaring over the falls, furnishes ample water-power to a number of shops, mills, and factories, that cling to its steep banks under the shadow of the wooded hills that stand round about. Wood-working, lumber-sawing, children's carriages, toys, and tool-handle-making employ the people's time and money; and thrift, industry, and prosperity abound. The few rich families of the

place own the mills—the majority of the people work in them. All have prospered more or less, and none are desperately poor. There is homely comfort in abundance, and even a taste of elegance and luxury. That the place, in the long run, has been prosperous, is evidence of the good sense, economy and industry of the people, and nowhere could better material be found for an experiment in co-operation. The original promoter of the enterprise had lived here for a number of years, and had often employed both the labor and money of the people. He had even tried co-operation, and, though by reason of mismanagement it had been a failure as a business venture, he was willing to try again. With four others, and a trifle over a thousand dollars in money, he hired a small shop with water-power and began the manufacture of toys and wooden-ware on a co-operative basis. Trade they had none. They must first make something, then sell it. Fortunately, the founder was familiar with the toy trade, and it did not take long to find a market for their goods. They soon discovered that to hold together they must have some definite articles of agreement. Accordingly, something like the following was drawn up and duly signed. The capital stock was fixed at \$5,000, in shares of \$5 each. These shares were not transferable, except to the company. Every member, male or female, must work in the shop at certain fixed wages. Each man on joining the company must take twenty shares in the capital stock, and each woman must take at least five. Each member must return to the company one-fourth part of his earnings, the same to be considered as capital, for which he shall receive certificates of stock according to its amount. No person can join the company without having first worked for wages in the shop for three months, and then only by the consent of a majority of all the members. Any person may apply for admission on trial, whether familiar with the business or not, provided he is frugal, does not use intoxicating drinks, is civil and respectful in manners, and of a good moral character. Any person may be discharged without delay for sufficient cause by a vote of the majority of the members at a regular meeting called for the purpose. In such case, the company returns the full value of his shares in legal funds. Any member may withdraw at any time, and may take out his capital by giving a six months' notice to that effect. An account of stock and a statement of the busi-

ness done must be made every six months. Members withdrawing must have the value of their stock estimated from the statement next preceding, and, in place of dividends, they are only to receive interest at six per cent. from that time. Once a month the directors must present at a meeting of all the members a statement of the company's affairs and prospects, with a trial sheet from the books. Any member may then examine the books, and at such meeting a majority of the members may instruct the directors concerning any and all of the affairs of the concern. Each member is entitled to one vote at such business meeting. In election of officers, each share has one vote. The officers consist of a president, a secretary, a treasurer, and a board of directors not less than three in number, and each shall receive such compensation as the majority may decide—such compensation to be by the day, and for working days only. These officers also constitute a board of managers, whose duty it is to purchase the material required, sell the manufactured goods, select the foreman for each department, arrange the work and wages of each member, see that the orders of the company are executed, and keep full and accurate accounts of all its transactions. Any member dissatisfied with his or her wages may appeal to a majority of the members, and their decision shall be final. No member shall be discharged from the company on account of dullness of trade, but, if the company finds itself unable to give full employment to all its members and hold its goods, the hours of labor shall be reduced *pro rata* for all. These articles of agreement can only be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members at a special meeting called by a majority of the members.

These articles of agreement make a valuable contribution to the literature of co-operative industry. It may be worth while to examine them, to see how far this experiment has realized its own theory in practice.

In the first place, the capital is contributed by the actual workers. Here the capitalist and laborer are one, they unite in real co-operation. If the worker is a man and has no money, he cannot join. This might seem exclusive, but it must be remembered that hardly a young man of steady habits and good character can be found, who cannot in some way command two or three hundred dollars. If he cannot, he is almost sure to be an idler, or a spendthrift, and unsuited to have a voice in the control of an indus-

trial establishment of any kind. Girls and women must contribute to the capital, if possible, on entering the association; but, in case they cannot, and have shown themselves able and willing workers during the three months' trial, they may pay for their five shares out of the twenty-five per cent. discount on their wages. The division of the stock into small shares enables the members to acquire it easily, and the fact that the shares cannot be transferred excludes the mere capitalist. The withholding a fourth part of the wages is the chief point. The great difficulty with laboring people is, that they cannot, or do not, save their earnings. The temptation to spend is too great; they save a little in an irregular way, but it is doubtful if many workmen or women steadily lay aside a quarter of their incomes. Here they must, for the company simply keeps it and invests it in the very business in which the worker is employed. The practice in these works is to pay the wages on account in small sums. There is no weekly or monthly pay day when all are paid in full. At the end of each quarter, each account is examined and adjusted. The wages for the three months are added together, a fourth part is subtracted, and, the balance, less the sums paid on account, is paid to each worker in money. For the money held back, each receives as many certificates of stock as the money will buy at \$5 each. Though it cannot be sold, except to the company, it is real property, represents the worker's savings and earns a dividend every six months, according to the business done. On the other hand, the company, standing in the position of capitalist, finds constant employment for its money. Moreover, its capital continually grows, and each quarter it issues new shares. As its business increases, its capital increases with it. New capital is ever flowing in, growing in exact proportion to the needs of the business. The more hands ready to work, the better the ability to pay them.

The fact that one man contributed a thousand dollars to start these particular shops, makes no difference. It was essential, as the experiment was entirely original. There was not even a trade started. The thousand dollars was only an incident peculiar to this one establishment. Now that it has proved a success, it might be repeated with a more equal division of the financial burden. Neither does it make any difference that, more recently, the entrance fee has been raised to \$300 for men and \$100 for boys,

while it remains at \$25 for girls and women. It has been estimated that it costs \$500 to provide shop-room, tools, material, and power for each new hand in a mill or shop. This has induced the Industrial Works to make this advance in their entrance fee. In some other manufacture, in a small mill, or store, the entrance fee might be less, according to the demands of the business.

It may here be noticed that all the members of these Works (with one exception), are young people. Only three of the men are married, and, in these cases, the wives are also members. Such a reduction in the wages can only be made by young single men or women of simple habits, or married couples without large families. Several men with families did join, but withdrew, as they found it impossible to support their families with such a drawback on their incomes. Had these men been able to work in the shop a year or two previous to marriage, their accumulated stock might have aided them in the matter. We hope to show from the statement of wages earned in these shops that this view is correct, and to show that this large reduction of the actual money wages paid is not a disadvantage, but an immense gain for the married workman.

It may be asked how people could be induced to put their money into such a venture, without testing the thing for themselves. Each member on entering receives a note, with good security, for the whole amount contributed. If during the first three months he wishes to withdraw, he can do so, and the note will be promptly paid with interest at six per cent for the time it was employed. At the end of this time, if he remains, he surrenders the note and receives certificates of stock instead. In this case no interest is paid, as the stock participates in the next dividends declared.

No one can join the association without working in the shop for at least three months. For admittance to this period of probation, the candidate applies to the Direction. If the officers think the applicant likely to make a good member, if he can come up to the requirements in regard to habits, manners, and ability to work, he is taken on trial at nominal wages. The novice need know nothing of the business. If he is willing to be instructed, the association will teach him the trade, or such parts of it for which he may display special aptitude. This is thoroughly American in idea, and stands in high contrast with the position of the Trades Unions upon the subject of ap-

prentices. The beginner then takes his or her place in the shop under the eyes of his future co-laborers and employers. If he displays a willingness to learn and to work, it will soon be discovered. If he shows the slightest taint of ill-manners, shiftless habits, or a disposition to shirk, some sharp-eyed young woman or quick-witted boy will mark it, and it will quickly spread through the shop, to the ruin of his prospects. Every man tending a machine, the girls painting toys at his side, the clerks in the office, the salesmen and lumbermen, high and low, those at the next bench, those in the other shop, all his fellow-workers, in fact, are his masters.

Even after a young man has passed the trial months and been admitted, he is always under the eyes of his employers. The over-looker is at his right hand and on his left. If he lags behind at the morning hour, some one will make a note of it. If he drops his tools at the noon bell with that singular celerity displayed by Trades Union people, some one at his elbow will offer the resolution that results in a polite "leave to withdraw." No master in shop, mill, or foundry, ever invented such an irresistible motive for constant and steady work. No employer ever so won to his interest such a company of workers. None dare waste their employers' time or material, for they, the workers, are the employers of the time, the owners of the materials. Moreover, the hope of reward is ever before them. If by reason of industry or skill they show an aptitude for better work and better pay, there is every opportunity for them to win both.

It has been said that labor is suspicious of capital, that it always resents a reduction of its wages, because it thinks the reduction dictated by selfishness. In the Industrial Works, each member is compelled to take part in the regular monthly business meetings of the company. He hears the balance sheet read, he is told of all the doings of the concern, he has a voice in the control of affairs, and, in spite of himself, he must get something of a business education. Thus, hearing the financial affairs discussed, and having free access to the books, he learns to see and understand the causes that bring about a reduction of wages, and, with it all, learns patience and wisdom. If the expenses are too heavy or the goods produced too few or too costly, he will see that more exertion must be made at the bench, that a more strict economy of time and ma-

terial must be enforced, or the wages account will suffer. He comes to see the folly of a strike, and finds out for himself the plain and simple path every industry must follow, if it is to declare good dividends.

This much for theory. What has been the actual outcome of the experiment? How did it work on trial? The first step was taken in July, 1874, when the shop and water-power were hired for one year on the personal security of the original founder. The articles of agreement were signed, and the five associates went to work. A circular was printed inviting others to join the company. The first new member, a young woman from Providence, R. I., was admitted on the first of August. The second, a Massachusetts man, joined August 7th. On the 19th a New Hampshire man was admitted, and on the fifth of the following month another young woman from Rhode Island was admitted. On the first of January, '75, there were seventeen members and a number of novices on trial. As the months passed, they gradually learned their business, and prepared a stock of goods. These were tried on the market, and met with a profitable sale. This was encouraging, and the first examination of the affairs of the Works in January, 1875, showed a small profit over expenses. All the people were strangers to one another and to the business; a portion of them were merely apprentices, and that the members should have earned good wages, saved twenty-five cents on the dollar, been constantly employed, and actually conducted the business at a profit, was certainly remarkable.

In April, 1875, one shop was burned to the ground. It seemed at first as if the enterprise could not recover from this blow. However, the company had tried the experiment, and at once began to look about for new quarters. A neighboring town in New Hampshire offered another shop upon very favorable terms if the association would move. The people of Springfield, hearing of this, at once called a public meeting, and volunteered to raise a fund to enable the association to rebuild. Money sufficient to set the company on its feet was offered at this meeting, and at once accepted, and the next morning the workmen, under the guidance of a practical builder, proceeded to erect a four-story shop, 100x40. In sixty days the turbine was merrily spinning the machinery, and the men were at work again in a shop erected by their own hands.

The second account of stock, made in the



following July, showed that the Works could declare no dividends on account of the fire. However, every member had been steadily employed, each had saved twenty-five per cent. of his wages, and the business had survived the disaster. From that time the association entered upon a career of unexpected prosperity. The land on which the shop stood was bought on favorable terms; and on the first of January, 1876, the association had forty-five names on its books as members or apprentices on trial. The pressure of business has compelled many extra hours of labor for all, and even extra hands (outsiders) have been sometimes employed for a few weeks. The stock produced found a ready sale, and the business reported for September, October, and November, '75, amounted to \$13,600. A dividend of four per cent. was declared in January, 1876, but it was voted to retain it and re-invest it in new machinery. Eight per cent. a year is guaranteed on the stock, and if the business cannot pay this, the sum is made up by assessing the wages account. Not a day has been lost, nor have the wages been cut down. On the contrary, they have steadily advanced as the workers improved in skill. The number of holidays and "off days" has been small. One of the workmen remarked: "The circus never gets any of our money." The number of applications for admittance has been something wonderful.

This association has another feature that, though it has proved a success and is intimately connected with it, has nothing to do with its commercial aspects, and is not essential to its business prosperity. The company keeps house for all its members. It hires two large dwellings, and all the work-people, from the superintendent to the youngest boy on trial; live together. Each pays board, and all have the advantage of a good home at a very reasonable price. Concerning this boarding-house feature, it must be said that it has nothing to do with these Works, considered as an industrial experiment. The fact that they get better lodgings and a better table for less money than at an ordinary boarding-house; the fact that they have a large reading-room supplied with the best periodical literature without extra charge; that they have the free use of a parlor and piano-forte; that nursing, in case of sickness, is free,—has nothing to do with the shop, viewed as a contribution to the labor question. That some of the female members prefer house-work in the Industrial Home to machine-tending in the Industrial Works;

the fact that the Home keeps a cow or two, a poultry-yard, a kitchen-garden, which produces all the vegetables required by the table; even the fact that the house pays a regular dividend of ten per cent., has nothing to do with the manufacturing experiment. If these young people choose to conduct their household affairs on this principle; if they find it a good speculation, let them do so by all means. The members will eventually discover that it works well for a time among young unmarried people, but the natural desire for a separate home will soon scatter such a family.

The two wooden shops, standing on the brink of the river, and just above the village, are pleasantly located in a clean, quiet, and healthful neighborhood. Each is three stories high, and about 100x40 feet in area. A bridge connects the two, and both are neatly and simply painted and finished. There is ample water-power, with room for another turbine if needed, with a large lumber yard. On entering the shops, one finds large, lofty rooms, warm, well lighted, clean and comfortable. Each room is a department, and has a foreman over it. On the wall is a card with the names of the work-people in that room and with blanks for the days of the week. On this the foreman keeps a record of the days and hours each one is at work, and from this the wages account is made up. It also serves as a guide in estimating the value of each one's services, for it is used as a monitorial list or record of good conduct. Each can see what he has done, and all may observe if the foreman fails in justice or courage in making up his daily report.

At the benches are young men and women in about equal numbers, distributed according to the demands of the work or their own ability. Precisely as in any manufactory, there is a regular system of work and a perfect subdivision of labor. By the peculiar method of selection, each one has the work that the majority think he or she is best suited to perform consistently with the best interests of the establishment. On going through the various departments, one cannot fail to notice the quiet and order that prevail. There is a rigid adherence to business that is positively refreshing. Persons familiar with working-people in mills and shops can readily recall that calmness of manner, and ingenuity in doing nothing with apparent energy that characterize some of the workers. Not a trace of this can be seen in the Industrial Works.



The sun goes down, the lamps are lighted, and the work goes on without a pause. It is hammer, hammer, hammer, with all the regularity and twice the energy of a clock. The whirling shafts spin steadily, the shavings fly from the planers, the paint brushes slip along quickly in nimble girl fingers. It is work, work, work with a jolly persistence. The six o'clock bell rings, and no one seems to discover it till the reluctant engineer turns off the water, and the clattering machinery runs slowly and finally stops, as if it also held shares in the company.

We may join them at their liberal table; forty or more young men and women in good health and the best of spirits. They are well-dressed, intelligent, with manners self-respectful and courteous. After supper some amuse themselves with books, music, and games, and some return to the shop for extra work. All are apparently contented and happy, and all, without exception, are making money at a rate seldom equaled by people in their position.

In wages the men receive from \$7.50 to \$16.50 per week, the girls from \$6 to \$7.50 (from which the deduction of one-fourth is made). As these figures are set by a majority of their own members, they may be taken as an expression of what people in their position think themselves worth. At the same time, they freely admit that all are comparatively unfamiliar with the business. Nearly all the young women were originally school-teachers, and a majority of the men came from farms. For board the men pay \$4, and the women \$3 per week. This is less than the usual rate, and, at the same time, they get more for their money than they could obtain elsewhere. The house also pays a dividend, in which each has a share, according to his or her stock.

The individual experience of some of the members is as instructive as the story of the Works. A few accounts are here presented as taken from the books of the company.

One young man, aged twenty, came directly from a farm; he had never worked in any shop, and joined in January, 1875, paying \$100 for twenty-five shares of the stock. His wages the first year amounted to \$478.28. From this was taken \$119.57. He paid \$208.53 for board and received \$150.18 in cash. He therefore found constant employment, and made a saving of \$269.75. Part of this must have been used for incidental expenses, clothing, etc., and part, no doubt, found its way into the

savings bank. Six weeks of the time he was idle, being disabled, but, in spite of this, he did well, and had property in the Works to the value of \$219.57, that will have a share in all the dividends declared by the company. In case of death, the stock can be readily realized on, after six months' notice, with six per cent. interest from the time he ceased to work.

Among the first members, one man contributed \$50 in August, 1874, and worked in the shops up to January, 1876. His total earnings amounted to \$1,021.42. His board bill was \$293.10, and he received stock to the value of \$98.63 during the first six months. He then gave notice of withdrawal, and after that no more capital was reserved. On leaving the Works he received his original \$50, the cash value of his stock with interest and all his unpaid earnings, or something over \$500 in cash.

Another member bought stock to the value of \$100 in August, 1874. January 1st, 1876, he had earned \$774, of which he held \$193.50 in stock. His board expenses at the Home amounted to \$281.96, so that he supported himself, received \$298.54, and held stock to the value of \$293.50.

A man and wife, each about twenty-three years old, joined in March, 1875. The wife earned, up to January, 1876, \$223.05, and held stock to the value of \$55.76. The husband put in \$100 as stock on entering, and earned wages to the amount of \$484.10. Of this he received stock to the value of \$121.02, and the balance was paid in board or cash. Their joint earnings amounted to \$707.15; their joint expenses at the Home reached \$272.99. They thus supported themselves, held jointly stock to the value of \$276.78, and received the remainder of their wages in money.

It is impossible to say what will be the final outcome of this experiment. It must be noticed that the Industrial Home, aside from the Industrial Works, shows no taint of socialism or communistic ideas, and cannot be classed with such experiments. It is purely a joint-stock co-operative boarding-house, and nothing more. The most valuable features of the Industrial Works are the peculiar plan of paying its members in stock, in compelling them to save money, in giving them all a voice in the direction of the business, and in so far making the co-operation of labor and capital a practical success.

## LE COUREUR DES BOIS.

"OUT of the beaver trade rose a huge evil, baneful to the growth and the morals of Canada. All that was most active and vigorous in the colony took to the woods, and escaped from the control of intendants, councils, and priests, to the savage freedom of the wilderness. Not only were the possible profits great, but in the pursuit of them there was a fascinating element of danger and adventure. The bush-rangers or *coureurs des bois* were to the King an object of terror. They defeated his plans for the increase of the population, and shocked his native instincts of discipline and order. Edict after edict was directed against them, and more than once the colony presented the extraordinary spectacle of the greater part of its young men turned into forest outlaws."—Parkman's "Old Régime in Canada."

## CHAPTER I.

It was a cottage of the better class, but that is not saying that it was either elegant or very comfortable, for Canada at that time was very young and poor—in short, was still New France. The cottage was, however, a picture in its way, both without and within. Over the thick stone walls clambered a hardy vine, which was willing to be beautiful and thrive through the brief summer, and not become utterly discouraged during the six months its roots were covered with snow. It had pulled itself up to the roof, holding on to the rough stones; though that was no great feat, for the children who lived in the cottage often did the same, and had even coaxed a gaudy scarlet bean up too, and together they waved in the summer wind and basked in the summer sun. Within there was a cheery homeliness, which obscured bare walls and scanty furniture. It was so late in the afternoon, that the slanting rays of the sun fell in through the door across the newly scoured floor, drying the white planks before a speck of dust found an abiding place there, and leaving the grain of the wood sharply defined in the dampness.

There were three persons in the room—mother, daughter, and baby boy. The first was a woman of perhaps forty, whose face, though filled with lines drawn by care, hard work, and a bleak climate, still retained much of the beauty of her youth. Her dark eyes, clear and untroubled now, rested fondly upon the baby she rocked in her arms and softly sung to. He was not really a baby, or would not have been if another had come to take his place; still, as he was the youngest, he had for two years reigned over the family absolutely. Even now, as his tired mother hoped to see the long lashes sink in sleep upon his rosy cheeks, the white lids slowly lifted from the merry brown eyes, and he looked saucily at her. She stooped over him, kissed his

pretty mouth, then putting him down, said to her daughter:

"He will not sleep, Marie, and I will not give any more time to the rogue. Take him with thee when thou goest for the cows, and see if thou canst weary him for once."

Marie looked at her mother with a dismayed face, and said protestingly:

"But, maman, he wearies me the most; he makes me carry him, and stoop with him that he may pick every marguerite he sees, and when I set him down he runs so close to the cows' legs."

"Well, well, Marie, do as thou wilt," answered her mother, with an easy indulgence, strange in those days when parents spoke to be obeyed. But between her and this only daughter was an affection almost like that existing between sisters. There had been five years of lonely married life before Marie was born, when the silent, hard-working husband had neither time nor thought to banish the gloom and homesickness of his young wife, who could not forget old France and the happy home she had left there. For she was one of the many peasant girls who had come out to Canada in obedience to the order of the King, that the colonists should have French wives in their new home. And when the baby girl was born, the mother's heart beat with a happiness it had not known at sight of the two boys who had come before. From the day the little hands had first offered themselves to assist with an irksome task, the mother looked upon her daughter not only as a help, but as a friend and companion. Marie had hurried through with her childhood, instinctively recognizing the want and need of her mother's heart, and had long shared the cares of the house and the crowd of noisy boys. Happiness and contentment came more fully each year to the cottagers. They prospered, and their farm this afternoon was smiling to the river's edge with swift, ripening grain.

Marie took up her cap and looked toward the door, then, turning, she said :

"I will take him, maman."

But her mother answered :

"No, Marie; thou art always a good, willing girl; go alone. The walk through the forest will rest thee. Only come back quickly; thy father and brothers will soon be in and hungry for their supper."

"Maman," cried Marie, dropping upon her knees beside her mother and hiding her face upon her bosom, "do not call me good. The word fills me with shame. I am not so good a daughter as you deserve."

"Ah, little one, thou hast been a comfort to me all thy life," said the mother caressingly. "Thou art a good modest girl. Now go. See! little Jacques is wondering at thy tears, and so is thy mother."

Marie still knelt.

"I have been thinking all day of my sins—of how often I have pained you and given you trouble. Maman, can you forgive it all, and believe that I sometimes sin because I do not know which of two things it is right to do? And will you love me always, even if I should sometimes be far away from you?"

"Always, always, Marie," answered her mother, kissing her, and thinking that her grief meant no more than that which had prompted a hundred similar confessions.

"My sweet maman," said the girl, as she arose.

Patting the baby's waving hair and kissing his warm cheek, she started across the fields toward the forest, a corner of which she must cross to reach the pasture.

As she entered the dense shade, she began to look anxiously around, and as soon as she became accustomed to the dusk, she saw coming toward her, under the trees, a young man. She ran hastily to him, as if fearing that that which she had to say would be left unsaid, unless she spoke at once.

"I cannot go with thee, Antoine, I only came to say adieu. Oh, forgive me for disappointing thee, but I cannot go."

"Cannot go!" he exclaimed, stepping back and looking at her angrily. "Thou art jesting with me, Marie; thou wilt not break thy promise."

"Indeed, I am not jesting, Antoine, dear Antoine. Forgive me, and try still to love me a little. I will always be true to thee, and never love, never marry, another, but I cannot go with thee," she said, laying her hand upon his arm.

He shook it off impatiently.

"Marie, I have risked my life—or my liberty, and that is more than life to me—to come here. I have waited day after day for thee to decide which thou didst love best, thy mother or me, and now, after keeping me here until thy vanity is sufficiently flattered, thou sendest me away—thou stayest behind to laugh at me—to—"

"Oh, Antoine, how canst thou speak so cruelly? Let me go back to my mother. Forget the forest and its wild life. Come back to us. Come back to the church and proper ways, and soon the dislike of my parents will vanish; they will give their consent to our marriage."

"I cannot go back to be treated like a forgiven outlaw. Come with me if thou wouldst save my soul. With thee—in another place—I will try to live as thou wishest. But if thou forsakest me now, I will go my own way; I will live the life I prefer," and Marie's lover stood darkly regarding her.

Standing together, they formed a picture, Rembrandtesque in its lights and shades. The girl, in the simple dress of her class, with the sunshine of the meadows seeming still to rest in the waves of her bright hair, and a broad expanse of golden light reaching into the forest after her. Facing her the hunter stood, picturesque at any time in his half-civilized, half-savage dress, but doubly so now, the centering point of the deep shadows. He, his dress and his manner harmonized with the forest; his strong right arm was thrown impatiently up to keep back a green branch which would have swept against his handsome face, while his left hand was extended—waiting for the next word—either to grasp or thrust away the little hard hands she held out to him. There was no sound except the summer wind, which was too languid to come far into the wood, and only stirred the berry bushes and tall grass which grew along its edge. His eyes never left her face, save when she turned her head to look back at the sunny meadow, the little stone cottage, whose roof she could see, and the shining river beyond. Then she turned to her lover again, and to the silent forest which stretched behind him, and her eyes drooped to the mosses and lichens which grew at his feet, while she tried to find an answer for him. But she was too unused to self-decision to find one, so she at last only looked up, and, reaching out her hands, said with a helpless sob :

"Oh, Antoine!"

He took her hands and said softly :

"Come, Marie."

"If I go with thee now, Antoine, when wilt thou bring me back to my mother?"

"When thou hast made a good man of me, Marie, and that will not be long, I promise thee. For how could I be wicked or reckless when I have thee always with me? Come, Marie, thy mother is good, she does not need thee, while I—well, I have told thee often that without thee I cannot and will not be good. Thy mother will perhaps weep—"

"Oh, Antoine, I know how she will weep for me! I know how lonely the long summer days and the dreary winter days will be for her without me, and poor baby Jacques, he will weep for me too. Oh, Antoine!" and she clung to him as the tears overflowed her face.

He pressed her bright head close to his breast, only answering for a time with his kisses. Then he said :

"My own little one, I know how thou lovest thy mother, and how much she is to thee, but cannot I be more? And, Marie, thy mother does not think so badly of me as all the others do. When she learns that thou art with me, she will say, 'Poor Antoine, he has now some one to live for, some one to help him escape from hell.' Marie, if I go away alone," he continued, "I will return to men like myself, even worse, and then I will have no strength, while if thou art with me—with all thy purity and goodness—thou wilt keep evil spirits away, thou wilt in time teach me how to become good, and draw me back to 'proper ways.' And then we will return and live as thy father and mother do."

"Ah, if I could know all that would come true. But, Antoine, how will my mother know what has become of me?"

"I will let her know. Not far from here at an Indian village is good Père Geauteau, and, after he has married us, I will pray him to write and tell them all."

"And when shall we be married, Antoine?"

"As soon as our feet can carry us to the priest. Come, come."

"But it will soon be dark in the forest," said the girl, drawing back.

"Never fear the darkness, I know every foot of the ground between here and the great lakes. Come, my darling, and when thou art weary I will carry thee."

"And, Antoine, thou wilt love me well enough to keep all thy vows?"

"I swear by everything thou believest holy that I will," and, holding her hand tightly, he hurried her away.

The last dampness had dried from the white floor, little Jacques had laid down in a sunny spot and fallen asleep, the mother was commencing supper and wondering why Marie did not come. When the table was set, and still no Marie came, she walked anxiously to the door and looked across the meadow. The sun was sinking, and already lay in a softly rounded hollow of the mountain range, sending his last level rays across field and river. All was tranquil, warm, and fair, and yet over her heart crept such a chill as had never rested there before. She gazed steadily toward the forest, longing for the first glimpse of Marie when she would emerge with the cows. As she stood, the sun dropped behind the mountains, and the shadows deepened around the wood, and stretched out across the meadow. Where could Marie be? She lifted the sleeping baby from the floor, and laid him on the bed, mended the fire, and then hurried out along the path which led to the pasture. It was useless to chide herself for her fears. Marie had never idled nor tarried when she had been bidden to hurry. Something must have happened. Perhaps one of the usually gentle cows had become unruly and rushed upon her, or perhaps she had sat down to rest in the forest,—she was tired, poor child,—and had fallen asleep. At the edge of the forest she paused and looked into its black depth for a sight of the familiar dress. She tried to lift up her voice and call, but there was such an oppression upon her that, as in a horrible dream, the sound was scarcely more than a whisper. She stood a moment irresolute, listening to the strange sounds that came to her. A bird darted past her, and made her heart leap until the blood thundered in her ears. Then she dashed forward, looking to the right and left, but breathing not a word. She had still one hope, still one fear, that when she reached the opening she would find the missing one. The way was short; she was soon there. As she stumbled over the last fallen branch and reached the clearing, the soft lowing of the patient cows smote upon her heart with the dull, incomprehensible pain, that the unreasoning tranquillity of a dumb brute always has when every pulse is bounding and the brain is whirling with excitement.

Marie had not been there. She hurriedly



opened the gate and let the creatures through, then recrossed the forest. As she passed the spot where two hours before Marie and Antoine had stood, and caught sight of the river with its melancholy mists rising over it, she broke into loud sobs and cried out:

"Marie, Marie, where art thou?"

But her voice only died away among the trees, and no welcome answer came.

When she reached home little Jacques was still sleeping, and the father and tired boys were standing about the door, with that bewildered look which takes possession of the men of a family when they come home and find the mother gone. She rushed to them, breathless and frantic.

"Marie is gone!" was all she could say as she sank upon the step. But they soon gathered what little there was to tell. Each had his suggestion to make, which neither satisfied himself nor another, and, leaving the supper untasted and the cows unmilked, they started toward the woods.

The mountains ceased to glow as the clouds above them grew dull, and from softest blue vanished into darkest purple; banks of misty clouds settled into the valleys about their summits; the light wind died away; the river lay a silent roadway; the vast forests took on a denser shade, and the whole world of nature slept as the mother watched.

#### CHAPTER II.

THE summer days dragged through their long hours at the little cottage. Every morning and every night, the mother looked toward the forest as she opened or shut the door. But the girl for whom she looked did not come. The summer ended; the vine on the wall turned scarlet, and the gaudy bean fainted to the ground under a cruel frost, the fields were bronzed and the woods all aflame for a few glorious days, then the winter was with the cottagers.

In the forest the summer had passed like a happy dream to the two wanderers. Marie's fears that her mother would have no clue to her whereabouts, were quieted by the promise of the priest, to whom she and Antoine had gone, that he would send a messenger to the curé of her parish, and thus clear away the mystery of her absence. And, not knowing that the message never reached her home, she, after her first hours of remorse and self-reproach, gave herself up to the happiness of wandering alone with the lover from whom she had been separated—save for a few stolen meetings—so

long. And the days passed far more swiftly with them than in the saddened home.

After leaving the Indian camp to which Antoine had first directed their steps, it seemed to Marie that they wandered aimlessly on. But the spell of the forest was upon her, and she did not care how long they lingered under the rustling trees, or darted in their bark canoe down flashing streams, whose rocky walls echoed the sound of the foaming rapids, and the wild forest songs of Antoine. They two, it seemed to her, were alone in an uninhabited world—a world into which they had come as from another life. So totally were they separated from the past, that the silence and distance of death seemed to spread between them and the home she had left. But the short summer burned itself out in the forest as well as in the fields. The rich, sweet fragrance of the dying leaves, and the melody of the busy departing birds filled the air; their happy, dreamy summer was over, and it was time to prepare for winter.

There was a trading-post not far away, Antoine had said one autumn afternoon, as they sat talking of the coming winter, and to it he argued they had better go. There he could sell his furs to the traders, and there Marie would be secure from at least a part of the suffering the winter must bring her with its many hardships. But with the thought of the companions awaiting her there, came the fear that she would lose him if he once more felt the wild lawless influence that had drawn him from his early home.

"Do not go, Antoine. Let us live here in this happy loneliness where we have each other."

"My poor little Marie; thou dost not know what the winter will be here," he answered.

"But I do know what it will be there. Oh, do not take me. I would rather freeze or starve here with thee, than have thee go with those men," and she clung to him, weeping.

It was in vain that he reasoned, and at last she prevailed. Further up the stream was a hunting-lodge, comfortable for its rude build, but deserted by the trappers in consequence of a rumor that it was haunted by the spirit of a murdered Indian. To that they had better go, since Marie obstinately preferred cold, hunger, and disembodied spirits, to the company of the reckless band to which her husband had once belonged.



The hut stood a mere foot-print in the wilderness. It was belted around by a bounding stream that even the chains of winter could not fetter, and which now chanted loudly as they looked into its shady depths. In front of them, behind them, everywhere spread the forest, which spoke only of nature, which held back the slender thread of civilization which fringed its border along the great river. And here was to be their home, until Marie's influence should bring under control the wild nature of the *coureur des bois*, and draw him back to ways of peace and prosperity.

The hut was empty, save for a few pieces of roughly constructed furniture, which the hunters had left behind them. But, desolate as it was, it soon took on a look of homeliness under Marie's skillful hands. Against the wall they hung Antoine's gun and other hunting and fishing implements. A bed of fragrant pine branches was made in one corner, from the canoe Antoine brought an armful of soft furs, which he spread upon the floor, and when Marie had filled the empty fireplace with crimson and golden boughs, their home was furnished.

It had not been too early chosen, for the leaves soon fell, the short, wonderful Indian summer was over, the bleak wind roared loudly through the high tree-tops, the snow and rain combated for victory, and a six months' winter had commenced.

In the morning Antoine would go out to hunt and trap, and return at nightfall laden with game. Upon two or three occasions he had gone to the trading-post where he had exchanged his furs, and Marie saw her dress of civilization gradually replaced by the habiliments of a squaw, and her life shaping itself to the requirements of the present.

They were far into the winter before any feet but their own had crossed their threshold. Antoine was on the eve of a visit to the traders, and had flung himself down upon a wolf-skin before the red fire which filled the little cabin with light and heat. Marie sat beside him, talking first of his journey, and then of the spring which was now but a few months away, and as ever urging her husband to return with her, as soon as the winter was over, to the old home, and turn forever from the forest. He listened with a smile which prefaced a promise, yet he argued negatively for the pleasure of hearing her soft persuasive tones. The months she had been with him had wonderfully softened his nature, and made

him long to live a life worthy of her love. Something of this he was about to tell her, when his purpose was arrested by the unusual sound of voices upon the clear night air. Starting up, he flung the door open wide, and saw in the bright starlight two hunters approaching over the glistening snow. The fire-light and the open door offered a welcome of which they availed themselves, without waiting for words to second it. And a few moments later they were unfastening their snow-shoes, and laying aside their guns within the bright room.

As Antoine and his guests stood regarding each other, a look of recognition came into their faces, and with an exclamation of pleasure he clasped the hands of two old comrades. With a few words he accounted for Marie's presence, and after the hunters had partaken of the supper their hostess provided for them, they sat late into the night talking over old adventures. Marie listened silently, and watched her husband with troubled eyes, as, his face glowing with pleasure and excitement, he recalled their exploits of danger and daring. And her heart grew heavy as she heard them plan their journey for the next day together to the trading-post.

Next morning before day they were astir and preparing for their journey, and, as they were about to start, one of the hunters said to Marie:

"Do not be surprised if Antoine does not come back to thee to-night. He is too gay a comrade to lose, now that we have found him. We are going to take him with us, and perhaps thou'lt not see him again until spring."

"What wouldst thou do, little one, if I left thee here alone?" asked her husband, taking her hand.

"I would die, Antoine," she answered, her eyes filling with tears.

"But let me take thee to the settlement, and leave thee with the other women there, while I go away and gain wealth for thee. I will go with Henri and Jules, where the furs are rich and plentiful, and by spring, Marie, thy husband will be a rich man."

"Ah, Antoine, thou dost but try me. I know thou wilt not leave me," she said, laying her head upon his breast.

"Why canst thou not consent, Marie?" he asked, lifting her face and looking into it, while his own clouded with disappointment. For with the advent of his comrades the old passion had come back to him, almost too strong to be resisted.

"Oh, Antoine, thou dost not love me any longer," she cried, as she interpreted the look his face wore.

The impatience of disappointment and the galling sense of restraint were upon him, and he felt the jeering mood of his companions as he listened to her reproach.

"Marie!" he exclaimed angrily, "thou art a foolish child!"

"Come, come, Antoine," laughed his friend. "Thou art much too tender with this baby wife; thou shouldst never have married, to be held a prisoner. What has become of thy brave spirit, which thou once didst boast could be controlled by no will but thine own?" and he took up his gun and led the way to the door, looking back at the two as they stood together—Marie tearful, and Antoine flushed and baffled.

"Antoine, do not let us part in anger, even if it is but for a day."

It irritated him that she should feel so sure of his return at night, and he replied:

"How dost thou know it will be but for a day? Thou demandest much of me."

"Do I require more of thee than thou hast required of me, Antoine?" she asked, turning away from him.

"But thou art unreasonable, Marie," he said more softly, as he remembered her sacrifice. "Thou art childish, to weep when I talk of leaving thee for a few weeks. Thou wouldst make a fool of me before my friends."

"Forgive me, Antoine, and go. I will trust thee," she replied, brushing away her tears and throwing her arms about him.

He kissed her in silence, and, catching up his load of furs, hurried after the others.

"Which has conquered, Antoine, thee or thy wife?" was the question as he joined them.

"Never mind which," he answered sharply, "and I want no more of thy ridicule, Jules."

When they reached the camp Antoine found a crowd of his old companions gathered there. They greeted him uproariously, and questioned him closely as to his long desertion of them. They listened to the story of his tyrannical wife as told by his late guests with many embellishments, and all joined their entreaties that he would bring his wife to the camp, and go with them upon a long expedition they were now planning. The temptation to yield was great, but when he looked around upon the drunken, reckless, half-savage band, and the women who found them agreeable compan-

ions, and thought of leaving his pure, helpless Marie with them, even the fascination of the long, dangerous hunt failed.

The day was almost done before he had disposed of his furs, and shaken off the last friend who followed to persuade him. And, when at last he lifted his purchases to his shoulders and slipped on his snow-shoes and turned homeward, the sun was sinking into its early bed of wintry clouds.

He struck briskly out through the forest, caring not for the darkness, and breathing more freely as the last sound from the camp died away in the distance. His heart grew warmer as each step took him nearer to his wife, and he forgot the darkness and cold, as he pictured her joy when he would take her in his arms, and tell her that she had reclaimed him.

At home Marie had spent a wretched day of fear and doubt. It was in vain that she assured herself that he loved her, that he had always been true to her; she was forced to remember that he had never been so tried before. And, further, she knew that his vanity had been sorely wounded, that she had subjected him to the ridicule of his friends. Why had she not exercised more tact and shielded him from this? Why had she, in short, shown herself to be a child, making him perhaps indeed feel her to be a burden? She tormented herself with these self-reproaching queries throughout the day. But, when evening came, the hope that he might soon be with her, cheered her, and she brightened the fire, and tried to give the little cabin an air of welcome against the time of his return. But the dusk turned to darkness, and the darkness was in its turn dispelled by the late rising moon, and yet he did not come. Again and again she wrapped a blanket about her, and ran up the river bank in the direction he had gone, in the hope of meeting him. And, not daring to lose sight of the light in her cabin, she would stand and listen, until, benumbed with cold and fear, she would fly back to her shelter, only to be driven remorselessly out again.

During the early part of the night, the knowledge that his heavy burden would make his progress slow sustained her. But when time, and far more than time for his return had elapsed, and he did not come, the horrible fear that he had deserted her, and the dread that he was kept away by some terrible accident, by turns took possession of her mind.

Midnight was passed, and the moon slid slowly along the sky, muffled in the heavy

snow which fell in feathery flakes. The last hours of the night were made endurable only by the resolve to go in search of him as soon as day came. When the east showed signs of dawn, something of the comfort which light always brings after a night of suffering came to her. And she consoled herself with many a good reason why he had not come, as she hurriedly made preparations for her departure; he had not disposed of his furs until too late, or perhaps he had really been angry with her, and had stayed away just to give her this anxious night. She did not know her way to the camp; all she could do was to go in the same direction he had gone the day before. Only the day before! What an eternity lay between her and the time he had given her that half-angry, half-reconciling kiss, and hurried away!

## CHAPTER III.

FOR a time after Antoine left the camp, he made good progress. As he sped over the ground, absorbed in his thoughts and plans for the future, he found his way more by instinct than care, and before night was really upon him, he was several miles on his way toward his home. He whistled softly to himself as a picture of the bright, warm room, with Marie for its center, arose before him. And he resolved that before he slept he would tell her what he had so nearly told her the night before. Yes, as soon as the spring opened, they would once more take up their wandering life, but this time with their faces toward civilization. During the last twenty-four hours he had seen how impossible a continuation of their present life would be for any time. The unsettled, homeless existence which they must lead in the forest, he now, for the first time, thought of as a wrong to Marie. To him, *the forest* meant wild, happy freedom—freedom from care, law, or duty, while the life toward which he was forcing himself meant prosaic virtue, and impulse forever controlled. And, although his every feeling rebelled against the change, the determined will which had always made him so uncontrollable, and the broad, generous nature which had once made him break away from all rule, now made him see a duty which he had brought into his life, and seeing which compelled him to perform it.

The moon rose at last and mottled his way with brilliancy and gloom as its light by turns fell through the naked boughs, or was intercepted by the shade of the pines.

The silence of the night was unbroken, save by the low shuffling of his snow-shoes as he made his way through the trackless waste. Now and then he would pause for rest, and then press on, indifferent to the night and its loneliness. The way was long, he was tired from his day of excitement and travel, and he began to feel some misgivings about reaching home in time to save Marie from a night of watching. There was a different trail from the one taken by himself and companions that morning, which would cut off a mile or two of his journey, and into that he would turn. He shifted his course, and was soon at the stream which marked the new trail. Following its guidance a short distance, he came to a pine-tree which a late storm had uprooted, and which now lay across the frozen river. The sight of the tree decided him to cross and follow the path on the other side. And, yielding to a desire to feel something more solid than crumbling snow under his feet, he shook off his shoes and climbed upon the fallen trunk. As he did so, he noticed that the ice had been shattered by the tough branches, and the water was running swift and cold through the green leaves. He strode forward along the ice-incrusted bark with a free, careless step. In the middle of the stream, he sprang lightly past an interfering bough, slipped as he regained his footing, clutched at the branches overhead, crashed through the wiry tree, and an instant later felt the icy water sweeping over his feet.

The fall, when he realized it, seemed only the interruption of a moment, and the slight inconvenience of a pair of wet moccasins which would soon freeze and cease to trouble him. He threw his arm up for a supporting branch by which to extricate himself, but it fell back powerless, and sent a sickening thrill through his frame. Still, even now, he reasoned, his accident could be nothing serious, and he struggled up to free himself from the close-lapping branches. But the short struggle showed him how vain it was. He could neither rise nor sink. The heavy burden on his shoulders held him firmly down. Beneath, his only foot-hold was the rushing water, and he seemed bound about by a thousand firmly fixed cords in the slender, tough branches. More than the slightest movement was an impossibility, and by degrees the horrible truth that he was chained in a prison, in a spot which might not be traversed for years by human feet, and from which he could only be released by the hand of death, forced itself upon

him. He did not submit to the discovery quietly, for, with all the strength of his slender athletic frame, he struggled: but after each fruitless attempt he paused, only to find himself held more firmly in the pine-tree's embrace. The toils which encompassed him were seemingly so slight, that to be baffled by them filled him with fierce rage, and he shook them and beat wildly about him with his left hand to break them away. But the branches only gave out a bruised fragrance as they cut sharply through the cold air and swayed against his face; and, after an hour or more of combat, he sank back hopeless, to wait. Save for the pain which his arm gave him when he moved it, he was not suffering; or, if suffering, his mental anguish made him insensible to it. And, as he stood upright in his trap, his mind supernaturally clear, he thought until his imaginings became torture almost unendurable.

Again the picture of his lowly home arose before him. Again, more vividly than ever, he saw Marie, pale and tearful, listening for the step she would never again hear. Oh, why had he parted from her so coldly? Why had he not told her his partially formed plans that last night as they sat before the fire? How plainly he remembered her answer when he asked her what she would do without him—"I would die, Antoine." As he repeated the words, they brought him a strange joy to know that without him she could not live, that they would meet again ere long, when he could tell her that he had always been true to her, that even when death came to him he was hastening to her.

With the certainty of death came thoughts of the future. His life, in the sight of the church and the world, had been one of outlawry and disobedience to the laws of God and man. What hope was there for him now? What a vast distance would separate him from Marie, even after they were both dead. Would they ever meet? Or, would she look as immovably upon him from her saintly heights, as the cold moon now looked upon him from the wintry sky? How could a dying man repent and be forgiven without the aid of a sanctified prayer? If only he could see Marie! She was his church, his priest, his heaven. And, with the remembrance of her love, there came an undefined feeling that if she, in her pure heart, could find him worth loving and saving, God—infinately purer, holier, and more pitying—would receive his blackened soul and make it white and clean.

As the first gleam of light penetrated the darkness of her long night, Marie prepared for her journey. During the night she prayed as fervently as her distracted heart would allow, that her search might be successful, that the welcome sight of Antoine might greet her eyes before another night. She believed that she would be guided to him, wherever he was, and so she started out to find him, or perish in the wilderness.

Through the slowly dawning day she passed toward the camp. The snow of the night still lay thickly upon the trees, obscuring the pale light and giving the forest a weird, gloomy aspect she had never seen before.

Her wanderings of the summer had taught her some things necessary to know of forest travel. She had learned the signs by which Antoine recognized a trail. So she found her way without great difficulty, though her progress was slow and she often sank down exhausted and unhappy, to rest. But there was comfort in action, and she would soon spring up again and hurry forward.

It was late in the afternoon before she reached the trading-post; she found it deserted by the hunters, for they had that morning started on their long expedition. But the permanent settlers were there, and, although they could give her little news of her husband, they could at least relieve her of the haunting fear that he had gone with his old companions. They comforted her, too, with many reasons for Antoine's disappearance. He had, perhaps, come upon the track of some valuable game, which he had followed, and thus been delayed. She had better return to her cabin and wait patiently for him. And there was a shorter trail than the one by which he had come, which she had better take on her return. She would probably find Antoine at the cabin before her.

Refreshed and comforted by her visit to the camp, she turned away from it with a far lighter heart than that with which she had entered it. The dwellers there had laughed at her fears, and she felt that she was foolish to dread for him. He knew the forest as well as she knew the meadows at home. He was armed for any encounter with wild animals; and from man, she knew he feared nothing. And in her short stay at the camp she had heard how it was believed that her husband bore a charmed life, that woodland dangers always faded before him, and foes always gave him the trail.



Upheld by these reflections, she followed the path which he had taken the night before. At first she flitted like a bird over the snow, thinking how in happy hours to come, she would tell Antoine of her adventurous search for him. But it was not long before she felt the depressing effect of weariness. And as she entered the new trail the day was done, and she sat down to wait until the rising moon would show her the way.

Wrapping her blanket around her and muffling her chilled face in it, she nestled beside a great tree for what warmth its shelter might give. The day and preceding night had been wonderfully mild, but now the night was growing intensely cold, and she begrudged every moment of inaction. But to go forward she did not dare, for, if she once strayed from her way in the darkness, she was hopelessly lost. The chill air benumbed her mentally and physically, and she had not been long in her sheltered nook before she succumbed to the sleep which anxiety had banished the night before.

Whether she slept for a long or a short time she did not know, for her sleep was as heavy and dreamless as death. She only knew that she sprang to her feet, wide awake, after the first moment of confusion, hearing her name called loudly, as if from empty space. She listened breathlessly for a repetition of the sound, but the forest was perfectly silent. A superstitious feeling that it was an unearthly voice which had called her, came over her and filled her with awe which made her silent. And, crossing herself and murmuring a prayer, she once more went forward through the moonlit woods. But all her buoyancy and hope were gone. It was hard to keep back the tears which loneliness, fear, and cold forced into her eyes. For the first time in her life, she had to depend entirely upon herself, and never before had she been so helpless, so defenseless.

She walked heavily on, benumbed by the cold, with only consciousness sufficient to keep upon the river, which she had been told was her nearest way home.

A short distance before her she saw her path obstructed by a fallen tree, and she was about to scramble up the bank and make her way around it when her heart gave a great bound of fear as she saw the green boughs suddenly moved. The certainty that she now had a fierce, starved animal to face, broke down all her courage, and in an instant the woods rang with a loud cry of despair. At the sound, the green screen was put swiftly aside, and a human face,

haggard and pale, looked out at her. Looked blankly at first, then the eyes lit it up and the warm blood flushed over it, and her cry was answered by one of joy and triumph.

"Marie, Marie, art thou here?"

Where was the loneliness and coldness of a moment before? That cry peopled the world for her, and filled the forest with the glory of summer. In an instant she was upon the tree, her arms were around her husband's neck, her kisses upon his lips. For some moments words were not needed; it was enough that they were together once more. Then Antoine, with his head drooping weakly upon her breast, said:

"Marie, I knew that thou wouldst come. I could not die without thee."

"Die, Antoine! Do not speak of dying. But why art thou here?" and for the first time she looked about her for the cause.

"I cannot move, Marie. I have been here since last night. My arm is broken. These boughs hold me fast."

"Oh, Antoine!" and the horror which he felt when he first realized his fate was now felt by her. Still she would not believe the hopelessness of his situation, and, seizing his bonds, tried with all her strength to sever them, and together they fought his strange captor; but the struggle was short, and Antoine said:

"It is hopeless, Marie. My strength is all gone. I cannot aid thee. I must die here. Take the heavy burden from my shoulders. Sit down beside me, Marie. Let me feel thine arms once more around me, and with thee near me I will not be afraid to die."

Marie quickly undid the fastenings of his pack and laid it aside, and at once renewed her endeavors to release him. She broke away the slender branches, and then with the knife from his belt began to cut the stronger ones. But just as her labor seemed about to succeed he called out to her:

"Stop, Marie. The ice is broken beneath me. If you release me I shall fall. The current will carry me under the ice and I shall drown. Only let death come to me in thy presence and I am resigned."

Once more she crept back to him, this time heart-broken and despairing.

"Let me go back to the camp, Antoine, and bring thee aid."

But he only shook his head, and drew her more closely to him, saying:

"Do not leave me. I should not be alive when thou wouldst return. The sight



of thee has given me a respite, but it will not be a long one. I am faint from pain and hunger, and the night is growing fiercely cold. Thou wilt only have to watch with me a short time, little one. \* \* \* \* What wilt thou do without me, Marie?" he asked once more, this time his voice full of love and tenderness, all the old impatience gone from it.

"Antoine, do not ask me. Without thee I cannot live. If thou diest here I will never leave this spot. I will stay with my arms around thee, and when death comes to thee it will come to me."

"No, my sweet Marie. Thou must leave me when I am dead. Go to the camp, and when spring comes some one will take thee to thy mother, for there are kind hearts among my wild comrades, and for my sake, as well as thine, they will be good to thee."

"Oh, Antoine, life without thee will be nothing. Do not bid me seek it; let me lay it down with thine," she implored him passionately.

"I want to tell thee, Marie, all the good resolutions I was forming as I hurried toward thee, that thou mayest have none but kind remembrance of me in the years to come."

Then he told her all, and told her timidly and falteringly of the hope that had come to him when he found he must die—of the almost assured belief which her love had taught him to dare to hope for through the infinite love of God. Sobbing wildly, she listened to him and comforted him. Then at last they were silent, she chafing and caressing his cold hands with her almost equally icy ones, and he watching her with happy, patient eyes. The breathless night grew colder and colder, and the far-off stars glittered through the trees. At length Antoine's arm loosened its pressure; he leaned heavily against Marie and slept.

With a low, piercing cry which could not reach his dulled brain, the moon, stars, and trees whirled in a labyrinth around her, as she fainted from the consciousness of her woe.

The snow was melting from every sunny slope when Marie looked at the world again. The scene upon which she opened her eyes was so unfamiliar to her, that she

thought it all a dream, until a face bent over her which seemed to belong to the winter day, long, long ago, when she had gone in search of Antoine. She looked into the coarse but kindly face, and the past came back to her. With a groan, she turned away.

"Do not tell me; I know it all. Antoine is dead."

The girl leaned over her and said softly:

"Joy is sometimes harder to bear than sorrow. Canst thou bear it?"

Marie turned quickly back.

"Tell me! Tell me!"

"I will let another tell thee," and she hurried away.

Marie fell back in silent happiness, and a moment more Antoine clasped her in his arms. Presently he told her how death had been frightened away. After Marie had left the camp that winter day, seeing how cold the night was growing, and fearing that she could not make her way alone, two of the settlers had followed her, and soon after the dull slumber had wrapped Antoine in its fatal sweetness, and while Marie was insensible to everything, the hunters found them. It was short work for their strong arms to release the prisoner, and, before daybreak, rescued and rescuers were safe in camp. Antoine's recovery was far more speedy than Marie's, and for many weeks he feared that it was he who would have to go through the world alone. But now the two who had parted in death met in life, and life—whose other name is happiness—beamed with loving welcome for them. They watched the coming of spring, and when it burst upon them in its northern swiftness and beauty, they started out under the tender whispering leaves, and wandered toward the great river.

One evening in early midsummer, as the mother stood at the cottage door looking toward the forest, she saw two forms emerge from its shade and cross the meadow. She watched them as they came along the path toward the cottage; then she staggered down the little garden walk as one of the wanderers, seeing her, bounded to her with outstretched arms, and Marie and her mother were together once more.

## THE TWO GREETINGS.

## I.—SALVE!

SCARCE from the void of shadows taken,  
We hail thine opening eyelids, boy!  
Be welcome to the world! Awaken  
To strength and beauty, and to joy!

Within those orbs of empty wonder  
Let life its starry fires increase,  
And curve those tender lips asunder  
With faintest smiles of baby peace!

Sealed in their buds, the beauteous senses  
Shall gladden thee as they unfold:  
With soft allurements, stern defenses,  
Thy ripper being they shall mold.

Far-eyed desires and hopes unbounded  
Within thy narrow nest are furled:  
Behold, for thee how fair is rounded  
The circle of the sunlit world!

The oceans and the winds invite thee,  
The peopled lands thy coming wait:  
No wreck nor storm shall long affright thee,  
For all are parts of thine estate.

Advance to every triumph wrested  
By plow and pencil, pen and sword,  
For, with thy robes of action vested,  
Though slaves be others, thou art lord!

Thy breath be love, thy growth be duty,  
To end in peace as they began:  
Pre-human in thy helpless beauty,  
Become more beautiful, as Man!

## II.—VALE!

Now fold thy rich experience round thee,  
To shield therewith the sinking heart:  
The sunset-gold of Day hath crowned thee:  
The dark gate opens,—so depart!

What growth the leafy years could render  
No more into its bud returns;  
It clothes thee still with faded splendor  
As banks are clothed by autumn ferns.

All spring could dream or summer fashion,  
If ripened, or untimely cast,  
The harvest of thy toil and passion—  
Thy sheaf of life—is bound at last.

What scattered ears thy field encloses,  
 What tares unweeded, now behold;  
 And here the poppies, there the roses,  
 Send withered fragrance through the gold.

Lo! as thou camest, so thou goest,  
 From bright Unknown to bright Unknown,  
 Save that the light thou forward throwest,  
 Was fainter then behind thee thrown.

Again be glad! through tears and laughter,  
 And deed and failure, thou art strong:  
 Thy Here presages thy Hereafter,  
 And neither sphere shall do thee wrong!

To mother-breasts of nurture fonder  
 Go, child!—once more in beauty young:  
 And hear our *Vale!* echoed yonder  
 As *Salve!* in a sweeter tongue!

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MY BIRTHRIGHT.

If I was born the helpless heir,  
 Ah me, to some vague foreign place,  
 Somewhere—and is it not *somewhere*?—  
 In the weird loneliness of Space,  
 Why is my native grass so sweet,  
 And tangled so about my feet?

If I, without my will, must take  
 Immortal gifts of pearl and gold,  
 And white saint-garments, for the sake  
 Of my fair soul, why must I hold  
 The jewels of the dust so dear,  
 And purple and fine linen here?

If One has been for love of mine  
 Willing, unseen of me, to die—  
 A Prince whose beauty is divine,  
 Whose kingdom without end—ah, why  
 Would I forsake his face and moan,  
 Only to kiss and keep your own?

If I, unworthy of my dower  
 Among the palms of Paradise,  
 Would give it for a funeral flower  
 (In folded hands, that need not rise),  
 Why may not some true angel be  
 Rich with estate too high for me?

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

**The Remedy is with the People.**

THERE was nothing so humiliating in all our terrible civil war as the recent discovery that there was corruption of the lowest character in the high places of the Government. This corruption has come from a cause which we have pointed out again and again, and faithfully protested against, viz., the placing of low-toned men in office. It is the natural and legitimate result of the rule of politicians as contra-distinguished from that of statesmen. General Grant was elected to the Presidency in the interest of a political party because he was a soldier, and not because he was a statesman. The men he has gathered around him are naturally, in the main, like him. No man wishes to be the nominal head of a Government of which, intellectually and morally, he is the tail. We have no right to expect a President to be wiser in his own policy than the constituency that placed him in power, or to be actuated by a higher motive. And as if Schenck, and Babcock, and Belknap were not enough, we have been still further disgraced by a Senate that willingly listened to the voice of notorious demagogues, and insulted one of the purest names ever presented for its approval. It really seems as if the powers at Washington were trying to see how deeply they can humiliate the nation, and how contemptible and detestable they can make it in the eyes of the world.

With a Government in disgrace, with commerce paralyzed and industry starving, what do we find in Congress to give us hope and courage? Nothing; literally nothing. We see the representatives of two great political parties pitted against each other, governed by no high principle, and only bent upon outwitting each other with reference to the next Presidential election. Not a motion or a speech is made that is not canvassed mainly with reference to party capital. The currency, the tariff, the Southern difficulties—even the corruptions of the Government itself—are treated as party questions.

There is some comfort in the thought that we have arrived at a point where intelligent people can see that they have not been governing themselves at all—that, instead, they are under the rule of politicians. This is well; and if we do not now have a change, it will be the fault of the people themselves. We look around and see the traps that are preparing for us. There is not a candidate named in connection with the Presidential office by either of the two great parties, that has not been named through the direct or indirect agency of the candidate himself. There has been no waiting for invitations—no modest reliance upon personal excellence or popular choice. The names of the self-constituted candidates are printed upon banners and flaunted in our faces. It is perfectly well known what gentlemen are after General Grant's place, and the politicians are canvassing their prospects rather than their

claims and their qualifications. The matter is a grand game of intrigue, low cunning, bold engineering, diplomacy.

Now, if any man has observed the influence of the head man of a corporation, he will understand and appreciate what we are about to say in regard to the influence of a President, in molding to himself the men around him. As is the president of a railroad, so is every officer and employé, by rule. The loose or the sound morals begin at the top, and run down through the whole. As is the editor-in-chief of a great newspaper, so are the subordinates. Men who stand at the head of great organizations or great interests, bring around them naturally men of their own kind, who take their cue in action, and their tone in character and motive, from them. Like master, like man—an old proverb, based upon old and mature observation. Now, it is just as impossible to have a high-toned Administration, with a low-toned President, as it is to have a high-toned household with a loafer at its head. The thing is unnatural and impossible. In the next Presidential election, the people really desire, we believe, to vote for, and elect, a gentleman and a statesman—a man who will associate himself in Government only with gentlemen and statesmen, and who will send only such to represent the Government abroad. The political and social tone at Washington is disgustingly low. It does not represent the people of America. It represents the party politicians of America, and them only. They are our bane and our disgrace; and if they are permitted to hold their influence through another Administration, we shall have ourselves to blame.

The people have two points of practical, aggressive action in the premises. They can attend the primary meetings everywhere, and make their wills and wishes felt there; and they can exercise the grand, inalienable right of bolting. Let every decent man swear that he will never again vote to place an unworthy, low-toned man in the Presidential chair, even as an alternative, and the thing will be done. The politicians always fix a trap for us, and thus far they have succeeded in catching us. Two demagogues, or two wrong men, are placed in nomination, and then the people are called upon to elect the least objectionable. Let us have no more of this wretched jugglery. If we do not find good men in nomination, let us bolt, and vote for the right man. This process will soon cure the evil, provided it is sufficiently general in its use and application. As soon as it ceases to be easy to deceive and handle the people, their wishes will be respected, and not before.

**Double Crimes and One-Sided Laws.**

A LITTLE four-page pamphlet has recently fallen into our hands, entitled "Crimes of Legislation."

Who wrote it, or where it came from, we do not know; but it reveals a principle so important that it deserves more elaborate treatment and fuller illustration. These we propose to give it, premising, simply, that the word "crimes" is a misnomer, as it involves a malicious design which does not exist. "Mistakes in Legislation" would be a better title.

There are two classes of crimes. The first needs but one actor. When a sneak-thief enters a hall and steals and carries off an overcoat, or a man sits in his counting-room and commits a forgery, or a ruffian knocks a passenger down and robs him, he is guilty of a crime which does not necessarily need a confederate of any sort. The crime is complete in itself, and the single perpetrator alone responsible. The second class of crimes can only be committed by the consent or active aid of a confederate. When a man demands, in contravention of the usury laws, an exorbitant price for the use of money, his crime cannot be complete without the aid of the man to whom he lends his money. When a man sells liquor contrary to law, it involves the consent and active co-operation of the party to whom he makes the sale. He could not possibly break the law without aid. The same fact exists in regard to a large number of crimes. They are two-sided crimes, and necessarily involve two sets of criminals.

In the face of these facts, which absolutely dictate discriminative legislation that shall cover all the guilty parties, our laws have, with great uniformity, been one-sided for the double crime as well as for the single. The man who lends money at usurious rates is accounted the only guilty party in the transaction. The borrower may have come to him with a bribe in his hand to induce him to break the law—may have been an active partner in the crime—and still the lender is the only one accounted guilty and amenable to punishment. The man who sells intoxicating liquors contrary to law could never sell a glass, and would never buy one to sell, but for the bribe outtheld in the palm of his customer; yet the law lays its hand only upon the seller.

Now, if we look into the history of these one-sided laws for double crimes, we shall learn that they are precisely those which we find it almost, or quite, impossible to enforce; and it seems never to have been suspected that, so long as they are one-sided, there is a fatal flaw in them. Our legislators have seemed to forget that, if liquor is not bought, it will not be sold; that if usurious rates for money are not tendered, they cannot possibly be exacted; that if irregular or contingent fees are not offered to the prosecutors of real or doubtful claims, the prosecutors are without a motive to irregular action. So powerful is the sympathy of confederacy in crime between these two parties, although the confederacy is not recognized by law, that it has been almost impossible to get convictions. The rum-buyer will never, if he can help it, testify against the rum-seller. Unless the victim of the usurer is a very mean man, he will keep his transactions to himself. It is really, among business men, a matter of dishonor for a borrower to resort to the usury law to escape the payment of rates to which he had agreed, and it ought to be.

Usury is a double crime, if it is a crime at all. Rum-selling contrary to law is a double crime, and no prohibitory law can stand, or ever ought to stand, that does not hold the buyer to the same penalties that it holds the seller. The man who bribes the seller to break the law is as guilty as the seller, and if the law does not hold him to his share of accountability, the law cannot be respected, and never ought to be respected. It is a one-sided law, an unfair law, an unjust law. Men who are not able to reason it out, as we are endeavoring to do here, feel that there is something wrong about it; and it is safe to predict that, until the moral sentiment of a State is up to the enactment of a two-sided law that shall cover a two-sided crime, no prohibitory law will accomplish the object for which it was constituted.

Prostitution is one of the most notable, and one of the most horrible, of the list of double crimes. It is always a double crime by its nature; yet, how one-sided are the laws which forbid it! Is a poor girl, who has not loved wisely, and has been forsaken, the only one to blame when beastly men press round her with their hands full of bribes enticing her into a life of infamy? Yet she alone is punished, while they go scot free. And yet we wonder why prostitution is so prevalent, and why our laws make no impression upon it! Some ladies of our commonwealth have protested against a proposed law for some sort of regulation of prostitution—putting it under medical surveillance. And they are right. If men who frequent houses of prostitution are permitted to go forth from them to scatter their disease and their moral uncleanness throughout a pure community, then let the women alone. In a case like this, a mistake of legislation may amount to a crime. We do not object to medical surveillance, but it should touch both parties to the social sin. No law that does not do this will ever accomplish anything toward the cure of prostitution. We have some respect for Justice when she is represented blindfold, but when she has one eye open—and that one winking—she is a monster.

Our whole system of treating double crimes with one-sided laws, our whole silly policy of treating one party to a double crime as a fiend, and the other party as an angel or a baby, has been not only inefficient for the end sought to be obtained, but disastrous. The man who offers a bribe to another for any purpose which involves the infraction of a law of the State or nation is, and must be, an equal partner in the guilt; and any law which leaves him out of the transaction is utterly unjust on the face of it. If it is wrong to sell liquor, it is wrong to buy it, and wrong to sell because, and only because, it is wrong to buy. If prostitution is wrong, it is wrong on both sides, and he who offers a bribe to a weak woman, without home or friends or the means of life, to break the laws of the State, shares her guilt in equal measure. Law can never be respected that is not just. No law can be enforced that lays its hand upon only one of the parties to a double crime. No such law ever was enforced, or ever accomplished the purpose for which it was enacted; and until we are ready to have double laws for



double crimes, we stultify ourselves by our unjust measures to suppress those crimes. Our witnesses are all accomplices, the moral sense of the community is blunted and perverted, and those whom we brand as criminals look upon our laws with contempt of judgment and conscience.

#### Cheap Opinions.

THERE is probably nothing that so obstinately stands in the way of all sorts of progress as pride of opinion, while there is nothing so foolish and so baseless as that same pride. If men will look up the history of their opinions, learn where they came from, why they were adopted, and why they are maintained and defended, they will find, nine times in ten, that their opinions are not theirs at all,—that they have no property in them, save as gifts of parents, education, and circumstances. In short, they will learn that they did not form their own opinions,—that they were formed for them, and in them, by a series of influences, unmodified by their own reason and knowledge. A young man grows up to adult age in a Republican or Democratic family, and he becomes Republican or Democrat in accordance with the ruling influences of the household. Ninety-nine times in a hundred the rule holds good. Like father, like son. Children are reared in the Catholic Church, in the Episcopal, Unitarian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist Church, and they stand by the Church in whose faith and forms they were bred. They become partisans, wranglers, defenders on behalf of opinions, every one of which they adopted without reason or choice. Touch them at any point, and they bristle with resistance, often with offense; yet they borrowed every opinion they hold! If they had all been changed about in their cradles, we should have the same number of partisans, only our present Republican would be a Democrat, our Roman Catholic would be our Methodist, and so on through all the possibilities of transformation.

Opinions acquired in the usual way are nothing but intellectual clothes left over by expiring families. Some of them are very old-fashioned and look queerly to the modern tailor; but they have the recommendation of being only clothes. They do not touch the springs of life, like food or cordial. Certainly they are nothing to be proud of, and they are not often anything to be ashamed of. Multitudes would not be presentable without them, as they have no faculty for making clothes for themselves. The point we make is, that opinions acquired in this way have very little to do with character. The simple fact that we find God-fearing, God-loving, good, charitable, conscientious, Christian men and women living under all forms of Christian opinion and church organization, shows how little opinion has to do with the heart, the affections and the life. Yet all our strifes and all our partisanships relate to opinions which we never made, which we have uniformly borrowed, and which all Christian history has demonstrated to be of entirely subordinate import—opinions often which

those who originally framed them had no reason to be proud of, because they had no vital significance.

When we find, coming squarely down upon the facts, what cheap stuff both our orthodoxy and our heterodoxy are made of; when we see how little they are the proper objects of personal and sectarian pride; when we apprehend how little they have to do with character, and how much they have to do with dissension and all uncharitableness; how childish they make us, how sensitive to fault-finding and criticism; how they narrow and dwarf us, how they pervert us from the grander and more vital issues, we may well be ashamed of ourselves, and trample our pride of opinion in the dust. We shall find, too, in this abandonment of our pride, a basis of universal charity,—cheap, and not the best, but broad enough for pinched feet and thin bodies to stand upon. If we inherit our opinions from parents and guardians and circumstances, and recognize the fact that the great world around us get their opinions in the same way, we shall naturally be more able to see the life that underlies opinion everywhere, and to find ourselves in sympathy with it. We heard from the pulpit recently the statement that when the various branches of the Christian Church shall become more careful to note the points of sympathy between each other than the points of difference, the cause of Christian unity will be incalculably advanced; and that statement was the inspiring word of which the present article was born.

We can never become careless, or comparatively careless, of our points of difference, until we learn what wretched stuff they are made of; that these points of difference reside in opinions acquired at no cost at all, and that they often rise no higher in the scale of value than borrowed prejudices. So long as "orthodoxy" of opinion is more elaborately insisted on in the pulpit than love and purity; so long as dogmatic theology has the lead of life; so long as Christianity is made so much a thing of the intellect and so subordinated a thing of the affections, the points of difference between the churches will be made of more importance than the points of sympathy. Pride of opinion must go out before sympathy and charity can come in. So long as brains occupy the field, the heart cannot find standing room. When our creeds get to be longer than the moral law; when Christian men and women are taken into, or shut out of, churches on account of their opinions upon dogmas that do not touch the vitalities of Christian life and character; when men of brains are driven out of churches or shut away from them, because they cannot have liberty of opinion, and will not take a batch of opinions at second-hand, our pride of opinion becomes not only ridiculous, but criminal, and the consummation of Christian unity is put far off into the better future.

With the dropping of our pride of opinion—which never had a respectable basis to stand upon—our respect for those who are honestly trying to form an opinion for themselves should be greatly increased. There are men who are honestly trying to form an opinion of their own. They are engaged

in a grand work. There are but few of us who are able to cut loose from our belongings. Alas! there are but few of us who are large enough to apprehend the fact that the opinions of these men are only worthy of respect, as opinions. We can look back and respect the opinions of our fathers and grandfathers, formed under the light and among the circumstances of their time, but the authors of the coming opinions we regard with distrust and a degree of uncharitableness most heartily to be deplored. We are pretty small men and women, anyway.

#### Is it Poetry?

MR. WALT WHITMAN advertises, through his friends, that the magazines send back his poetry. Why do they do it? Is it because they are prejudiced against the writer? Is it because they have no respect for his genius, no admiration for his acquisitions? No; on the whole, they like him. They believe him to be manly, bright, and erudite, but they have a firm conviction that his form of expression is illegitimate—that it has no right to be called poetry; that it is too involved and spasmodic and strained to be respectable prose, and that there is no place for it, either in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. If we could, by any sort of chemistry, mix the rhapsodical passages of Carlyle's and Emerson's prose together, we should have a pretty near approach to Walt Whitman's verse. It is simply rhapsodical prose, with a capital letter to head the lines. There is no attempt at rhythm, no attempt at rhyme, which would bring it within the domain of "numbers," and no even strength and flow that would make good its claim to be elegant prose. What is it? Is it prose-poetry or poetic prose? Is it something outside of both—a new thing, as yet unnamed, the outgrowth of a new genius, and the inauguration of a new era of expression?

Let us try a little experiment. We have before us two of Mr. Emerson's books—his latest, and his "Conduct of Life." From these most excellent productions let us cull a few passages in Walt Whitman's style.

"Our Copernican globe is a great factory or shop of power;  
"With its rotating constellations, times, and tides.  
"The machine is of colossal size: the diameter of the water-wheel, the arms of the levers, and the volley of the battery,  
"Out of all mechanic measure; and it takes long to understand its parts and workings.  
"This pump never sucks; these screws are never loose; this machine is never out of gear.  
"The vat, the piston, the wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing.  
"Is there any load which water cannot lift?  
"If there be, try steam; or, if not that, try electricity.  
"Is there any exhausting of these means?  
"Measure by barrels the spending of the brook that runs through your field.  
"Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature.  
"She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.  
"What spaces! what durations! dealing with races as merely preparations of somewhat to follow."

And again, Emerson:

"A strenuous soul hates cheap success.  
"It is the ardor of the assailant that makes the vigor of the defender.  
"The great are not tender at being obscure, despised, insulted.

"Such only feel themselves in adverse fortune.  
"Strong men greet war, tempest, hard times, which search till they find resistance and bottom.  
"Periodicity, reaction, are laws of mind as well as of matter.  
"Bad kings are generous helpers, if only they are bad enough."

And again:

"To this material essence answers truth in the intellectual world:  
"Truth, whose center is everywhere and its circumference nowhere; whose existence we cannot disimagine—  
"The soundness and health of things, against which no blow can be struck, but it recoils on the striker.  
"Truth, on whose side we always heartily are."

Even Walt Whitman's propensity for catalogues can be matched in Mr. Emerson's prose, as witness:

"In Boston, the question of life is the names of eight or ten men.  
"Have you seen Mr. Allston, Dr. Channing, Mr. Adams, Mr. Webster, Mr. Greenough?  
"Have you heard Everett, Garrison, Father Taylor, Theodore Parker?  
"Have you talked with Messieurs Turbinewheel, Summit-level, and Locofrupees?  
"Then you may as well die."

And again the catalogue:

"You shall not read newspapers, nor politics, nor novels;  
"Nor Montaigne, nor the newest French book.  
"You may read Plutarch, Plato, Plotinus, Hindoo mythology, and ethics.  
"You may read Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Milton—and Milton's prose as his verse.  
"Read Collins and Gray, read Hafiz and the Trouvers,  
"Nay, Welsh and British mythology of Arthur, and (in your ear) Ossian."

We have said that if we could, by some sort of chemistry, mix Carlyle's and Emerson's rhapsodical prose, we could come very near to an imitation of Walt Whitman's poetry, for the man has a strong individuality, and is more robust than Emerson. He is not so fine of constitutional fiber, not so fine of culture. He has a rough vigor, and a disposition to involutions of language quite characteristic of Carlyle and never witnessed in Emerson; yet, as we quote Walt Whitman hereafter, we think the reader will be surprised with the resemblance which his work bears to the passages we have quoted from Emerson's prose—passages which mount toward poetry, and which, as they burst out from the even flow of his graceful pen, remind one of the occasional blowing of a whale on a sunny sea, while the great fish keeps steadily on in his element. If he were to lie still and blow all his life-time, and say to the nations, "lo! this is poetry!" the nations would pretty unanimously declare that there was something the matter with the fish. Particularly would this be the case if he had already put into form some of the most beautiful poems in the language, and thus declared what he considered true poetry to be.

Before Walt Whitman, let us try a little of Carlyle, in order to justify our statement, once repeated, concerning the analogies existing between the works of the two men. This from "Sartor Resartus":

"Who am I? What is this me?  
"A voice, a motion, an appearance;  
"Some embodied, visualized idea in the Eternal Mind?  
"Cogito, ergo sum. Alas! poor cogitator, this takes us but a little way.

"Sure enough, I am, and lately was not; but whence, how, whereto?"

"The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail.

"In thousand-fingered, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature.

"But where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning?"

"We sit in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto.

"Boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest country, lies not even nearer the verge thereof," etc.

And again, Carlyle:

"Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery,

"Does this mysterious mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep!"

"Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the Innane;

"Haste stormily across the astonished earth, then plunge again into the Innane.

"Earth's mountains are leveled, and her seas filled up in our passage.

"Can the earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist spirits which have reality and are alive?"

"On the hardest adamant, some footprint of us is stamped in.

"The last rear of the host will read traces of the earliest van.

"But whence! Oh, Heaven! whither?"

And now, having given a taste of Emerson's and Carlyle's poorest prose—for this is what it really is—a prose which should never be chosen by any young man for a model, let us dip into the pages of Walt Whitman, and see if it be any better or greatly different. We think it will be found that what Whitman calls in his own verse "songs," is very like these passages in form, and possibly inferior to them in quality. We quote Whitman:

"How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!  
"How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or woman's look!"

"All waits or goes by default till a strong being appears:  
"A strong being is the proof of the race, and of the ability of the universe:

"When he or she appears, materials are overawed.

"The dispute on the soul stops:  
"And old customs and phrases are confronted, turned back, or laid away."

Again Whitman, in a complete poem, which he entitles "Thoughts:"

"Of ownership: as if one fit to own things could not at pleasure enter upon all, and incorporate them into himself or herself.

"Of water, forests, hills:  
"Of the earth at large, whispering through medium of me;

"Of vista. Suppose some sight in arriere, through the formative chaos, preserving the growth, fullness, life, now attained on the journey.

"(But I see the road continued, and the journey ever continued:)

"—Of what was once lacking on earth, and in due time has become supplied, and of what will yet be supplied.

"Because all I see and know I believe to have purport in what will yet be supplied."

And now, for a purpose, we quote one of Whitman's latest "songs:"

"TO A LOCOMOTIVE IN WINTER.

"There for my recitative!

"There in the driving storm, even as now—the snow—the winter day declining;

"There in thy panoply, thy measured dual throbbing, and thy beat convulsive;

"Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel;

"Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods gyrating, shutting at thy side;

"Thy metrical, now swelling pant and rear—now tapering in the distance;

"Thy great protruding head-light, fix'd in front;

"Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants, tinged with delicate purple;

"The dense and murky clouds out-beiching from thy smoke-stack;

"Thy knitted frame—thy springs and valves—the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels;

"The train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,

"Through gale or calm, now swift, now slack, yet steadily careering;

"Type of the modern! emblem of motion and power! pulse of the continent!

"For once, come serve the Muse, and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,

"With storm, and buffeting gusts of wind, and falling snow;

"By day, thy warning, ringing bell to sound its notes,

"By night, thy silent signal lamps to swing.

"Fierce-throated beauty!

"Roll through my chant, with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night;

"Thy piercing, madly-whistled laughter, thy echoes rousing all;

"Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding:  
"(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glüh piano thine!)

"Thy trills of shrieks by rocks and hills return'd,  
"Launch'd o'er the prairies wide—across the lakes,

"To the free skies, unpent, and glad, and strong."

The reader will notice how much more rhythmical this is than the quotations that preceded it—how much better it is, in every respect, in consequence, and how fine and strong the last three lines are, which are good, honest, decasyllabic verse. The man is capable of poetry, and always ought to have written it. The best that he has done has been to set down, in the roughest condition, the raw material. Other men have done the same thing better, and never dreamed that they were writing "songs." Even a "chant" has to be rhythmically sung, or it cannot be sung at all. The materials in a butcher's stall and a green-grocer's shop contain the possibilities and potencies of a dinner, but we do not see any poetry in them until they are cooked and served to handsomely dressed men and women, and come and go upon the table in rhythmical courses, yielding finest nutriment and goodliest flavors. There is no melody without rhythm, and a song must be melodious. Emerson says that "meter begins with the pulse-beat," and quotes Victor Hugo as saying: "An idea steeped in verse becomes suddenly more incisive and more brilliant; the iron becomes steel." Here is a distinction, certainly, between prose and verse. He quotes, too, one who says that Lord Bacon "loved not to see poetry go on other feet than poetical dactyls and spondee-dees;" while Ben Jonson said "that Donne, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging." If he had only quoted these sayings to Walt Whitman in that early letter, should we not all have been richer by the sum of a poet?

We are, perhaps, giving too much space to this article, but the idea is sought to be conveyed by Walt Whitman's friends that he is badly used—that a great genius is sadly misunderstood or neglected. We have written this because no one else has written it. We have refrained from citing, or even alluding to, those portions of his early book which are most open to criticism, and especially those portions of which, in the subsidence of his grosser self, he must now be ashamed. We have desired to represent him at his purest and best, and with none

but the kindest feelings toward him, and the heartiest wishes for his good fame. We believe that in his theories and performances he is radically wrong—

that he is doing nothing but advertising himself as a literary eccentric, and that he ought to have, and will have, no following.

## THE OLD CABINET.

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the curving shell  
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;  
A jewel that was carved most curiously;  
It is a little picture painted well.  
What is a sonnet? 'Tis a tear that fell  
From the great poet's hidden ecstasy:  
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!  
Sometimes it is a tolling funeral bell.

This is the flame that shook with Dante's breath;  
The solemn organ whereon Milton played;  
And the clear glass where Shakspeare's shadow  
falls:  
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!  
For like a narrow fjord the floor is laid  
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer boundary walls.

NOT a little has been said in favor of simplicity and against obscurity in poetry. It is hardly possible to insist too strongly upon the quality which Milton mentions first in his famous trio of "simple, sensuous, and passionate." But, on the other hand, a great deal of honest scorn is wasted by persons who fail to make the distinction between obscurity in their own minds and obscurity in the mind, or in the expression, of the poet. It is the fashion with such persons to say that all the great poetry is perfectly clear and understandable. It is difficult, however, to see how this position can be maintained in face of the fact that much of the poetry that has taken strongest hold of the imagination and the affection of mankind is extremely difficult of apprehension. This is true, for instance, of Shakspeare's sonnets, of Dante's poetry, a great deal of the poetry of the Bible, and, in our own day, of the poetry of Emerson.

"An Author is obscure," says Coleridge, "when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, or inappropriate, or involved." It would seem that the rule should be for the poet to express his thought as clearly as language can express it, taking care not to lose the poetic color. In order to be clear, he must not, of course, be unpoetic—for then he would not be true to his thought. Taking for granted that he is a genuine and a discriminative poet, it follows that the thought itself is a poetic, and not a prose thought; therefore the reader has no right to demand that the poetic color should be sacrificed. For poetry can better excuse

itself for lack of clearness than lack of beauty. Lowell quotes this from Dante:

"Cansone, I believe those will be rare,  
Who of thine inner sense can master all,  
Such toil it costs thy native tongue to learn;  
Wherefore, if ever it perchance befall  
That thou in presence of such men shouldst fare  
As seem not skilled thy meaning to discern,  
I pray thee then thy grief to comfort turn,  
Saying to them, O thou my new delight,  
'Take heed at least how fair I am to sight.'"

If the poet brings to us a song from a rare mood, but one none the less human and valuable because it is not usual,—are we wise in condemning him? Should we not rather wait, no matter how long, till a similar experience reveals to us the hitherto obscure signification? Or, if we fail altogether to catch the meaning, should we not accept the testimony of others more successful, when they give evidence from the secret places of their own experience and mood, to the truth, directness, and simplicity of the poet's statement? An unskillful chemist has no right to deny the reputed success of another's experiment, merely because he himself fails to produce the same result. When Thomas Moran first brought back from the Yellowstone country that marvelous sketch-book, which revealed a new wonderland, many persons refused to believe that nature ever spread such a wild fantasy of color—till the pictorial reports were confirmed by the mouths of many witnesses. But the strangest thing of all was that among the early explorers there were some who returned with stories of geysers and hot-springs, and gigantic water-falls, but not one word about the extravagances and splendors of tints—they simply did not "see color."

And yet nothing could be more dangerous for a young writer than to assume such a defense against obscurity, as did Coleridge, when he hinted that the deficiency was "in the Reader!" for there are several chances to one that the deficiency is in the Author himself, who either is mixed in his own mind, or is so familiar with the country that he forgets that strangers have need of guide-posts; or, perhaps, is guilty of downright affectation and of straining after effect.

THE readers of "The Old Cabinet" may remember a hortatory appeal here made some time ago to Messrs. Roberts Brothers, the American publishers of Rossetti's poems, in behalf of an American edi-

tion of "Dante and His Circle." That the appeal was effectual, is proved by the book before us.\*

If it is true that "an Englishman Italianized is the very devil incarnate," it does not follow that an Anglicized Italian is a bad fellow. We do not find in Rossetti's own poetry the silly imitation of the Italian that has made such dreary and ridiculous reading of so many pages of English verse. What of Italian we find there is there by rightful inheritance. But let the verdict of time be what it may with regard to this poet's original work, there can be little question as to the permanent value of his translations from the Italian. In the preface to the first edition of this collection, the author says: "I know there is no great stir to be made by launching afresh, on high seas busy with new traffic, the ships which have been long outstripped, and the ensigns which are grown strange." It is probably true that to very many both the spirit and the form of the poetry of "Dante and His Circle" will be foolishness and a stumbling-block, while to others they will reveal a new world of everlasting beauty. A few pieces will show those unfamiliar with the literature something of the charm which the English poets from the first have found in the poetry of the Italians, and which, we believe, no English poet has before brought bodily into the language. This is from Dante's "New Life":

"My lady carries love within her eyes;  
All that she looks on is made pleasanter;  
Upon her path men turn: to gaze at her;  
He whom she greeteth feels his heart to rise,  
And droops his troubled visage, full of sighs,  
And of his evil heart is then aware:  
Hate loves, and pride becomes a worshiper.  
O women, help to praise her in some wise.  
Humbleness, and the hope that hopeth well,  
By speech of hers into the mind are brought,  
And who beholds is blessed oftentimes.  
The look she hath when she a little smiles  
Cannot be said, nor holden in the thought;  
'Tis such a new and gracious miracle."

And this is from a love-song by Fazio Degli Uberti, the original of which, Rossetti says, "is not, perhaps, surpassed by any poem of its class in existence":

"Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork  
Straight on herself, taller and stouter;  
'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir  
For ever in a womanly sweet way.  
'Open thy soul to see God's perfect work,'  
(My thought begins afresh), 'and look at her;  
When with some lady-friend exceeding fair  
She bends and mingles arms and locks in play.  
Even as all lesser lights vanish away,  
When the sun moves, before his dazzling face,  
So is this lady brighter than all these.  
How should she fail to please,—  
Love's self being no more than her loveliness?  
In all her ways some beauty springs to view:  
All that she loves to do  
Tends away to her honor's single scope;  
And only from good deeds she draws her hope."

Next we quote a catch "On a Fine Day," by Franco Sacchetti; his still more delightful catch "On a Wet Day" has already been quoted here.

\* *Dante and His Circle: With the Italian Poets Preceding Him. (1100—1300—1300.)* A Collection of Lyrics, edited and translated in the original meters, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Revised and re-arranged edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

"Be stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:  
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?  
Fling spindles right away,  
And rocks and reels and wools:  
And don't be fools,—  
To-day your spinning's done.  
Up with you, up with you!" So, one by one,  
They caught hands, catch who can,  
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,  
They ran, they ran  
To the river, the river;  
And the merry-go-round  
Carries them at a bound  
To the mill o'er the river.  
'Miller, miller, miller,  
Weigh me this lady  
And this other. Now, steady!'  
'You weigh a hundred, you,  
And this one weighs two.'  
'Why, dear, you do get stout!'  
'You think so, dear, no doubt:  
Are you in a decline?'  
'Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine.'  
'Come, girls.' ('O thank you, miller!')  
'We'll go home when you will.'  
So, as we crossed the hill,  
A clown came in great grief  
Crying, 'Stop thief! stop thief!  
O what a wretch I am!'  
'Well, fellow, here's a clatter!  
Well, what's the matter?'  
'O Lord, O Lord! the wolf has got my lamb!  
Now at that word of woe,  
The beauties came and clung about me so  
That if wolf had but shewn himself, maybe  
I too had caught a lamb that fled to me."

To all who desire such acquaintance with Dante as can be gained from translation and comment, at least four invaluable books are now easily accessible: Longfellow's translation of "The Divine Comedy," Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Dante and His Circle," Miss M. F. Rossetti's "The Shadow of Dante," and Lowell's last book containing his essay on Dante. This essay is the most complete and satisfactory study of the subject, we suppose, to be found in English. The most devout worshiper of Dante's high and solitary genius could, we should think, discover here but few omissions. There may be—we think there are—one or two points of importance not touched upon; but we doubt if there is any living writer who could bring to the study of Dante so much of scholarship, combined with so much of poetic and spiritual insight. A critic could have no praise higher or more comprehensive than that of writing worthily of the great Italian. This is the praise that Mr. Lowell has from those best qualified by education to judge, as well as from those who speak from insufficient knowledge, but profound sympathy.

We read lately a thoughtful and very bright paper on criticism, which said a needed word on the side of the Critic. It has been very much the habit of late to abuse the Critic. He deserves, doubtless, nearly all the harsh things that are said about him; but, like pretty much every other criminal, he too has a case which, in the hands of a good pleader, seems a very strong one.

The paper of which we speak did not, however, mention one curious thing about criticism, namely, the feeling of superiority inseparable from the office. There seems to be no escape whatever from this feeling. Yesterday the writer was looking up to the author or the artist as a man of genius, a creator;



a person totally separated from himself by natural gifts or intellectual acquirements. To-day he reviews him from an eminence. Of course there are plenty of cases where the Critic is superior to the person or thing criticised. But, on the other hand, there is hardly a case in which the Critic, no matter how elevated his subject, does not, while performing the functions of his office, cherish a sense of superiority, little or great. The amusing thing about it is, that the most modest man, when called upon to write a criticism, has the same superior sense. His relation to the person or thing criticised is reversed forthwith. He cannot reason or laugh himself out of it, until he drops his pen and resumes his proper place in the intellectual scale.

There is another curious thing about criticism. The Critic and his friends are strenuous in defense of the right to "tell the truth," forgetting that all that this can mean is, the right to the public state-

ment of a private opinion. In point of fact, the Critic's opinion may be very far from the truth. Nor are we so sure that the telling of the so-called truth is always permissible. Good manners are to be observed in criticism as in other departments of literature and life.

THE world is to the poet what the musician's score is to the musician: he reads the music from it, and makes us tremble.

SOME people are like telegraph wires. They set themselves high up in the air and congratulate themselves upon their subtlety, their fine-drawn sympathies. One might think that they held all the electricity in the universe. But below them stretches the great earth from which they were digged, giving little heed either to them or to their electricity, or to the mightier currents that run to and fro beneath its serene surface.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### The Home-Uses of the E: position.

By this time the Centennial Exposition is occupying the attention of most of our readers, even that class which turn with especial interest to this department,—the mothers, the housekeepers, and the home-makers of the country. We leave to others the consideration of our great anniversary in its historical, political, scientific, or artistic aspects, but we have a word to say in regard to its relations to these our own friendly hearers. No such opportunity of education has ever been offered to children and young people in this country. We have no doubt that Philadelphia will be visited by the majority of our readers some time during the Exposition. And to those who cannot come, it will be brought closer by innumerable reports, pictures, etc., etc. We wish to remind thoughtful parents that it is not, so far as they are concerned, an occasion for a gush of patriotism, or a magnificent show to pass before them like a brilliant panorama, vague and unreal as one of Aladdin's visions, and to be speedily forgotten. It is a chance which will certainly not occur again during their life-time, of impressing upon the minds of children the events of our early history. Making the birth of the Republic and its hundred years' growth a real, tangible fact, to be seen by them pictorially, as it were: not learned from the dry pages of text-books. If there be any virtue in the example of the great men who made us a nation, any influence in their honor, integrity, or earnestness beneficial to young people, now is the time to make them live and speak again. The boy who sees the nations of the earth paying homage to the birthday of our independence, is likely to understand better all his life the worth of that independence; or when he finds people from all parts of the country coming to look with reverence at a plain brick

building and a cracked bell, he will never forget the meaning of the events which made them honorable. There is a chance, too, for the school-boy and girl to gain a knowledge which no book can afford, of countries which they in all probability will never visit. The boys who have seen the Japanese goods, or watched their workmen building their bamboo houses, using plane and saw in a manner altogether their own, who have noticed their skill, shrewdness, good-temper, and discipline, who have observed them at meals, or at prayer, or play, will have a more accurate idea of that far-off people and their status in civilization, than they could gain from a year's study of other men's travels. The same remark will apply to every other country represented in the Exposition. Here are Europe and the East within our gates,—not to be studied through pages of map questions, or historical tables of dates. But to comprehend these living pictures, a child will require an intelligent guide, and the mother who proposes to help her children in this opportunity for a liberal education to be obtained through the eyes, will find books and hard study very necessary to herself. We only throw out the suggestion; the mother, enlightened and zealous enough to accept it, will best know how to carry it into practice.

### In Moving-Times.

THE most important thing to remember when you move from one house to another is not to lose your head. This being well secured, you may verify the adage and find the ordeal not worse than three fires; but if your head goes, and your temper follows suit, a Chicago conflagration is nothing to what your experiences will probably be. At the best of times, and under the most favorable conditions, to pack up, remove, and re-arrange your household goods

and gods is as trying an infliction as we need wish for our worst enemy; but when this situation is complicated by a family moving into your old house, and another moving out of the new; when it is prolonged by workmen who paint where you are to sleep, paper where your pictures wait to go, and mend locks in the doors through which you must pass, a woman may have some excuse if she would like to say something, perhaps too expressive, but soothing to herself.

But when you have to move, it is well to try and bring a little forethought and judgment into the matter. The great trouble in re-arranging is the difficulty of finding anything you want. You do not remember where such and such an article was put, and so there comes a hunt and a rough misplacement of everything. The kitchen china is found in the front bedroom, the winter clothes are in the bath-room, and the precious Sèvres cups and saucers half unpacked in the nursery. If everything could be packed at one's leisure, it could be arranged well enough; but, order as you will, there comes a climax of rush the day you move. The bed you are to sleep in to-night is the one you are just out of, and the supper-plates were used at breakfast-time; and when you pack so much at once, who can remember whether it was the pickle-jar or the molasses-jug that was put in a water-pitcher in the green tub?

But one thing you can do. You can carry a soft black pencil, or a piece of chalk, and even in the last moment can label as you pack. You need not mix the goods beyond a certain limit, and you can try to pack with some judgment. It will be found an excellent plan to make some good, strong, big bags for all kinds of odds and ends, for soiled clothes, for patches and bundles, for everything that will go into a bag, and to be sure to mark them. For the kitchen articles, use barrels, and for books and breakables, boxes. All of these mark plainly in this way:

"KITCHEN, *pots and frying-pans.*" "KITCHEN, *tins.*" "SITTING-ROOM, *books for large book-case,*" etc.

Of course you will need boxes for brackets, for ornaments of all kinds; these you have in your bureau drawers. Under-clothes, and most of the ordinary contents of a bureau, you can make into neat packages, and so save the drawers for other uses. Of your books be careful. If you cannot box them, do not allow the carmen to pile them loosely in the wagon. The china will generally go into washing-tubs and clothes-baskets. Save old towels and newspapers with a view to packing the china. In one basket or tub ought to be placed a complete service for the first meal in the new house, including knives; then another should have the provisions, and these should go by one of the first loads. Of course, meat ought to have been roasted, ham boiled, coffee ground, and milk and groceries secured. The first days of moving give but little time for cooking, and there is no ignoring the appetite you will get, nor the strength you will need.

If you want to "get fixed" soon, and with comfort,

do not fail to have your carpets taken up, shaken, altered, and put down in your new house before you move even a nutmeg grater. When they are down, the house will not only seem half arranged, but will be. The moving of furniture, to enable the men or yourself to fit and put down carpets, is so troublesome and useless that no one who has a head, and is able to use and follow it, will submit to anything so absurd. Of course, the hall and stair carpets are left until the furniture is all placed. In arranging your order of moving, do not allow the carmen to take the goods helter-skelter; but, as far as possible, move a room, a floor, at one time. This gives less chance of confusion, prevents running over the house, and is easier for the men. As to the order of moving, it is best to get your bedsteads and beds off by the first loads, so that you may be sure of a place to sleep. If anything happens to prevent your finishing in one day, you can do without your parlor furniture better than your bedding. Tie up the furniture of each bed in separate bundles, and mark each. You will find that mattresses in the room and in the wagon are very different in appearance, and if they are not marked, they will be very apt to get into the wrong rooms.

Do not trust too much to the judgment and care of your carmen. It is not easy to feel one's self master of such a situation as this; but it is best to try and make your people believe that you fancy yourself in power. And, speaking of carmen, if you have very fine furniture or pictures, it will pay you to engage a professional mover of such articles, if only for one load. The merit of the ordinary carman lies in his muscle, not his knowledge. Pianos, of course, demand special care.

And, finally, don't be discouraged by the general shabbiness of everything. It is a question whether Solomon's throne would have shown to advantage in a furniture wagon, and even if your sofas are torn, and your chairs scratched, they have lost nothing in comfort or association, and you will probably find that they will settle down into their new places, and be as snug and cozy as of old.

#### Rural Topics.

##### HEDGES, PEARS, GRAPES, AND VEGETABLES.

EVERGREEN HEDGES.—There are comparatively few owners of small places who consider it worth the time or expense of employing the services of a skilled landscape gardener before planting trees or hedges for ornamental purposes. This being the case, it is not strange that blunders are made at the outset, and of the kind that grow worse from year to year, as trees or hedges approach their full growth. The choice of ornamental trees is often made without any regard to their habits of growth, their size, or their general appearance at maturity. As a natural consequence, unfitness to the place and surroundings is the rule, instead of the exception. It is an every-day spectacle to see a Norway spruce, White or Scotch pine, planted in cramped quarters, close up to the front of the house, shutting off the view, and hindering the sunshine and free circulation

of air in places sadly in need of both, while the trees, from want of room, are nothing but distorted specimens at best, the result of putting first-class trees in fifth-rate places. The same remarks will apply with equal force to evergreen hedges. The mistake is frequently made of selecting a rank and strong-growing variety, when a dwarf sort, tardy in growth, would be more suitable. Evergreen hedges, well kept and in proper places, are very desirable; but, neglected and out of place, they soon become abominations. Every new feature in landscape gardening seems to have its day and run with us, and planting evergreen hedges inside of the front garden fence seemed for a time just the thing to do. Such want of foresight is not quite so common as it was a dozen years ago. For those hedges have grown up, and it is easy to see that they only make an ambush for the house and the front-yard, and that without them the general appearance would be materially improved. When judiciously located, evergreen hedges may be made attractive. Where unsightly objects are to be hid from persons approaching the house, or the vegetable and fruit gardens are to be shut off from the lawn, or breaks to be formed against the prevailing winds, then hedges can be turned to a good account, both in a practical and ornamental way, and will pay liberally for the outlay in planting and care.

**KINDS TO PLANT.**—There are half a dozen or more kinds of evergreens that are in general use for fancy and practical hedging purposes. Among these, the American arbor vitae and Norway spruce take the lead, and both of these have been extensively planted for screens, hedges, and wind-breaks. The severe winter of three years ago did serious damage in all quarters to the arbor vitae, killing thousands of hedges that had been planted from five to fifteen years, to the great surprise of those familiar with the habits and hardiness of evergreens. Since then, the Norway spruce has become more popular for hedging. It is of more vigorous habits than the arbor vitae, but bears cutting back and shaping quite as well, and, when properly trained, forms a compact and attractive hedge. Besides these two, the hemlock, when planted closely and pruned freely for three or four years, makes a hedge of rare and exquisite appearance. For fancy hedging, the Golden or Chinese arbor vites, with their rich colors, and dwarf and bushy habits of growth, are of superior excellence.

**PLANTING.**—The best time to plant an evergreen hedge is early in the spring—in the latitude of New York, any time from the 20th of April to the 20th of May. For garden or ornamental hedges, always select small and stocky plants, in height from fifteen to twenty inches, such as are well "furnished" near the ground. With lank or spindling plants, it is a hard matter to get a well-formed hedge; but, with low and bushy plants, the task is an easy one. Set them out in line at distances varying from fifteen to eighteen inches apart in the row according to the size of the plants with the lower branches interlacing, planting no deeper than the depth at which the roots were covered in the nursery row. When set in

place, press the soil firmly around the roots, then, with a common garden trimming shears, cut off some of the straggling branches on either side of this new hedge, and trim off the tops to get a uniform height. This cutting back has to be repeated each succeeding spring, more or less at a time, as the case may require.

**DWARF AND STANDARD PEARS.**—The superiority of a little experience over a great deal of theory is nowhere better exemplified than in the culture of dwarf pears in this country. This method of growing pears both in the garden and orchard was warmly recommended by those high in authority. For a long time no one thought it worth while to question this plan of raising fruit, and, in the meantime, hundreds of thousands of these dwarf pear-trees were planted. The only good thing about the dwarfs is, that they are easily propagated, and, on the strength of this, many men reaped a rich harvest. The writer, among others, was led into planting several thousand dwarf pears, and recalls but too vividly the sad and expensive failure. This conclusion he was slow to accept, but now is convinced, with fifteen years' experience, that dwarf pears, and dwarf apples, are unworthy a place in the garden or orchard. Plant standard pears and let dwarfs alone!

**VARIETIES TO PLANT.**—There are only a few varieties of pears that succeed well in any wide range of territory; soil and climate have such a marked effect on their growth and productiveness. With the amateur, the object is to select such a list of varieties as will furnish the table with pears from early summer until the middle or latter part of winter. There is a large range of summer and fall varieties of a high standard in quality, but of good winter pears there is a meager supply. For garden planting, or home consumption, in a lot of twenty-five trees, a selection can be made with safety from the following list.

*Summer.*—Bloodgood, Doyenne d'Été, Dearborn's Seedling, and Rostiezer.

*Fall.*—Bartlett, Clapp's Favorite, Duchesse d'Angoulême, Beurre Bosc, and Seckel.

*Winter.*—Beurre d'Anjou, Lawrence, and Winter Nelis.

These should be "standards" (or pear-trees with pear-roots), the trees not more than two years old, purchased, if possible, from some responsible nursery firm. Some few of this list may not do well on account of soil and climate, and, for this reason, it will save time and expense to make inquiry of some one who has had experience with pears in the same neighborhood, before ordering the trees.

**HOW TO PLANT.**—Pear-trees will do best in a heavy soil with a clay subsoil. There is nothing gained in making such a soil very rich. A soil that will yield a fair crop of white potatoes will answer every purpose, provided that the ground is mellow and freed from stagnant water. It is money thrown away to plant pears on wet or soggy ground. When ready for planting, dig large holes three feet in diameter and two and a half deep, separating the surface soil from the subsoil at the time of digging. Then fill these holes with the best surface soil to

within, say, eighteen inches of the surface. Mix with this soil in the hole some ground bones, wood ashes, or superphosphate of lime. The trees may then be set in place. It is important that each root should be drawn out to its full length and in its natural position, and that some fine surface soil should be thrown in among the roots, with a small quantity of the fertilizers named. Keep on in this way until the roots are all covered and the hole filled up. Then press the loose soil firmly around the roots, which should not be buried any deeper than they were in the nursery row. Soon after the trees are planted, prune back the tops from one-third to one-half; and, in doing this, start with the object of encouraging an upward and outward growth, and keep this in sight at each spring pruning, building the trees into pyramidal shape, the most desirable for either garden or orchard. In pruning, thin out the branches, leaving the head of each tree open to air and light. If this part of the early training is overlooked, and the heads of the trees become crowded with too much wood, the specimens of fruit on the inner branches will be worthless.

**GRAPES TO PLANT.**—Grapes will grow and bear when planted on ground of medium fertility. It is a serious mistake to make the soil very rich for grapes. Such a condition would be likely to produce much wood and little fruit. When the ground is once prepared, and the vines set out, the main part of the work is over. Of course, the vines will have to be pruned back once every winter or early spring, and trained on trellises or stakes every summer; but, to any one fond of fruit or its culture, this is only diversion.

Beginners often fall into the error of buying old grape-vines from tree venders, in the belief that they will get more fruit, and get it much sooner, by starting off with old vines. Two or three years' experience never fails to correct this error. It is simply a waste of time to transplant old grape-vines. Even if one had such stock, it would be better to throw it into the brush heap and buy young vines for planting. For home use and garden culture, the following list, comprising sorts that will not need professional care or supervision, but will grow and bear with ordinary treatment, will be found reliable, say for a dozen of vines: 6 Concord, 2 Hartford Prolifics, 1 Iona, 2 Delawares, 1 Clinton. These may be planted fourteen feet apart in the row, and, when in place, the young wood should be cut back to three eyes. When these eyes are well started, two of the weaker buds may be rubbed off, and only one shoot allowed to grow from each vine

the first year, and this should be kept fastened up to some support from time to time during the growing season.

**VEGETABLE GARDEN.**—April and May are the two busy months in a well-managed vegetable garden. During these months, the most important work of the season has to be hurried through, for planting time is short, and there are many small matters that need prompt attention. First of all is the selection of choice garden seeds of recent growth, and such as will be found true to name. The surest way is to select from each year's crop a few of the best specimens of the same to raise seed from. For the rest, send to some responsible seed merchant, and don't depend on the kind of stock found in small boxes in the country grocery stores.

As a matter of reference for those not familiar with the best sorts of vegetable seeds and plants, I append the following list, naming two or three kinds of each to select from.

*Dwarf Beans.*—Early Valentine and Refugee.

*Pole Beans.*—Large White Lima and Horticultural Cranberry.

*Beets.*—Dark Red Egyptian and Long Smooth Blood.

*Cabbage.*—Jersey Wakefield (early), and Premium Flat Dutch and Drumhead Savoy (late).

*Cucumber.*—White Spine and Long Green.

*Carrot.*—Bliss's Improved Long Orange.

*Corn.*—Moore's Early and Stowell's Evergreen.

*Cauliflower.*—Early and late Erfurt.

*Celery.*—Dwarf Incomparable and Boston Market.

*Egg Plant.*—Improved New York.

*Lettuce.*—Curled Silesia and Butter.

*Musk Melon.*—Skillman's Fine Netted.

*Water Melon.*—Mountain Sweet.

*Onions.*—Wethersfield Red and White Portugal.

*Parsnips.*—Long Smooth.

*Peas.*—Philadelphia Extra Early, Carter's First Crop, Champion of England, and White Marrowfat.

*Peppers.*—Large Squash and Bull-nose.

*Radishes.*—Turnip Scarlet, Long Scarlet, and White Spanish.

*Squash.*—Summer Crookneck, Boston Marrow, and Hubbard.

In this brief list will be found the leading kinds grown both by market and private gardeners near large cities. With bush beans, peas, and radishes, it is best to repeat the sowings every two or three weeks, until the middle of June. By following this plan, a fresh supply of these sorts will keep coming on for table use until late in the season.

P. T. Q.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Swinburne's "Erechtheus."

IN what might be termed his special line of Greek research, Mr. Swinburne comes again before the pub-

\* *Erechtheus*: A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, importers.

lic with a more ambitious performance than heretofore. "Atalanta in Calydon," a work in the same field to which one naturally reverts, had no such daring flights; it was a beautiful study in the Greek antique, but did not aspire, like this, to a place beside the *Antigone*, or the *Alcestis*. A



point is made of Greek research as opposed to Gothic, for that is another specialty of Mr. Swinburne, and the other of the two great streams which he seems determined to explore. The English language, composed of Gothic and Greco-Latin, would naturally suggest to a student the two branches indicated, and, curiously enough, Swinburne appears to take a certain pleasure in publishing alternate volumes in one and the other direction. "The Queen Mother and Rosamond" was followed by "Atalanta in Calydon;" then came "Chastelard," and after it, "A Song of Italy;" next, "Bothwell," with "Erechtheus" in its wake. Among the "Songs before Sunrise," there are some which show that his studies have taken a flight toward India, although the work in this case looks as if he had been content with material at second hand, instead of going, as usual, direct to the originals. Such fertility as this, and such work of a hard laborer in the field of foreign literatures, in history, and in literary art, must leave Swinburne little time for the reckless habits of life for which he is censured.

For the last fourteen years he has been before the public as a poet, and, during that time, has had his ups and downs of favor. As it often happens, his poorest works have called forth most attention, while much of the clamor raised against certain of his writings is indiscriminate and foolish. Thus, the two dramas, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," with which he entered the literary arena, were barely noticed, yet, compared to some of his much praised later work, they are more powerful and self-contained, more picturesque, truer. With the exception of the clown, all the chief characters in "The Queen Mother" are strongly drawn. Again, much rubbish has been talked about Swinburne's immorality, the greater part of the charges being the personal immorality of the author, rather than the moral effect of his writings upon the reading world. Many critics, and among them not a few good ones, are openly or secretly hostile, because they cannot quite divest themselves of the common fallacy that a man can only write about what he has himself actually experienced. They forget that the brilliant and feverish imagination of a man like Swinburne will take a better grip on something wholly imaginary, than on actual facts, touchable, and to be experienced. Whether what he then writes will live is a very different matter; but the truth seems to be that the bald reality is apt to disgust such a mind by a thousand trivial surroundings and belongings.

After all the outcry against the poems, which in the American edition are labeled, and somewhat libeled too, with the name of the first in order—"Laus Veneris,"—perhaps the careful reader will find that they contain the best of Swinburne's genius, albeit he will not fail to take for good truth what the poet himself says of them:

"Shall I find you not still, shall I miss you,  
When sleep, that is true or that seems,  
Comes back to me hopeless to kiss you,  
O daughters of dreams?"

"Daughters of dreams"—that is the phrase which exactly fits them. With such a parentage, stern

moralists need not fear that they will do much harm, except perhaps to very immature intellects, which they may stimulate with vague excuses for vice; they are not real enough to do great execution, and the melodious meters in which they are rendered, the flexible words which are arranged to fall agreeably on the ear, will give much delight to the seeker of pleasure, and no little profit to the student of poetry.

Not only can more genius be detected in the short poems, but they form, as it were, the germs of Swinburne's later and larger work. One may say that he has gone on amplifying the germs,—at least in some cases, such a process can be observed—a process, by the way, perfectly legitimate, and one which is not for a moment to be held derogatory to a writer. Thus, "Faustine" relates a cruel, insatiable, blood-thirsty love, and "Laus Veneris" an uncanny, barren one, a love which might be irreverently termed an epileptic love. In "Rosamond," again, we find in the Queen some echo of the same, and in "Chastelard" Mary, Queen of Scots, hints something of a like nature in her mode of love—only hints it. In "Bothwell" however, she steps forth a full-fledged, or rather an overgrown *belle dame sans merci*, a royal witch, a northern Lamia, a Gothic Venus, sitting on a modern throne and enjoying the struggles and deaths of her successive lovers. In his early poem of "Phædra," the chorus is made by Swinburne to say:

"This is an evil born with all its teeth,  
When love is cast out of the bond of love;"

and the motto over against the title-page of "Bothwell," is a long quotation from Æschylus, of which the purport of the last two lines is this:

"Love, which is not love, swaying woman,  
Drags in the mire both monsters and men."

"Chastelard" repeated this idea artistically and in beautiful words, but it was certainly hard to ask a reader to accept a duplication and reduplication of the theme in "Bothwell;" it certainly looks like bad art when a man does not know when he has said enough. And this peculiarity brings Swinburne in comparison with a brother poet.

Great as is the difference between Browning and Swinburne, yet they are alike in more than one particular. Reference is not made here to expressions and words which the younger poet has caught or taken (for either is perfectly proper) from the elder, but to a more general likeness. It is the quality called wordiness, a redundancy of words, the expression of an idea and immediately afterward a return to repeat the same thought in a different way. In Browning, this has the look of a willful playing with his subject for his own amusement; in Swinburne, it is not so. Browning is always fully alive to what he means. He is at least clear in his own mind. Let all bold readers follow, and may the devil take the hindmost! But Swinburne appears at times only half-conscious of what he would like to express. We may say that the difference lies partly in the kind of ideas the two men



dwelt upon. Browning, even if his ultimate object be a great thought, is apt to be minute of statement; he says one small vivid thing after another. Swinburne sweeps about on the clouds of generalities, and can hardly avoid vagueness. This may be one secret of his fine singing meters, or sounding meters, as they would be better called: what he loses in exactness, he gains in music. Rizzio's song in "Bothwell" furnishes a good illustration of this. Here the first two stanzas say all that is to be said, and the remaining six, which are not here quoted, merely repeat the idea. Yet all are musical:

"Love with shut wings, a little ungrown love,  
A blind lost love, alit on my shut heart;  
As on an unblown rose an unfledged dove;  
Feeble the flight at yet, feeble the flower.  
And I said, show me if sleep or love thou art,  
Or death or sorrow or some obscure power;

Show me thyself, if thou be some such power,  
If thou be god or spirit, sorrow or love,  
That I may praise thee for the thing thou art.  
And saying, I felt my soul a sudden flower  
Unfledged of petals, and thereon a dove  
Sitting full-feathered, singing at my heart."

But to revert again to Browning's wordiness: whatever his mental involutions may be, he has a sturdy, knotty plan about his work. Swinburne not infrequently appears to have cast down upon a table a certain number of favorite words and phrases which he is pleased to arrange in given rhythmic variations, or which he shakes artfully like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope. He has moments when he is overcome by the intoxication bred of words; he is drunk with phrases. He will reduplicate for effect and so weaken the effect; he often mistakes obstreperousness for force, and, what is worse, applies the power at the wrong point. This is the reason why in reading his dramas one trembles when a crisis is approaching, because one fears the terrible climax to such strong minor parts. But the crisis is cold, after all, for the minor interests have been treated at such fever heat that a singular lameness befalls the dash of the verse, and the tragedy droops. This is a more charitable supposition than that a man of Swinburne's genius should not have the real inherent force to rise to the level of a crisis.

But to the writer redundancy has its profitable side. Mass is not art, but the public thinks it is. Only a select few can be found to criticise the new Post-Office building in New York city—it is so immense! But let that building be reduced to one-sixth its size, and its nonentity and lack of beauty will be apparent to every passer by. In like manner the writer who could not get much attention to a drama of real beauty like "Atalanta," to a little gem like "Chastelard," is canvassed in all the papers as soon as he issues a bulky volume on practically the same subject and calls it "Bothwell." One is an artistic little drama; the other, Scotch history cast into a dramatic form, in which long tirades alternate between queen, maids of honor, nobles, preachers, and burghesses, all in much the same key, and mostly in the same set of words. There are beauties, fine passages; as has been said in another case, it is

all work by a man of genius, but it is not a work of genius.

Something has already been said of Swinburne's indistinctness of thought, and one cause suggested in the great sweep of his imagination. Of course, that is merely a secondary explanation; it does not touch the root, for one may well ask why should he allow his imagination such unfixed bounds, why does he prefer to speak indistinctly of a mountain, rather than accurately of a mole-hill? Perhaps the secret cause lies in the fact that he has never trained his mind to minute observation of things. If one looks for it, one is struck with the absence of anything like a love for natural history in his work. He has plenty of images drawn from nature, but they are generalizations, like almost everything else. This may lead an author into absurdities such as are found in the above quoted song of Rizzio. A man accustomed to observe would not place a dove on a rosebud, and much less combine a rose with an unfledged dove, at which stage of life a bird of the dove kind is simply ludicrous.

But, fortunately, with "Erechtheus" it is different. Here that plague of wordiness which befalls Swinburne must give way to models of real art, the Greek. Like Browning when translating a Greek play, Swinburne's headlong qualities being once well checked, make his restrained work all the greater and more beautiful. But, notwithstanding the benefit Swinburne derives from the chaste Greek model, this last and most ambitious work of his suffers from his prevailing faults. Putting aside the question,—and it is a most important one, which posterity will answer in a summary manner,—as to the use of applying so much talent and erudition to the blowing up of the embers of that art which is shown at its highest in the Greek drama, putting aside the *raison d'être* of "Erechtheus," one is forced to confess that, with all its beauties, it would be twice as effective if it were half the size. Words are used as counters in the usual manner. Fire, love, buds, breasts, mouths, meet us at every line with an iteration which is only not damnable because it is so cleverly managed. Certain images, as those drawn from the sea—Eumolpus the Phœnician is a son of Neptune—and those from hunting, are repeated again and again. The battle-piece, where Eumolpus invading and Erechtheus defending Athens fall face to face, contains as much horse as the pictures of Wouvermans.

"With a trampling of drenched red hoofs and an earthquake  
of men that meet,

As the grinding of teeth in the jaws of a lion that foam as  
they gnash  
Is the shriek of the axles that loosen, the shock of the poles  
that crash.

The dense manes darken and glitter, the mouths of the mad  
steeds champ,  
Their heads flash blind through the battle, and death's foot  
rings in their tramp.

White frontlet is dashed against frontlet, and horse against  
horse reels hurled,

And the heads of the steeds in their head-gear of war, and  
their corseleted breasts,  
Gleam broad as the brows of the billows that brighten the  
storm with their crests,

So dire is the glare of their foreheads, so fearful the fire of their breath,  
And the light of their eyeballs enkindled so bright with the lightnings of death;  
And the foam of their mouths as the sea's when the jaws of its gulf are as graves,  
And the ridge of their necks as the wind-shaken mane on the ridge of the waves;  
And their fetlocks as fire as they rear drip thick with a dew-fall of blood  
As the lips of the rearing breaker with froth of the manslaying flood.

Thou hast loosened the necks of thine horses, and goaded their flanks with affright,  
To the race of a course that we know not on ways that are hid from our sight,  
As a wind through the darkness the wheels of their chariot are whirled,  
And the light of its passage is night on the face of the world."

Then we have hunting repeated again and again, to mar the wonderful beauty of many passages, of which those quoted are by no means the finest.

"A noise is arisen against us of waters,  
A sound as of battle come up from the sea.  
Strange hunters are hard on us, hearts without pity;  
They have stalked their nets round the fair young city,  
That the sons of her strength and her virgin daughters  
Shall find not whither alive to flee."

Hear, highest of gods, and stay  
Death on his hunter's way  
Full on his fearless prey his beagles hounding;"

It is true enough that Eumolpus is sea-sprung, and that Erechtheus defending Attica is land-sprung, and that the first continues the old fight of Neptune against Pallas Athene for the possession of Attica. We see the aptness, but somehow it grates against the sense of real beauty to be reminded so often of these facts.

The only passage in "Erechtheus" which shows the fleshliness of Swinburne, is a description of the North Wind in a storm of amorous godhead. It is noticeable that this blast of magnificent song, like so many others, is put in the mouth of the chorus, and relates not to any actor in the tragedy, not to Erechtheus or Praxithes, who know that their daughter must die for Attica, not to the daughter Chthonia herself, but to a sister whom the myths married to the North Wind. Chthonia is willing to be a sacrifice to appease the gods and keep the Neptunian Eumolpus from the land of Pallas Athene; but she is hardly up to the level of the occasion. She is not Alcestis or Iphigenia, although she reminds one of them. Yet it is hard to ask one, for such and like reasons, to resist the rush of Swinburne's bold versifications, the whirling crowd of his gigantic metaphors, and the swing and roar of his lines. Only at times this becomes oppressive from its very resistlessness and breathlessness. It seizes and carries one along protesting, as some music does. It is an orchestra of words.

Let us dwell on this term, orchestra, and read over "Erechtheus" for sound. Has he not borrowed from a neighbor art, and sought to bring the crash, the melodies which alternate in an opera into the limits of words and a book? Is he not the counterpart, or the accomplice of Wagner in music? Wagner is striving to make music into words, Swinburne to convert words into music. Impatient of restraint, and with nothing in the way of worldly obstacles to

restrain him, Wagner often mistakes noise for force, just as Swinburne will sometimes rave instead of being strong. Wagner no more than Swinburne will study the minute; he deals in musical generalizations, alternating with attempts to literally translate music into words. And as the admirer of Wagner picks out of an opera delicious passages and says: "Aha, is not this genius?" so the devotee to Swinburne picks out one melody after another, and says: "This is the genius of the century."

Music in his verse is Swinburne's greatest strength and greatest weakness. It gives those sounding lines so interesting to the student of literature, so novel in our language, so delightful to many minds for its quality of putting to sleep the unwary intellect. But we doubt whether single lines or passages of Swinburne's published works will ever become of popular use. Emerson, whom Swinburne has not read in vain, despite the low estimate he has of the sage of Concord, has lines which have gone into the language, and Longfellow, with a fraction of Swinburne's imagination, has been honored in the same way. Swinburne is not human in the sense of admiring the human individual; the only leaning toward that quality in his verse being a kind of adoration of personified cities, that is, of great agglomerations of human beings, and in that he may have taken a leaf from Victor Hugo. No, he is a study poet, writing in a study for the study-table, and in that light is an amazing success, and a man whose value cannot well be overrated. Readers of the Greek drama will be delighted with "Erechtheus" for the skillful blending of classicism and Gothicism, and the strong perfume of the antique from which the modern poet has withdrawn every suspicion of mustiness. But will the greater reading public, which does not care a fig for Greek, find the other qualities sufficiently attractive? Were the question put to Swinburne himself, he would probably answer that he did not care.

#### Professor Blackie's "Songs of Religion and Life."

THE music of Professor Blackie's songs is mainly of the bag-pipe order. In other words, he is not sensitive to melody, and those who are will have their sensibilities rasped in reading his verses. In spite of that, and by force of a sturdy intellectual and moral valor, a true Scotch wit and vim, many of these rhymed dissertations and exhortations of his have a genuine lyric ring. The Professor is seldom poetic when he tries to be; but when he rides hard against some philosophic or theologic folly: when he makes his plea in favor of manliness, and freedom, and religion, and honest mirth, there is a rhythm, a music, and a breezy swing to his gallop that either is, or takes the place of, poetry. Here is some of Professor Blackie's blank verse. There is not much of the charm of poetry in the passage, but it gives a good idea of the way he hits:

\* Songs of Religion and Life. By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

"There's my apology for the poor Hindoos:  
Convert them, if you can, but do not damn;  
Curse not the beggar when you dole your dole;  
Preach, like St. Paul, in gentlemanly wise,  
And do not swear that brindled hides are black  
To make yourself look whiter. I believe  
There is much high and holy wisdom hid  
In what you damn wholesale."

And this is another sample of both the poet's verse and philosophy:

"Go to! You know not this, nor that;  
Man has no measuring rod  
For Nature, Force, and Law, and what  
The wisest men call God.

For law and life, and all the course  
Of lovely-shifting Nature,  
Are but the play of one wise Force  
Which Moses called Creator.

Think on your knees: 'tis better so  
Than without wings to soar;  
What blinking Reason strains to know  
We find when we adore."

Among the most agreeable and successful of the lyrics, we think, are "The Musical Frogs," who sing

"Around the green pond's reedy ring,"

and "A Song of St. Socrates," which is at once the most musical and amusing lyric in the book. In "Farewell to Summer," we come upon this pleasing passage:

"And suns shall shine, and birds shall sing,  
And odorous breezes blow,  
And ferns uncurl their folded wing  
Where star-eyed flowerets grow;  
And surly blasts shall cease to bray,  
And stormy seas to roar  
On Oban's warm sun-fronting bay,  
And green Dumolly's shore."

"Advice to a favorite Student on leaving College" is a capital little sermon that it would be well if every young man, about starting in life, could hear and heed. But in some respects the best, as it is certainly one the most characteristic, of all these lyrics "Of Religion and Life," is "The God of Glee."

"Fools may rant and fools may rave,  
Loudly damn and loudly save,  
With a solemn sounding swell,  
Sweeping honest souls to hell.  
With church-blast of mimic thunder  
Turning every over under:  
Thou from wrath of man art free,  
God of gladness, God of glee!"

"Oh! it is a hard assay  
For the reach of human clay,  
And yet every fool will mount  
Thee to number, Thee to count,  
With a plummet and a square  
Measuring out the pathless air:  
Teach me how to think of Thee,  
God of gladness, God of glee!"

"If my tongue must lip its lay,  
I will speak what best I may:  
I will say, Thou art a Soul,  
Weaving wisely through the whole;  
I will say, Thou art a Power,  
Working good from hour to hour;  
I will say, Thou art to me,  
Light and Life, and Love and Glee.

"Thou art each, and Thou art all  
In Creation's living Hall,  
Every breathing shape of beauty,  
Every solemn voice of duty!  
Every high and holy mood,  
All that's great, and all that's good,  
All is Echo sent from Thee,  
God of gladness, God of glee!"

#### King's "French Political Leaders."

We are glad to welcome volume three of the Brief Biographies edited by T. W. Higginson. It is written by an approved journalist and author, whose minute study of his own land, notably of the Southern States in papers contributed to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, makes him all the better as a judge of France. But Mr. King has had exceptional chances besides: during the French war, and again, since, he has studied his characters in their own surroundings.

Like the biographies in the preceding volumes, the spirit which pervades this book is generous and unpartisan. Even the detested Napoleon III. is fairly treated. The sketch of Victor Hugo is especially good.

#### Mrs. Oliphant's "Whiteladies."†

In her latest novel Mrs. Oliphant is, more than ever, Mrs. Oliphant. It is a novel according to the old meaning of the word. There are here no profound discussions of character or of social problems, few studies of extraordinary situations or people, no artistic setting forth of the exceptional or typical. The author says in one place, apropos of a staid maiden lady who in distress suddenly leaves her serious books and takes to novels, that one reads this sort of literature when one has too much to think about, or too little. "Whiteladies" is a book for those who wish to divert themselves from unpleasant thoughts, or to fill the vacuum of a lack of thought. The characters are generally well-drawn and diverting. There are no very able people in the book and no fools, no unselfishly good people, and no very bad ones. One would think that the author had said to herself, "I will exclude all people of phenomenal character, and see what can be done with mediocre English and French folks." As a study of ordinary people, the book evinces a skill almost wonderful. Madame de Mirfleur is a Frenchwoman whose absolute moral and mental mediocrity is so well poised, that it rises almost into something great. Reine, the heroine, if there be any heroine, is the most attractive person in the book. Her general goodness is well spiced with a little badness of temper. Giovanna, who is a lazy blackmailer, offsets all this by a certain sense of gratitude, and some traits that bring her up to the same level of doubtfulness with the rest. The praying saint in the book is too sincere to be other than lovable, but even here one finds, such curious moral and mental idiosyncrasies, that she too is left not much, if any, above the average. The best character of all, in other respects, commits the crime on which the whole plot turns. It would be a relief to find that Mrs. Oliphant is a believer in real goodness or thorough badness. But even Farrel-Austin, the worst of all, is not so very bad. One feels, at least, that he could not well help it. As for the other men, they are not of much consequence. Mrs. Oliphant's women are never very great, her men

\* French Political Leaders. By Edward King. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† Whiteladies. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

are all wholly and hopelessly ordinary. Indeed, they are never quite men. She sees men objectively, and notes well their little foibles, and vanities, and vices; but neither in their goodness nor their badness is she able to understand them from within.

To sum up, this is one of those stories that will be read and enjoyed by the novel-reader. It is light reading, depicting truly though not deeply the people one sees every day; it reads especially the riddle of womanhood in its milder forms, and is very good of its kind.

"Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress."

"MISS HITCHCOCK'S Wedding Dress" is an impossible story, with some very painful incongruities, and not a few betrayals of intellectual feebleness on the part of the author. And yet we imagine that there are many respectable three-volume English novels without half its brightness, and ingenuity, and readableness; many novels, of apparently much more thought, without anything like the natural quality, the insight, and even the poetry of this entertaining little book.

Jarves' "Glimpse at the Art of Japan."

IF Mr. Jarves wields to-day less authority in the realm of art criticism than he may be thought entitled to wield, he has his literary style to blame for it in a measure, though he has, no doubt, hurt himself as much in the public estimation by the aggressive way in which he constantly alludes to the religion and politics of his countrymen and of Europeans, mixing up acrid discussions of these subjects with discussions of his subject proper in a way to destroy all continuity of impression, besides putting his reader, even when he is inclined to agree with him, in a hostile state of mind by the temper in which he writes. In fact, after reading all that Mr. Jarves has written, we find ourselves thinking of him, not as an art critic at all, but as a Radical of a rather morbid type, who makes his art studies a stalking-horse from behind which he shoots his arrows at his enemies in Church and State. We are by no means inclined to take issue with Mr. Jarves on many of his conclusions, and indeed there is very little in his views of modern society in Europe and America that has not been pointed out by others, and accepted by a great many people, not only Liberals and Radicals, but by Conservatives as well. Why these same views, as announced by Mr. Jarves, excite antagonisms and repel the people who would perhaps not be repelled by them in another, is, we think, partly because there is nothing philosophical in this writer's method, partly because the discussion is so often irrelevant, but more than all because of the temper with which it is undertaken. Mr. Ruskin has done a great deal to drive people away from him

as a teacher by his unphilosophical method, and his ill-temper, "hateful to God and to the enemies of God;" but, in spite of all defects, in spite of inaccuracy, of want of logic, of arrogance, of indifference to the feelings of other people, of a snobbish self-assertion altogether English,—in spite, in short, of faults positive and negative that would long ago have left another man preaching to empty pews, with not even a faithful Roger to bear him company, Mr. Ruskin will always gather a willing flock about his knees, content to listen to the sweet sound of his piping. It is his beautiful style that does him honor, and the song is so pleasant, we were often as lief it were "without words." But this charm of style does not belong to Mr. Jarves. His English is often ungrammatical; it is wanting in elegance, in aptness in the choice of words, in clearness of expression. He delights in sonorous and luscious adjectives, and uses them with the wantonness of a newspaper reporter. He repeats himself constantly. The same statement, the same story, the same bit of poetry, with differences due to the careless proof-reading, meet us again and again, one quoted simile occurring no less than three times. The present book has every appearance of being hastily and carelessly made up of many different essays by the author,—essays originally published without revision or condensation, and now put together without comparison or change of any kind. There is a great deal of talk in the book, but too little thinking, and the one chapter on Japanese art that Mr. John LaFarge contributed to Mr. Pumpelly's "Across the Continent" contains more meat than is in all Mr. Jarves's 216 pages. Those who know, besides, what Mr. Philippe Burty and Mr. Henri Chesneau have written on the same subject, will find Mr. Jarves rather thin in texture and coarse in flavor in the comparison.

But, after all, much of Mr. Jarves's defect is his own fault. His book contains a good deal of information, and might have been both valuable and interesting if he had chosen to take time and pains to make it so. As it is, the reader is obliged to winnow many bushels of chaff before he find one grain of wheat; and if, when he has found it, it prove worth the search, he is none the less discontented with the author, who might have spared him his labor. All that is new in the book, and all that is old that is worth having, might have been put into half the number of pages.

One word about the "illustrations." We believe there is no one of these pictures that may not be found in the cheap illustrated books now so common, of which a supply may always be found in our shops where Japanese wares are sold. With the greater number of these pictures we are ourselves long familiar, and no one of those which we do not recognize as old friends has the look of being drawn from any recent source. They are all very badly reproduced by some one of the many "processes" that do all they can to murder whatever beauty or skill is put into their hands. The tint of these reproductions is a dull gray, and they are so blurred in outline, and so spotted and speckled and streaked in the printing,

\* Miss Hitchcock's Wedding Dress. By the author of "Mrs. Jerminham's Journal," "A Very Young Couple," etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

† A Glimpse at the Art of Japan. By James Jackson Jarves, Author of "Art Studies," "Art Ideas," "Art Thoughts," etc.; Honorary Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy, etc., etc. New York: Hurd & Houghton.



as to be often unintelligible to any one who does not know their originals. Compared with the illustrations to Mr. Noah Brooks's article, "Some Pictures from Japan," published in the *SCRIBNER* for December, 1875, these pictures in Mr. Jarves's book make but a poor show. Those illustrations were obtained by photographing from the original drawings on the block and then engraving them, the engraver having the original before him to assist his eye. The result was, that so far as accuracy went, little was left to be desired. The serious objection to them was, that they had not the softness of touch and the look of being drawn with the brush that we enjoy in the original picture-books. But this result was not to have been hoped for unless they could have been printed by hand on the soft, silky paper employed by the Japanese themselves. It would perhaps not have been impossible for Mr. Jarves to have imported copies of these books, which are very cheap in Japan, and to have cut them up and bound their leaves in with his own.

#### French and German Books.

*Victor Hugo. Ce que c'est que l'exil.* New York: Christern, 77 University Place.

It is something unusual to see a preface issued as a separate pamphlet, but that is the case with the introduction to one of Hugo's later works "Pendant l'Exil," and the idea is an excellent one. The pamphlet forms, in some sense, an overture to the various acts of the great opera he has written down concerning his life of exile in the Channel Islands, and epitomizes, as the title shows, the various states of feeling he underwent, and the relations on a grand scale which he maintained toward nature and humanity. There is little in the clear and solid prose to raise a smile; for the most part, Hugo is at his best, moving powerfully among the grand smiles and profound generalizations which have long ago placed him first and without a peer at the head of all living writers of France. This may give the tone in which he composes:

"When they pillage and discrown Right, the men of violence and State traitors know not what they do. "As to exile, it is the nakedness of Right. Nothing is more terrible. For whom? For him who suffers exile? No, for him who inflicts it. The punishment turns again and rends the executioner."

Touching closer on the perils, discomforts, and vexations of an exile, he says, in sentences to be reinforced, each of them, by examples hereafter:

"Everything is allowed against you; you are outside of the law, that is to say, outside of equity, outside of reason, outside of respect, outside of what is probable; people will say they have been authorized by you to publish your conversations, and good care will be taken that they shall be stupid; people will attribute to you words which you have not uttered, letters which you have not written, acts which you have not done. People come close to you in order to choose the place where you can be best stabbed. Exile is without roof; people gaze in upon

it as into a pit for wild beasts; you are isolated and watched."

The passages in which he recalls the periods of history when the world hissed him for clamoring against certain prominent acts of injustice, and points to the dire consequences which have followed, make one hesitate. The extravagances charged against Hugo in some of his romances should weigh very light in the scale over against the unshaken stand he has maintained on the rock of humanity and pure right.

*Œuvres de Mathurin Regnier. Publiées par D. Jouast.* New York: F. W. Christern.

This very pretty and well printed little volume of Regnier's satires and shorter pieces issues from the *Librairie des Bibliophiles*, Paris, with a preface, notes, and glossary by Louis Lacour. The latter says well: "To know him, it pays best to go to his book; his great celebrity, which is so well grounded a one, proceeds from the fact that he lived his works." Of course, the result of that is, that some of his subjects are of a terrible crudeness, and more fit for the reading of medical students than the general public. But he was so human and so open, he laments with such a fearful frankness the results of vice in himself, that those who can, or who need to read him, will only find benefit from his energetic verse. In the midst of such a lament occur these stanzas, whose beauty and simplicity in the original a translation can only strive to report:

What thing am I? My hand is weak,  
My courage has the human streak.  
I am not steel or stone, alas!  
Be kind to me in thorny path,  
Great Lord; before Thy bolts of wrath  
I am more breakable than glass.

The sun before Thy face doth flee,  
All planets take their laws from Thee;  
Thy word yokes all things—Thou art chief;  
And yet thou farest on Thy path,  
Darting on me Thy flaming wrath,  
Who am nought but a sitching thief.

His early death in 1613, and almost every poem he left behind, are standing warnings against unbridled pleasures and desires, and one cannot avoid the continual regret that so much genius should have been crippled. Yet who can say? Perhaps if Regnier had not been so miserable, the world would now be a loser of a poet whom an outspoken court and a fearless temperament made a mouthpiece of fleshly sinners.

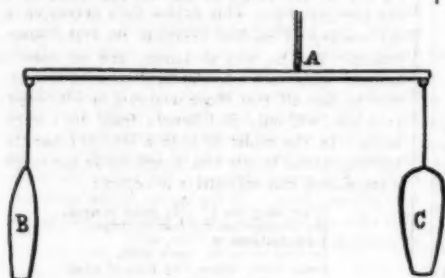
*Michael Angelo in Rome 1508-1509.* Anton Springer. New York: L. W. Schmidt.—By the light of new publications of letters by and to Michael Angelo, some curious questions in the life of that mighty genius are cleared up. This is a pamphlet touching especially on his flight from Rome and embroilment with the Pope, and gives the inner view of his relations with the architect Bramante, the story of the intrigue against Michael Angelo, as well as the injustice shown him by the Pope himself, as well as by the Pope's heirs. Certain qualities in the figures on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel are dwelt upon, and the letters translated are given in the original in foot notes.



## THE WORLD'S WORK.

## Testing Boat and Ship Models.

IN some recent experiments to test the value of hoods or casings for propellers (already reported in "The World's Work"), two models of steamers were made, and their relative resistance in the water was compared. To do this each model was towed from a line fastened to the ends of a cross-bar, and by finding the point on the bar where the resistance was equal the relative values of the models were easily estimated. Aside from its original application to test the models of screw steamships, this simple and inexpensive apparatus may prove useful in testing the value of boat and ship models of every kind, and in comparing the resistance of sculls, sail-boats, and racing-boats. This diagram illustrates the general principles of the apparatus:



Two models are represented as being towed from a cross-bar secured at A. The long, narrow model B equals the short model C, and, as the cross-bar in the drawing is six centimeters long, and the tow-line is secured at a distance of two centimeters from the model C, it is easy to see that this model stands to the other as two is to four—that is, the long model B presents one-half the resistance to the water offered by the short model C, and if the propelling power be the same in each, it should prove just twice as fast a boat. Such an apparatus may be readily improvised by the purchasers and judges of race-boats, and would undoubtedly prove useful in deciding their value. With a bar sufficiently long and stout, and with sufficient towing power, the resistance of even large vessels might be tested by the same means.

## Improved Disintegrator.

FOR grinding grains, bark, bones, fire-clays, etc., the disintegrator has partially superseded millstones. The ordinary disintegrator is a horizontal paddle-wheel revolving in a close-fitting hood or casing. The grain or other material to be ground is placed in a hopper beside this, and by the aid of an endless screw is fed into the disintegrator near the bottom. Here it encounters the swiftly moving beaters or arms of the wheel, and is thrown up and over it

till it strikes the hood. Here it is thrown back again and is again dashed against the hood till it is beaten to powder, when it escapes through valved openings in the sides of the casing near the bottom. In the improved disintegrator, these side openings are replaced by an open grating that covers the lower half of the casing. This extends from half-way up one side, down under the wheel to the same height on the other side, so that the beaters in one-half of their journey pass just clear of the grating and gradually push the ground material through it, and thus keep the opening free at all times. This is said to be an advantage over the common pattern, as the side openings are apt to become clogged and stopped, to a serious hindrance of the work. For materials to be reduced to an impalpable powder, the grating is closed, and an opening is made in the top of the casing. The flour is blown by the blast of the wheel through this opening into a large pipe ending in a receiving chamber, and in the pipe and receiver it meets with a series of baffle-plates that break up the current of air and allow the flour to settle in the receiving chamber. Another pipe returns from this chamber to the disintegrator to release the pressure of air and to prevent the escape of dust.

## Telescopic Diving-Bell.

A NEW and improved pattern of diving-bell has been introduced for laying concrete foundations in deep water. The plant consists of a large flat-bottomed boat, or pontoon, resembling those used in dredging, and properly supplied with engines, air-compressors, and other steam-dredging machinery. At the bow of the boat is erected a lofty iron framework slightly overhanging the water, and capable of sustaining the weight of the immense diving-bell and its connections. At the top of this are two wrought-iron chambers, one over the other, and connected by an air-tight door or man-hole. The smaller chamber is two meters square (about 6½ feet), and the lower chamber is about three meters square. From the bottom of the lower chamber hangs a wrought-iron tube five meters (16 feet 5 inches) long and about two meters in diameter. Into this are fitted three more tubes, each of the same length, and each a few decimeters less in diameter than the other. That is, they are fitted like a telescope, with the smaller tube in the center, and each sliding within the other. From the bottom of the central tube is suspended a square diving-bell, sufficiently large to hold a number of men with their tools and molds for making concrete blocks. All the connections between the tubes are air-tight, and, when the upper chambers are closed, the bell and its telescopic tubes make a continuous air-tight chamber. When at work, the telescopic tubes are extended till the bell touches the bottom, or till it is expanded to its full length of seventeen meters. Suitable guides are provided at the sides of the tube

to keep it steady in the water, and, by a peculiar arrangement of the packing between the tubes, allowance is made for the movements caused by waves or currents. By means of powerful air-compressors the water is kept out of the bell, even though it is open through the entire length of the tubes. The tubes serve for a hoist-way and well for the passage of men and materials, and to give even more room, extra pipes are provided outside the tubes, for sending cement and sand down to the bell from a boat outside. These pipes are also provided with air-locks, and cut off, to prevent the escape of air or the entrance of water. Powerful hoisting apparatus is supplied for lifting the entire apparatus to the surface of the water, or to adjust it to any depth. When not in use, the telescope is closed up till the bottom of the bell hangs level with the bottom of the boat. If desired, the entire apparatus may be raised clear of the water, and may be supported by the frame-work while the boat is moved from place to place. This ingenious and interesting dredging plant has been in operation for several months, and is reported to give entire satisfaction to the engineer in charge.

#### Emery-Grinding.

EMERY-GRINDING, to be rapidly effective, implies that the emery wheels shall be driven at high speed, and high speeds imply danger from tangential explosion. Some kinds of emery lack cohesive strength, and when driven at great speed in the form of wheels, are apt to "fly" in dangerous fragments. A new device, to overcome this defect, consists in employing a cast-iron ring, joined by radial arms to an axle, and in which the emery is held in the form of segments of a circle. These molded segments of emery are laid inside the iron ring, and projecting slightly beyond its face. Between the segments of emery and the axle are placed curved plates of iron, backed by screws reaching to the axle, and serving to keep them all wedged firmly in place. This gives an iron wheel holding a ring of emery just within its outer diameter. In grinding, the tool or other material is held against the ring of emery, and as the grinding wears the emery away, the segments are gradually advanced, till they are entirely worn away and consumed in the using. To do this and to economize the material, each segment must be backed with some cheaper material that may serve to hold it in place till all the emery is destroyed. In such an iron ring, or holder, it is plain that the emery cannot fly off at a tangent, however great the speed. A further and incidental advantage has followed the introduction of this wheel. The division of the emery into four or more segments, and the formation of slight radial depressions between each two, impart a shock to the material that is being ground, as it passes from one segment to another. This is said to result in a great gain in the cutting power of the emery.

#### Chimney Climber.

THIS apparatus is an elevator for lifting men and materials on the outside of a chimney or other colum-

nar structure. It consists of a pair of upright frames of timber, each having a small platform at the bottom. Opposite the platform on the other side of the square frame is placed a large roller turning freely on a fixed axle, and at the top of the frame are two more. These three rollers are designed to press against the sides of the chimney that is to be ascended. The upper rollers are fastened to a spindle turning in bearings fastened to the frame-work, and having gearing and a hand crank whereby they may be made to revolve. On strong cross-bars, somewhat longer than the frames are wide, are hung drums three decimeters (about 12 inches) wide, and having smaller drums one decimeter (about 4 inches) wide on the same axle. In ascending a chimney, the two frames are placed on opposite sides of the tower with their rollers pressed against it. Strong ropes are then passed through pulleys on each frame, and carried from one frame to the other twice, and each time over one of the drums, the last time over the larger drum so that it hangs below the frames, and to the ends are fastened heavy iron weights. This device then serves as a tension clip, binding and pressing the two frames firmly against the chimney. The workmen standing on the two platforms may, by turning the cranks, then cause the elevator to creep slowly up the chimney. On reaching any desired height they have only to stop, and the platform remains fixed against the chimney by the tension of the weights on the ropes. For round chimneys, the rollers are made with concave faces to fit the curves of the structure. This elevator has been put to practical use, and is reported to be satisfactory.

#### A New Alloy.

A NEW alloy, known as "manganese bronze," has been recently made the subject of elaborate experiment, to test its strength, toughness, and hardness. The samples selected were of three degrees of hardness, and one, designed for constructive purposes, where strength and toughness are needed, proved to be about equal in tensile strength and elongation to common grades of wrought iron, while its elastic limit was rather higher. The tougher qualities of the cast alloy are reported to be harder than gun-metal, with about fifty per cent. more ultimate strength and ability to survive twisting and bending. The alloy is said to be composed of an ordinary bronze combined with manganese, and in appearance it resembles gun-metal, except that it is of a brighter color. It has been forged at a red heat, and rolled into bars and sheets and drawn into wire and tubes. Though subjected to exhaustive experiment with these favorable results, it is only just offered upon a commercial scale, and is yet to be proved in the arts. Its manufacture is kept a secret.

#### Frozen Medicines.

THE use of ice in medical practice has led to the suggestion of freezing such preparations as are now administered in the form of a spray or gargle in throat diseases. With children such local applica-

tions are often attended with difficulty, owing to fright or nervousness on the part of the patient. At the same time, the child will eat ice with pleasure, and the observation of this fact has led to the idea of dissolving or mixing boracic, salicylic, or sulphurous acids, and other antiseptics not possessing much taste, with water, and freezing the compound. The practitioner will be the best judge of the proportions and materials to be employed, and only the mechanical part of the process need be here reported. The mixture when prepared is placed in a glass tube about twenty millimeters in diameter and of any desired length. This size insures quick freezing and gives a rod of ice of a convenient shape. When filled the tube is plunged into a freezing mixture of salt and ice, or into a common ice-cream freezer. When frozen a dip into hot water will release the ice, and it may be then broken up into short bits and administered. This idea might also prove of value in preparing milk and other drinks employed in medical practice.

#### Ventilation of Ships.

To utilize the rolling of a ship in ventilating the hold and cabins, a simple and inexpensive apparatus has been tried that seems worthy of general adoption. It consists of two upright iron tanks each two meters (6½ feet) high and fifty-six centimeters (22 inches) in diameter. These are placed amid-ship on the upper deck, one on each side of the vessel. An iron pipe, twenty centimeters in diameter, extends from one to the other across the ship, joining them both near the bottom. At the top of each is placed a short escape-pipe turned outboard, and supplied with a valve opening outward. From the top of each tank extends another pipe that descends to the bottom of the hold, the cabins, fire-rooms, or other places that need ventilation, and at its juncture with the tank is a valve opening inward. An opening with an air-tight screw-cap is provided in the top of one tank, for the purpose of supplying them with water. While the vessel rests on a steady keel previous to making a trip, water is poured into the tanks till it fills each about one quarter full. The apparatus is then closed air-tight and is ready for use. When the ship rolls in a sea-way or under the influence of her screw, the water alternately flows through the pipe from one tank to the other. The water flowing into the lower tank creates a vacuum in the upper tank, the pressure of the air closes the discharge pipe and opens the ventilation pipe, and the air from the hold and cabins is thus violently sucked into the tank. On the return roll this is reversed. The water flows back again, closing the ventilating pipe and opening the escape-pipe, and thus forcing the foul air that has been collected, harmlessly overboard. At the same time a vacuum is created in the other tank, and the process is repeated in the same manner. In this way every roll of the ship lifts a quantity of air from the hold, and so long as there is the slightest motion the apparatus continues its work. An apparatus of this pattern and dimensions has been tried on a large

passenger ship with entire success, and so strong was the blast of air thrown out of the escape-pipes at every roll of the ship, that it has been proposed to utilize it as a fog-horn.

#### Maximum and Minimum Thermometer.

IN many places, greenhouses, manufactories, and the like, it is often more important to know when the temperature falls below or rises above a certain fixed point, than to know the actual temperature in degrees. A new thermometer, introduced by Duclaux, of the French Academy, offers a cheap and reliable apparatus that will report any temperature fixed upon, and without reporting the temperature above or below that point, and it would seem as if this glass might supply the florist and manufacturer with a desirable instrument. This thermometer is founded on the fact that certain liquids may be mixed together in a glass tube or other vessel at certain temperatures, so as to form a homogeneous mass, while at other temperatures they separate into sharply defined divisions. A mixture of 15 cubic centimeters of amylic acid, 20 of common alcohol and 32.9 of water, though forming a clear compound above 70° Fahr., separates into two layers the moment the temperature falls below that point. By changing the volume of water the point of union or separation may be fixed at a lower or higher temperature, as desired. To prepare such a maximum and minimum thermometer the amylic acid and the alcohol in the quantities given may be placed in a glass tube and water slowly added, till a slight thickening is observed. This gives the fixed line of temperature, as the slightest excess disperses the cloudiness. If this temperature is the one desired, the top of the tube may be closed by fusing it in a blow-pipe flame, and the glass is then ready for use. A fall of the temperature below the point at which the mixture was prepared, or an advance above it, will then be shown by the separation of the liquids or their reunion. When the separation takes place, in consequence of the fall of the temperature below the initial point, nothing will cause them to reunite except a violent shaking of the glass or an advance in the temperature. To make the distinction between the liquids more marked, a few drops of red ink or ammoniacal carmine are added to the mixture. This colors the contents of the tube so long as the temperature remains above the desired point. When it falls below this and the mixture separates into its component parts, the coloring matter remains with the lower layer, leaving the superimposed liquid colorless, and by this means strongly accentuating the separation. This style of thermometer, if it can be manufactured at a low price, seems likely to become of general use in the economy of manufactures and horticulture.

#### Bleaching Cane Juice.

A COMPARATIVELY new device for bleaching the juice of the sugar-cane employs sulphurous acid gas in an apparatus designed for the purpose. The apparatus consists of an upright, air-tight box, or

chamber containing a series of shelves placed one over the other a few centimeters apart. Through openings in the middle of the shelves passes an upright shaft, supporting screw-shaped wings between the shelves. Near this chamber is placed a small furnace for burning sulphur, having a long iron pipe extending from the top over the chamber, and down again to the bottom, where it enters and discharges the products of the burning sulphur in the center of the chamber, just above the floor. At the top of the chamber is an escape-pipe for the gas and a spout for the inflowing juice, provided with a trap, to prevent the gas from escaping in that direction. When in operation the upright shaft is driven at a speed of three hundred revolutions a minute, and the juice is allowed to flow in upon the upper shelf. Here it strikes the revolving screws and is spread outward over the shelf, and finally escapes through openings at the corners. In falling to the next shelf it meets the next screw, and the process is thus repeated till the juice reaches the bottom, where it escapes through a suitable spout. The sulphurous acid gas entering through the pipe would lodge and spread over the bottom of the chamber, and be of no avail were it not for the series of screws above it. These, in turning, create a powerful blast or upward current of air, and the gas is drawn through the chamber and finally discharged at the top, meeting and bleaching the falling showers of juice on its way. Cane juice treated in this apparatus is reported to give a dry and fine-grained sugar, that shows a marked improvement in appearance over that made in the usual way.

#### Memoranda

A BEAM compass for the use of draughtsmen and students has been introduced, that for cheapness and ease of construction is worthy of imitation. It consists of a flat bar of wood set on edge and provided at one end with a metal pin, that serves as a point of rest in striking out a circle. On the bar slides a square piece of cork fitted with four or more holes of different diameters, for holding pens or pencils, or a knife in cutting out cardboard. The employment of cork gives a bearing that is sufficiently elastic to hold the tools in place with ease, and at the same time admits of ready adjustment on the beam. The apparatus may be recommended as a tool readily constructed by the student out of cheap materials.

H. Fleck, from a series of experiments on the poisonous action of wall and other papers colored with arsenical green, infers that this action results not only from the dust of arsenic mechanically scattered through the air, but from the presence of arseniureted hydrogen evolved from the free arsenious acid in such greens. This gas he reports to be liberated by the joint action of organic matter and moist air, and says that its presence is therefore possible in any dwelling-house where such colored papers are used. This statement merely adds one more reason for the total exclusion of such greens from all household manufactures.

Weiskoff suggests the use of chloride of platinum as an intense and permanent black for brass, gun-metal, and other copper alloys. The tip of the finger dipped in a solution of the chloride and rubbed hard on the work is sufficient. The surface may be then washed and polished with chamois skin and oil. The price of this material is high, but only a small quantity is needed.

In apparatus for transmitting power, a square chain is now being extensively used. It consists of square iron links, each having a curved catch or holder on one of the sides. This slides upon the round bars of the next link, and presents a firm and even bearing. The advantages of this linked belt or chain are, ease of lengthening or shortening without the aid of tools; a rigid, inelastic bearing; silence when at work, and resistance to the influence of the weather.

In pile-driving, where the clay, sand, or other material beneath the water is so tightly packed as to impede the entrance of the pile, recourse is now had to a stream of water to loosen or remove the silt. For this purpose a gas-pipe two or three centimeters in diameter is let down beside the pile, and through this is driven a powerful stream of water, that stirs up, loosens, or pushes away the silt, and thus materially assists the entrance of the pile.

The spectroscope has recently been employed to test certain disputed questions in relation to insectivorous plants. Freshly killed flies soaked in citrate of lithium were placed on the leaves of an insectivorous plant, and after the lapse of forty-eight hours the plant was reduced to ashes. In the spectroscope the flame showed the lines of citrate of lithium, thus proving its presence in the substance of the plant. This experiment, though purely scientific, is here mentioned in connection with the more practical suggestion, that the spectroscope might be employed in the same manner in searching for poisonous minerals and salts in post-mortem examinations.

To restore faded ink on parchment or paper it is recommended to moisten the parchment with water, and then gently to draw a brush dipped in a solution of sulphide of ammonia over the writing. The application of this re-agent changes the iron in the ink into the black sulphide, and it becomes more distinctly visible. On paper the blackening of the faded ink is only temporary, and the writing soon fades again. To restore it again a renewed application of the ammonia solution must be made.

"The Lancet" recommends chloride of lead as a deodorizer. It is prepared by dissolving nine centigrams of nitrate of lead in five deciliters of boiling water, and mixing this with a solution of nine centigrams of chloride of sodium in five liters of water. When a saturated solution of this mixture has settled and cleared, it may be used to pour into troublesome drains or into bilge water. A cloth may be dipped in the solution, and hung up in an infected ward or chamber.



## Colonel Randolph Snaughtor of Virginia.



COLONEL RANDOLPH SNAUGHTOR.

## I.

WAY down in Ole Virginny, on the borders of the "Jeemes," Where summer is perpetual, and the sun forever beams, Where whisky's always taken straight, without a drop of water, In other days and happier times lived Colonel Randolph Snaughtor. The Colonel was a gentleman of wondrous high degree, There was not in all Virginia such another pedigree. This gay and gallant gentleman was fond of eating fire, A taste he had inherited from his late illustrious sire. His Bible was "the Code," he knew it all by heart, And from its precious precepts he rarely did depart. He never was so much at home as when engaged in strife, And he took with great decorum his adversary's life. The whole surrounding country looked up to him with awe, His wishes had become, in fact, a sort of higher law, Till in Colonel S.'s presence, it was not polite to sneeze Without the sacred formula, "Permit me, if you please."

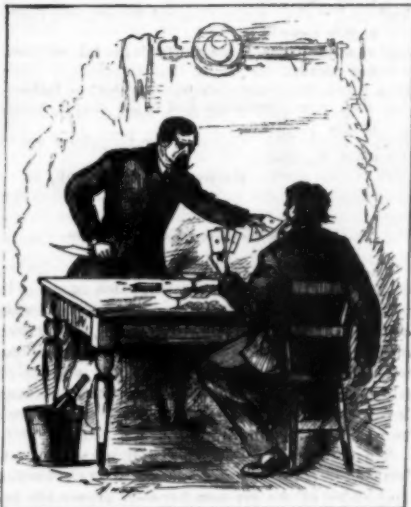
## II.

The Colonel lived alone, with a very lovely daughter, Known through all the country round as pretty Polly Snaughtor. This maiden to her father was often heard to say, "I hate the old plantation, and should like to go away." Now Polly was the old man's pet, the apple of his eye, It pained him much to see her mope, and pine, and grieve, and sigh; So he took her for a change to the far-famed Sulphur Springs,

Where the women flirt and dance, while the men do other things. And here they met a gentleman, of very great renown, Who was known through all the South and West as Major-General Brown,— A rough and ready diamond, but of the purest water,— Who straightway fell in love, of course, with pretty Polly Snaughtor. The General very soon became the Colonel's fastest friend, While Polly's sadness vanished, and her health began to mend.

## III.

One sultry August afternoon, those two distinguished men Sat sociably together in the General's private den: They had drunk up all the whisky, and smoked their last "segaw," When Major-General Brown propos'd a little game of "draw." The General found some "kyards" in the pocket of his coat, Which he recently had handled on a Mississippi boat; So a very pleasant little game was quietly begun, And they kept it up with spirit till the setting of the sun. The Major-General was a man of smooth and courtly phrase, Who had most charming manners, and winning little ways. The hands he held were wonderful,—beyond all sane belief,—



"COLONEL RANDOLPH SNAUGHTOR, YOUR WORDS ARE INDISCREET."



As Colonel Randolph Slaughter found, to his exceeding grief:  
 For, though he play'd a dashing game, and did not want for pluck,  
 He stood no "kinder sorter" chance against such awful luck.  
 He lost the money in his purse, he lost his watch and chain;  
 And then the cause of Brown's good luck to Slaughter was made plain,  
 For while he held three aces, the General he held four,  
 And could, had he deemed proper, have held as many more.  
 The Colonel vaguely hinted, in language choice and rare,  
 That the General was not playing exactly on the square.  
 "Colonel Randolph Slaughter, your words are indiscreet,"  
 Said Major-General Brown, rising slowly to his feet.  
 "Cheating is a pastime among gentlemen unknown;  
 For this unseemly language I must ask you to atone—"  
 And, drawing from his collar a silver-handled knife,  
 In a frank and friendly manner he took the Colonel's life.

The Colonel he was buried in a church-yard near the Springs,  
 A green and charming suburb, where the robin-redbreast sings.

## IV.

Miss Polly her misfortune most touchingly bewept,  
 While on the gallant General her gentle eyes were kept;  
 And when this noble fellow, with grief upon his face,  
 Expressed his very deep regret at what had taken place,  
 She quickly brushed her tears away, this charming Polly Slaughter,  
 And said, "Now, Major-General Brown, you really hadn't orter!"  
 And then the General poured forth his tale of burning passion  
 In a rapid, incoherent but winning sort of fashion,  
 And they quietly were married in the chapel on the green,  
 From which the Colonel's resting-place could easily be seen.

RICHARD WILLIAMSON, JR.

## Uncle Jim's Baptist Revival-Hymn.

[NOT long ago a certain Georgia cotton-planter, driven to desperation by awaking each morning to find that the grass had quite outgrown the cotton overnight, and was likely to choke it, in defiance of his lazy freedmen's hoes and plows, set the whole State in a laugh by exclaiming to a group of fellow-sufferers: "It's all stuff about Cincinnatus leaving the plow to go into politics for patriotism; he was just a-runnin' from grass!"

This state of things—when the delicate young root-lets of the cotton are struggling against the harder multitudes of the grass-suckers—is universally described in plantation parlance by the phrase "in the grass;" and Uncle Jim appears to have found in

it so much similarity to the condition of his own ("Baptis'") church, overrun, as it was, by the cares of this world, that he has embodied it in the refrain of a revival hymn such as the colored improvisator of the South not infrequently constructs from his daily surroundings. He has drawn all the ideas of his stanzas from the early morning phenomena of those critical weeks when the loud plantation-horn is blown before daylight, in order to rouse all hands for a long day's fight against the common enemy of cotton-planting mankind.

In addition to these exegetical commentaries, the Northern reader probably needs to be informed that the phrase "peerten up" means substantially to *spur up*, and is an active form of the adjective "peert" (probably a corruption of *pert*), which is so common in the South, and which has much the signification of "smart" in New England, as *e. g.* a "peert" horse, in antithesis to a "sorry"—*i. e.* poor, mean, lazy one.]

*Solo.* SIN's rooster's crowed, Ole Mahster's riz,  
 De sleepin'-time is pas';  
 Wake up dem lazy Baptissis,  
*Chorus.* Dey's mightily in de grass, grass,  
 Dey's mightily in de grass.

Ole Mahster's blowed de mornin' horn,  
 He's blowed a powerful blas';  
 O Baptis', come, come hoe de corn,  
 You's mightily in de grass. &c.

De Meth'dis' team's done hitched; O fool,  
 De day's a-breakin' fas';  
 Gear up dat lean ole Baptis' mule,  
 Dey's mightily in de grass. &c.

De workmen's few an' mons'r'ous slow,  
 De cotton's sheddin' fas';  
 Whoop, look, jes' look at de Baptis' row  
 Hit's mightily in de grass. &c.

De jaybird squeal to de mockin'-bird: "Stop!  
 Do'n' gimme none o' yo' sass;  
 Better sing one song for de Baptis' crop,  
 Dey's mightily in de grass." &c.

An' de ole crow croak: "Do'n' work, no, no;"  
 But de fiel'-lark say "Yaas, yaas,  
 An' I spec' you mighty glad, you debblish crow,  
 Dat de Baptissis's in de grass!" &c.

Lord, thunder us up to de plowin'-match,  
 Lord, peerten de hoein' fas',  
 Yea, Lord, hab mussy on de Baptis' patch,  
 Dey's mightily in de grass, grass,  
 Dey's mightily in de grass.—

SIDNEY AND CLIFFORD LANIER.

## Fashions for Spring, 1876.

THE prevailing styles this season are subdued in color and general make-up.

Common Sense is worn quite short and plain, which is fortunate for most people, as the material, though strong and serviceable, is quite expensive.

Economy is narrower at the top and less trimmed. Faith and Trust (generally made up from a wash goods) are occasionally seen upon the street in

pleasant weather, but are not as great favorites as formerly, for so much that would not wash has been thrown upon the market, that there is a hesitancy in investing.

Cheek is so fashionable that the manufacturers can hardly keep up with the demand. The leading dealers are out entirely, having reserved enough for home supply, however.

Some of the Eastern modistes mention Veracity worn loose as an outer garment (somewhat in the style of the ancient toga), which can be thrown off or on at the convenience of the wearer. We notice that it is very trying to most people.

Candor is cut the straight way of the cloth, so that it looks a little stiff. It is generally confined to the inhabitants of the rural districts, or, if brought in by city dealers, is purchased for home wear only.

Honesty is cut on the bias this spring, so that it stretches almost out of shape sometimes in wearing.

There is a favorite article of head-dress made to fit close underneath the hair, called Brain. It comes directly imported. It cannot be made "to order" nor remodeled. It is worn by both sexes; with little difference in quality or cut between that made up for ladies and gentlemen.

Charity is made broad, is not buttoned close or belted down. It is of soft material, and comes in all the new shades with a beautiful luster.

Affections are cut close, are worn by old and young, and are equally becoming to all. They are useful for every-day wear, for hill-climbing, and rock-scaling. They come mostly in the old decided colors, and are worn long or short to suit the taste or convenience of the wearer.

Honor is beginning to be considered a somewhat antiquated goods. Several large houses are selling out below cost, preparatory to going out of business, "as there is no profit in it," they say. Large stocks have accumulated on their hands, as they found few purchasers for even the finest quality. Some apparently heavy dealers have failed entirely, and closed up for want of capital.

Generosity was much worn at the holiday season. It is not an imported goods, but of home manufacture, and comes in all prices and grades.

Intellect is much sought after at certain shops, where it is supposed to be found. A "shoddy" article is often palmed off upon shoppers, a quality with a cotton back and a satin figure. But those really desirous of purchasing can always find a genuine article, and it is within the means of the poor.

Fraud, though not as popular as it was last year, is occasionally worn as a *négligé* by

those retiring into bankruptcy; and at the reception of creditors by their two per cent. debtors.

There is another garment shown at the openings which promises to be as great a favorite this spring as ever. Its common name is Love. It comes in suits, prices ranging from one hundred to many thousand dollars per suit. It is made to order when desired. Sometimes much profit is realized on the sales. Many who have purchased say that it can be turned and made over for another season. There is much counterfeit in the market. It requires a practiced eye to detect the false. Only the real will wear; the frail imitation soon gets shabby by dust and friction. I am told that some of our leading fashionables invest in the cheap material, and trimmed up nicely it is thought to look as well as the genuine.

Policy is one of the most popular over-garments of the season. It seems to be worn by all ages and classes. It is considered the "correct thing" for court, business, or society. Some skill is required in wearing it, so that the lining, which is often of a different texture, shall not show. Those designed for ladies are often trimmed with a bewildering combination of puffs, bows, and folds; those for gentlemen are ornamented with red tape.

Orthodoxy is not so high or straight as in former seasons, nor buttoned so closely.

Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-ties.

Creeds are not so much imported as at one time, but are home-made, which causes a great variety.

Some of the old stage directions are curiously comprehensive. Colman, the younger, mentions a repentant miser in the fifth act of a play, who is directed "to lean against the wall and grow generous."



HOW MR. FRERAFELITE PAINTED HIS CENTENNIAL PICTURE OF "WINTER IN THE LAP OF SPRING."

## The Beautiful Ballad of Waska Wee.



HER voice was sweet as a ban-go-lin;  
Her mouth was small as the head of a pin;  
Her eyes ran up, her chin ran down,—  
Oh, she was the belle of Yeddo town.

Now lovely Waska Singty Wee,  
So good to hear, and sweet to see,  
The fairest maiden in all Japan,  
Fell dead in love with a Turkish man.

This Turkish man a turban had,  
This Turkish man was sly and bad;  
He whispered unto Miss Waska Wee:  
"O fly with me to my own Turkee!"

"O fly with me to my own Turkee!  
And robes of gold I'll give to thee—  
A girdle of pearl and love for life,  
If thou wilt be my eightieth wife."

Now simple Waska Singty Wee,  
So good to hear, so fair to see,  
Resolved behind her bashful fan  
To be eightieth wife to this Turkish man;

But though her heart was full of glee,  
She hung her head and said to he:  
"If thou shouldst die, my Turkish beau,  
Where would poor Waska Singty go?"

Then this horrid, sly old Turkish man  
Declared he'd die on the English plan.  
"And so," said he, "my bright-winged bird,  
Thou'lt have for thy fortune the widow's third."

Then flew the maid to the Mi-ka-do,  
And told the plan of her Turkish beau.  
"And now," said she, "the whole thou'st heard,  
How much will it be, this widow's third?"

Now the Mi-ka-do was wondrous wise.  
He opened his mouth and shut his eyes:  
"The widow's third, O daughter, will be  
Whatever the law will allow to thee."

Then flew the maid to the Court of Lords,  
Where every man wore a brace of swords,  
And bade them name what sum would be hers  
When her Turk should go to his fore-fa-thers.

They sat in council from dawn till night,  
And sat again till morning light,—  
Figured and counted and weighed to see  
What an eightieth widow's third would be;

And the end of it all, as you well might know,  
Was nought but grief to the Turkish beau;  
For lovely Waska Singty Wee  
Said: "Go back *alone* to your old Turkee!"

